Saturday Review

November 13, 1965 25¢

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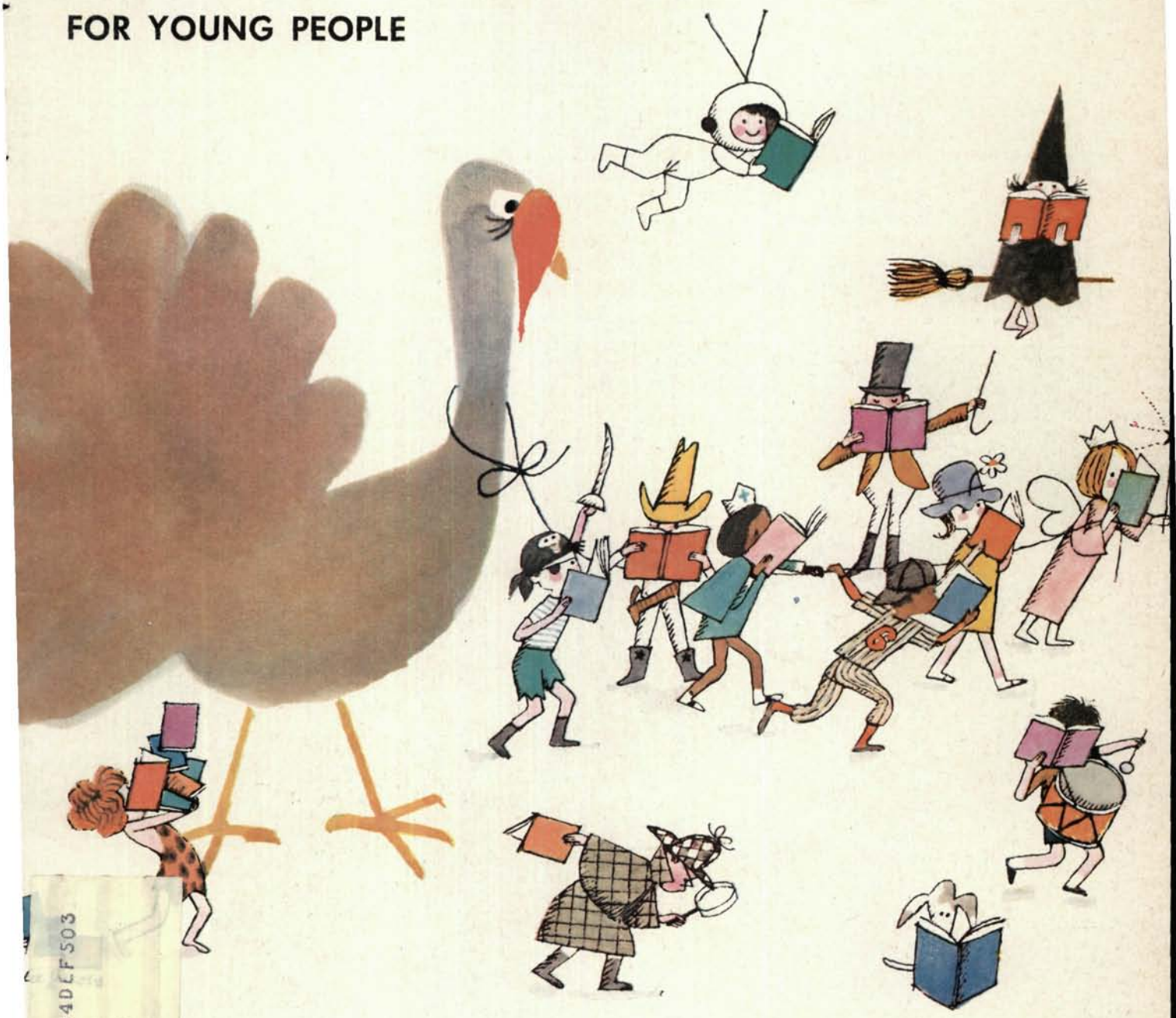

BEYOND THE LOS ANGELES RIOTS

Articles by Martin Luther King and Murray L. Schwartz

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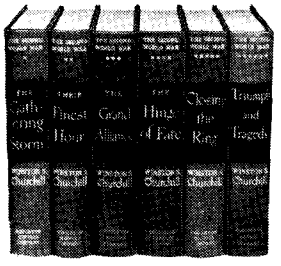

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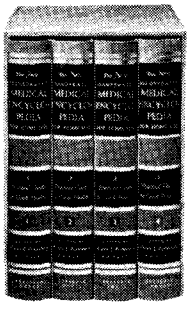

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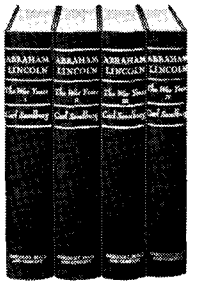

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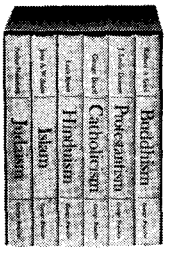

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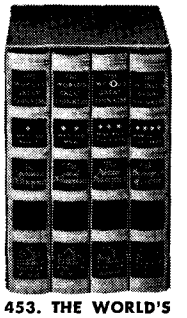

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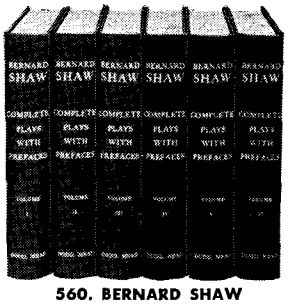

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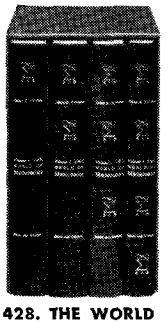

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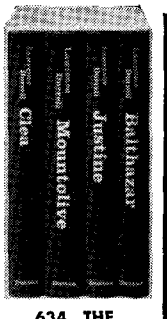

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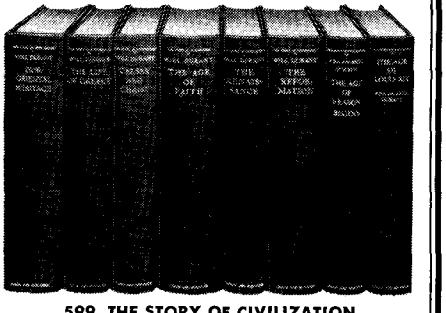

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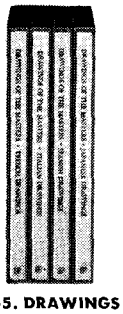

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(Advertisement)

"Christmas is tough on children," said a friend of mine recently. This struck me as an original and probably sensible observation. "They build up to this day for weeks. By the morning after, it's over—they've done everything. The Atomic Rocket Launcher is out of commission and television has turned Santa into an unperson." He shook his head. "A jaded six year old is a poignant sight."

"How do you combat ennui at age six?"

"My wife and I keep several books in reserve until after Christmas. Then we give one to each child as a sort of post holiday present. If our choices are good, their imaginations revive, and they're lifted from their letdown."

If any children you know will suffer from surfeit, you too may find a well chosen book a useful restorative. Here are three for the child who has had everything:

Kangaroo and Kangaroo by Kathy Braun is about two 'roos who save things—everything, "just in case." Their home becomes so jammed with junk they can't get out. Finally submerged by their collection (and Jim McMullan's illustrations are inspired), they find a solution but in the end prove themselves creatures of habit.

John Raymond's *The Marvelous March of Jean François* is about a very small German boy in Napoleon's army, who becomes separated from it. But a small boy can go far if he has a large drum and a larger imagination. Joseph Schindelman's drawings show why an earlier book of his was selected by the *New York Times* as one of the ten best illustrated in 1963.

Bernardine Kielty's *Masters of Painting* deals with artists from Giotto to Cezanne and offers 231 fine reproductions, of which 55 are in color. This is, as the expression goes, for children of all ages.

"And another thing about books," my friend concluded. "They can be moving but they don't have any moving parts. I think I hate Rocket Launchers."

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Help stamp out Rocket Launchers. Launch your children's imaginations with *Masters of Painting* ($5.95), *The Marvelous March of Jean François* ($3.25), and *Kangaroo and Kangaroo* ($3.25), all published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies are available at any bookseller, including the 31 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 436 Fifth Avenue at 39th Street, New York 10018.

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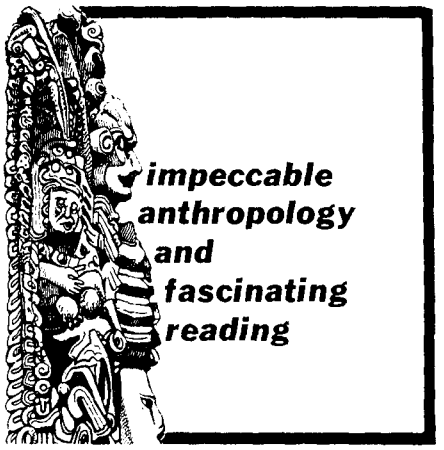

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Robert Wauchope

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Fernando Benítez

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TO STAND THERE

AND TELL US

YOU DON'T KNOW

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IS?

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And we'd always start off with the same answer: "UniRoyal, my friend, is the new worldwide trade-mark of the United States Rubber Company."

To which they'd invariably reply: "Why UniRoyal?"

To which we'd invariably reply: "Because UniRoyal tells more about the U.S. Rubber Company and what it makes today than 'U.S. Rubber' does."

At which point we'd see that they still didn't know what we were talking about.

So, to clear things up, we'd explain that: " 'U.S. Rubber' on a product says 'rubber' to a consumer, and about 50% of the products we make today have little or nothing to do with rubber."

And, to further clear things up, we'd further explain that: " 'U.S. Rubber' also says 'Made in U.S.A.' to a consumer in Europe, Canada or Latin America. Which can cause a lot of confusion now that U.S. Rubber has 28 big manufacturing plants in 23 foreign countries."

"Oh!" they'd exclaim, the puzzled looks leaving their faces. "I see. U.S. Rubber needed a new international trade-mark; one that didn't say 'rubber' or 'U.S.' So they chose UniRoyal."

"Right," we'd answer. "We couldn't have stated it better ourselves."

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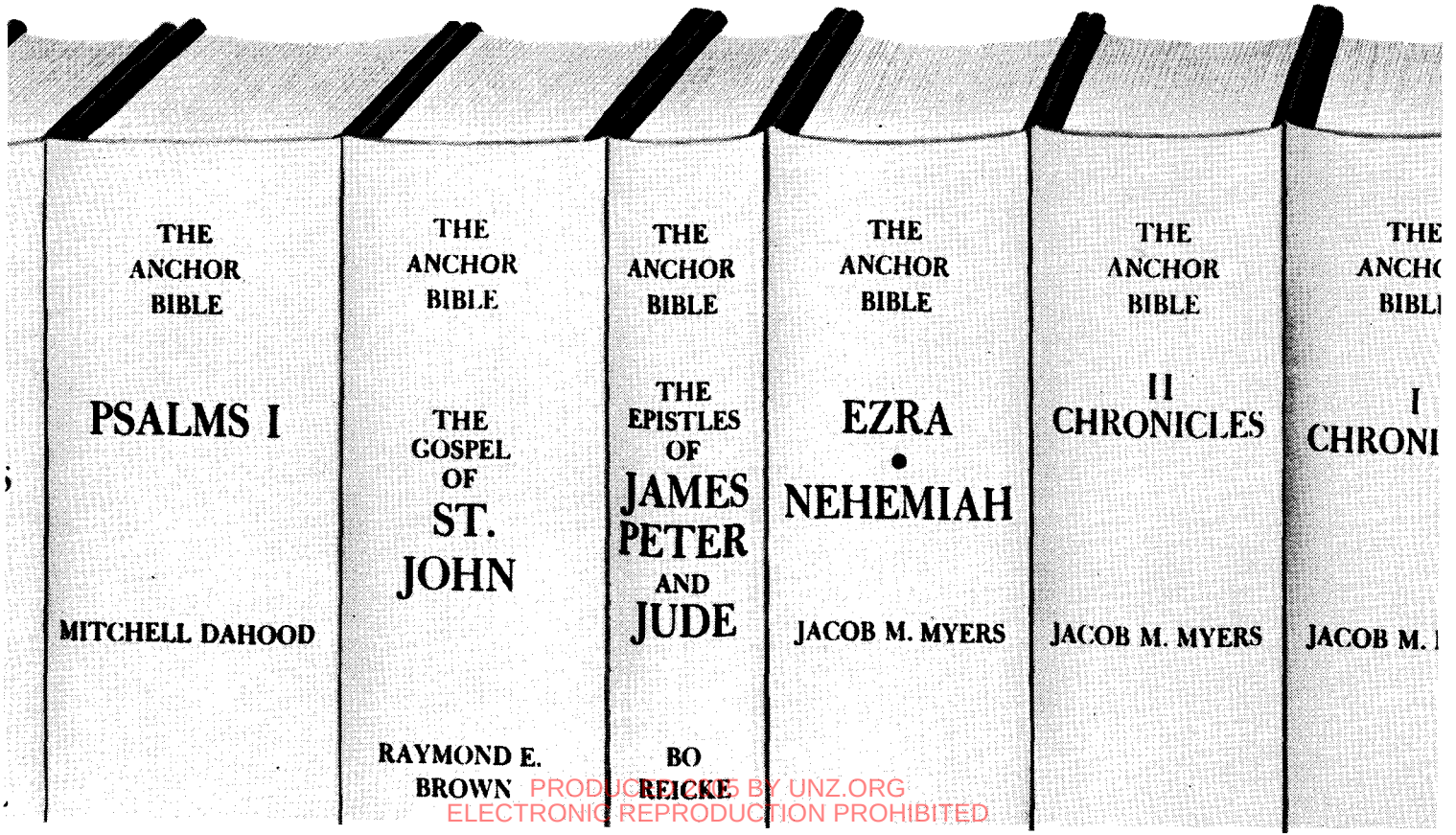

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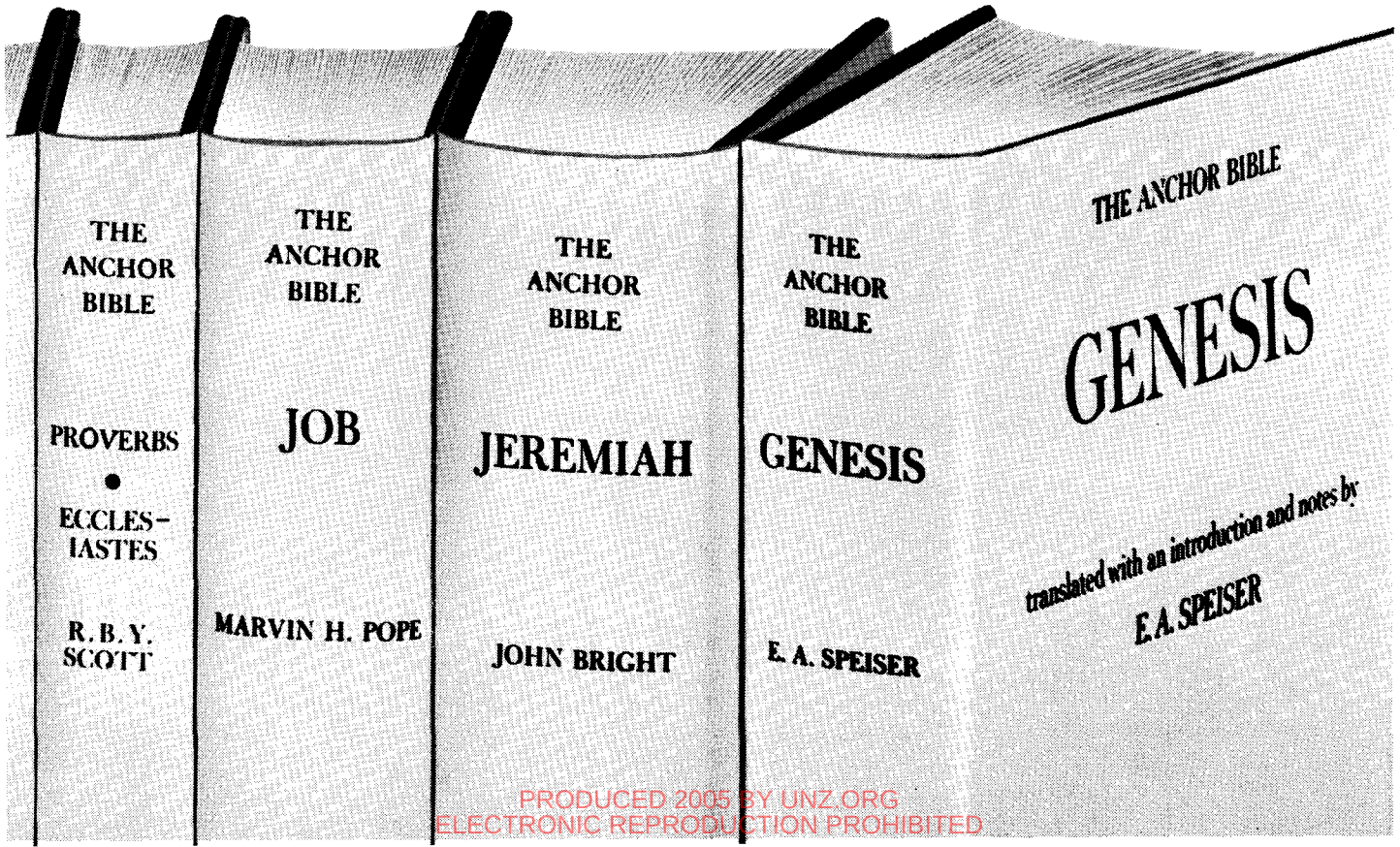

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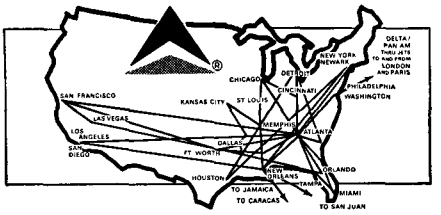

DELTA

the air line with the BIG JETS

Edited by Martin Levin

Sunlamp

Mock Sol, your ultraviolet rays,
  Across a less than solar span,
Can counterfeit a wealth of days
  And ape an honest summer's tan.

On fire with fear of fading, we
  Prostrate ourselves beneath your
    flame;
Our lids glow red with energy
  Much like the sun's, but not the same.

Materialist and hedonist,
  We turn to you when days turn dim,
The ikon of our God, Who blist-
  Ers those who pray too long to Him.

—JOHN UPDIKE.

The New York City Menace

A COMMITTEE of the City Council of New York has reported that the city's air is the dirtiest of any major city in the country, that it is twice as dirty as the air in nearby Philadelphia, and that inhaling it, in terms of benzopyrene intake, is the equal of smoking two packs of cigarettes a day. It has been said before that New York City has become uninhabitable, and now, at last, somebody has offered proof.

As it happens, I am in the process of giving up New York City, or at least cutting way down on it, having gone to work for myself and taken to working largely at my home in the suburbs. I can testify that it is possible to cut down on New York without the use of drugs or any artificial aids whatever, but I also think that alerting the public to the risks of regular use of the city has now become a governmental matter. The city has instituted a number of steps to discourage people from living there, but it could do much more. There may be no quick and easy solution to the problem—complete Prohibition of New York is probably out of the question, on both moral and practical grounds—but, in light of the report, the following emergency steps ought to be taken at once:

1) New York City should promptly and clearly be labeled as a health hazard. Below all signs reading "Welcome to New York City" there should be required a notice reading "Caution: Breathing may be hazardous to your health."

2) Parking regulations, now merely ignored, should be lifted altogether. This would bring traffic to a complete standstill, all cab drivers would start blowing their horns, and the din alone might empty the city in a week.

3) The city should immediately announce plans to build expressways on Fourteenth, Twenty-Eighth, Forty-Sixth and Fifty Seventh Streets. It will not be necessary actually to build any of these, since the ensuing arguments will insure that everybody in New York will be sore at everybody else.

4) All avenues in the city should be made one way, the same way—preferably south. This would expedite the traffic flow, particularly to Philadelphia, where the air is cleaner.

5) A notable backward step was taken with the recent addition of extra police in the subways, which lowered the crime rate there and probably induced several hundred people to stay in the city, thus severely affecting their health. It has been suggested that the police be given police dogs, to reduce crime further. This is shocking. If anything, the city should remove the policemen and turn the dogs loose in the subways by themselves.

6) The science of making wafer-thin apartment walls has advanced greatly. With a little more effort, it should be possible to make walls that actually *conduct* sound. It might also be feasible to extend the glass-wall style of architecture and build entire apartments of glass, thus eliminating privacy altogether. On the other hand, it is possible that nobody would notice.

7) The plan to reactivate a Hudson River pumping station, to relieve the current water shortage, is an excellent one. Similar water-purifying pumping stations should be installed in other sewage outlets. At first, anyone wanting a drink of water will drive to a nearby suburb—ultimately it may seem simpler to live out there.

8) During the past twenty years, Americans have learned how to walk in space, live underwater, write on butter, and get fifty minutes of music onto a single record. During the same period, the noise level of the jackhammer, used to rip up city streets, has not been lowered by one decibel. Find the man in charge of research on jackhammers and make him Mayor.

—RICHARD LEMON.

Urban Renewal

Debasement

I FIND that I no longer live on Bleecker Street, in Greenwich Village. I am based there. I don't know

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1

Something in your eye?

Just testing— I'm having a checkup with the ophthalmologist tonight.

2

Good idea.

Tomorrow I see the podiatrist and the day after, the dermatologist.

3

What's this all about?

It's part of my keep-yourself-in-one-piece-after-40 program.

4

Aren't you overdoing it a bit?

Then there's the orthopedist, the physical therapist and the lepidopterist.

5

Lepidopterist? Have you looked at a dictionary lately?

Remember, I have a wife and three kids to think of.

6

Then why don't you make a date to see an Equitable man. He can show you a great way to protect your family—with Living Insurance from Equitable. It puts you right on the road to fiscal soundness.

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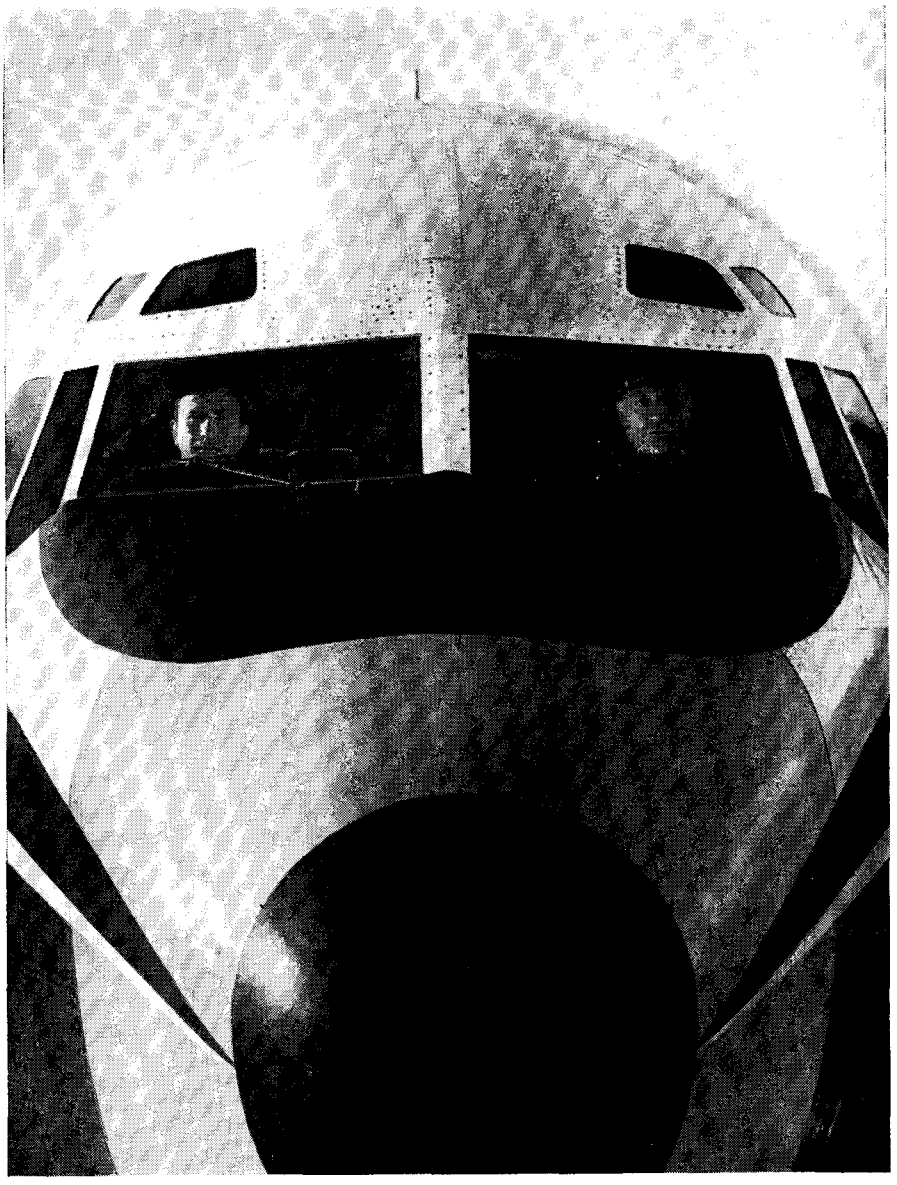

Our magnificent men in their flying machines.

Back in 1934 Captain K. R. Gazder never expected to have his picture taken in an aircraft that looked like this. (He's on the right.)

That was the year the Captain set his great speed record: Bombay to London and back in 192 hours. (Today he flew the Atlantic in 6.)

In London, he learned to fly. Officially. He took his formal flight training and celebrated his 19th birthday. Then Gazder headed back to Bombay with a genuine flying license.

Captain Gazder has flown 20,000 hours and five million miles since.

Of course, the first young flyer in India to get his "A" license was J. R. D. Tata, founder of Air-India and present Chairman. On October 15, 1932, he made his famous inaugural flight from Karachi to Bombay. He was flying one of the company's two De Havilland Puss Moths which cost about a thousand pounds each. (You would now pay more for a Ford).

Today, all of our pilots are scientifically tested, on the ground as well as in the air. Every six months, they are checked in our million dollar flight simulator, an exact replica of a Boeing 707 flight deck.

Naturally, all pilots who fly transatlantic jets must meet U.S. standards. But our pilots must also meet the standards J. R. D. Tata set for Air-India. You'll be glad to know that isn't easy.

Jets daily to London—Europe, India and the East from New York. For reservations or information see your travel agent or Air-India, 666 Fifth Ave., New York; 34 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago; 543 So. Olive St., Los Angeles; 212 Stockton St., San Francisco.

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whether to rejoice or be sad, but I know there is nothing I can do about it. The part of Bleecker Street where I am based is Upper Bleecker, a designation that distinguishes it from lower Bleecker, the raffish part of the street, east of Sixth Avenue. I am based in Upper Bleecker because the word "live" in the sense of residing is going out of fashion.

All over town, all over the country, all over the world people no longer live in places. They are based. This knowledge comes to me from a reading of newspapers and magazines, and especially of those brief identifying tags appended to signed articles or reviews. So-and-so, I read, is Milan-based, and so-and-so Denver-based. I have the impression that hundreds of writers, choreographers, physicists, poets, singers, geologists, surgeons, professors and others are merely marking time or are poised for flight at a moment's notice from their various bases. Only recently the *New York Times*, in an account of some improvements at the Bronx Zoo, said a contract had been awarded to a Harlem-based construction firm.

Soldiers, foreign correspondents, missionaries, and others used to be stationed in places or they simply lived there. A man was stationed in the Canal Zone or he worked out of the Paris bureau of a newspaper or a wire service or a magazine, or he lived among the heathens in a remote village. As far as I know, nobody ever said Mozart was Vienna-based or Bernard Shaw was London-based or that St. Rose of Lima was Lima-based.

I have no idea when "based" crept into usage. It may be a good word but it strikes me as evasive—as evasive as "aide" and "with," two newspaper words commonly found on the obituary page or in the society columns. Most aides are publishers' aides but there are others: health aide, law aide, university aide, chemical aide, engineering aide, etc.

"With" is even more indefinite. Society-page writers would never dream of saying that a bride-to-be is a receptionist-clerk employed by an advertising company or that her fiance is the youngest of 150 lawyers in a Wall Street firm. They are "with" these concerns.

Why can't these editors be clear and say the girl is Madison Avenue-based and the man is Wall Street-based and that after the wedding, which will be attended by a number of grandparents who always seem to live in Texas, Indiana, or Tennessee, the couple will be Scarsdale-based? —JOHN FERRIS.

NOTE: Many of the pieces that have appeared in this column during the past several years are collected in *The Bedside Phoenix Nest*, published by Ives Washburn.

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ELECTRONICS STOCKS

How a Revolution Is Coming in Ice-Cube Size

While great stock market interest has focused on the tremendous boom in Color-TV, a revolution in *another* area of Electronics technology—which could have at least as big an impact on the entire industry and the stocks therein—has been rapidly gathering force.

At the heart of this still-infant revolution is the *integrated circuit*, which comes complete and self-contained in a module about the size of an ice-cube. One of these ice-cube-sized modules can do the work of a multitude of "conventional" Electronic components that could take up nearly half the space of a whole refrigerator.

Some close observers estimate that annual sales of integrated-circuit modules—this year running about $50-60 million—may soar up to the Billion-Dollar range by the end of 10 years. In that event, some makers of "conventional" components may be in for a rough time.

Value Line's latest Research Report on the Electronics Stocks digs into the potentially explosive "module revolution", tells which nine companies (including the two *early* leaders) are already represented in this new field, and gives penetrating full-page Analyses of each of these and 51 other key stocks in this dynamic group.

GUEST REPORT

We will send you Value Line's comprehensive Research Report on the Electronics Stocks—revealing both the areas of greatest profit potentialities *and* of greatest risk—as a *special bonus* under the Guest Subscription offered below. The 112-page Report also includes full-page analyses of 24 Computer, Business Machine, and Telephone Stocks. Included are:

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Amphenol Corp.	High Voltage	Sangamo Electric
AMP	Hoffman Electronics	Schick Electric
Avco Corp.	Indiana Gral. Corp.	Schlumberger, Ltd.
Avnet, Inc.	IBM	SCM Corp.
Bunker-Ramo	Int'l Resistance	Singer Co.
Burndy Corp.	Int'l Telephone	S. New Eng. Tel.
Burroughs Corp.	I-T-E Circuit Breaker	Sperry Rand
Carolina Tel. & Tel.	Lab. for Electronics	Sprague Electric
Collins Radio	Lear Siegler, Inc.	Square D
Comsat	Litton Industries	Standard Kollsman
Consol. Electronics	Magnavox	Studebaker Corp.
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CTS Corp.	Maytag	Texas Instruments
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Dynamics Corp.	Moore Corp., Ltd.	United Utilities
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To Whom It May Concern: Does Your Government Intend to Walk Until 1967?

1) We have been thinking about the Government's news release, reported at length in a Times of New York dispatch (1 July 1965) under the headline: "U.S. Outlines Car Safety Standards."

2) It went on to say that "The General Services Administration, the Government's official shopper" has drawn up a list of safety features that it will demand in the 38,000 1967 cars it will buy.

3) We don't imagine that the Government intends to walk or take trams until 1967, but apparently it *will* be making-do with cars that aren't up to safety standards.

4) Why wait to be safe? The Rover 2000 Sports Sedan *is available right now.** And frankly we'd like the business.

5) However, we realize that a U.S. Government purchasing agency might not be authorized to buy 38,000 cars from a British maker without an O.K. from someone higher up. Which is why we are approaching you, whoever you may be.

6) Now to our sales talk:

7) To begin with, the 2000 has, in effect, *two* bodies: the inside one is of steel cage construction; its overhead

**In addition to satisfying G.S.A.'s modest pleas for passenger harnesses, padded dash and visors, recessed instrument panel, unaggressive knobs, a collapsible steering wheel with a column that won't attack you, etc., etc., the Rover 2000 also has disc brakes all around, non-jackknifing seats, a steel firewall to keep the engine out of your lap, radial tires, etc., etc.*

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English Motors of Berkeley (R & LR)
ENCINO
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MONTEREY
Bob Baird Motors (R & LR)
NAPA
Gasser Motor Co. (LR)
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SAN CARLOS
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Ted's Imported Cars (R & LR)
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Carbrey Motors (R & LR)
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COLORADO

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J. V. Rose Co. (LR)
GRAND JUNCTION
Moss Motorama, Inc. (R & LR)
MONTROSE
Carrington Chevrolet Co. (LR)
SALIDA
Stotler Motor Company (LR)

CONNECTICUT

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Morgan Motors Inc. (LR)
DARIEN
Frank Miller Ford (LR)
GREENWICH
Greenwich Automobiles, Inc. (R & LR)
HAMDEN
The Nelke Motor Co. (R)
LITCHFIELD
The Nelke Motor Co. of Litchfield (R & LR)
LYME
Reynolds Garage and Marine (LR)
MIDDLETOWN
Berkeley Motor Co. (LR)
PLAINVILLE
Farmington Ave. Motor Sales Inc. (R & LR)
QUAKER HILL
Scotch Cap Service Station (LR)
WESTPORT
Hackett Imported Cars (R & LR)

FLORIDA

BELLE GLADE
Hendry Tractor Company (LR)
DAYTONA BEACH
James Motor, Inc. (LR)
DE LAND
Daytona Park Estates Auto Sales (LR)
FORT MYERS
Overseas Motors Corp. (R & LR)
FORT PIERCE
Sunrise Rental & Leasing Co. (LR)
GAINESVILLE
Santa Fe Tractor, Inc. (LR)
GREEN COVE SPRINGS
Roberts Chevrolet (LR)
JACKSONVILLE
Brumos Porsche Car Corp. (R & LR)
LEESBURG
Lake Ford Tractor Co. (LR)
LIVE OAK
Suwannee Valley Tractor Co. (LR)
MELBOURNE
Bill Lowery Motor Company (LR)
MIAMI
Charles Stuart Motors (LR)
MIAMI
Growers Equipment Co. (LR)
ORLANDO
Hood Tractor Co. (LR)
PLANT CITY
Revels Ford Tractor Co. (LR)
SANFORD
Sanford Motor Co. (LR)
SARASOTA
Harrison Motors, Inc. (LR)
SEBRING
Pioneer Tractor Co. (LR)
TAMPA
Cralle Hall Motor (LR)
TITUSVILLE
Brevard Tractor Co. Inc. (LR)
WEST PALM BEACH
Hal Jones Ltd., Inc. (R & LR)
WINTER HAVEN
Polk Tractor Company (LR)

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members are akin to the "roll-bar" of a racing car, and for the same conservative reason.

8) The outside, or beautiful, body is made up of nineteen panels which may be replaced *individually* in case of abrasion.

9) Which brings us to this: Supposing worse comes to worst and one of the 38,000 has an accident?

10) If fate conspires against a 2000's rear fender, say, it takes but $32.00 plus 45 minutes labor to replace it with a new one. And the Government rolls again! (In a pinch it is not necessary to stay these couriers—or whoever—from their appointed rounds at all. Just leave the ailing panel at the shop, take off, and come back later. This is the same principle that enables you to get your pants pressed without leaving your body at the cleaner's overnight.)

11) Lest you have a slight reservation that a "Sports Sedan" might be a trifle cramped in the interior or prodigal with fuel, recall that Car and Driver named the 2000 the "Car of the Year" not only for its remarkable handling but for its amplitude.

12) As to economy, the 2000's 30 miles per gallon is the automotive equivalent of only one night light in the White House.

13) Look, Sir, if you haven't road-tested a 2000 Sports Sedan yourself why don't you call your nearest Rover dealer? Or better still, just drop in and surprise him.

14) Now, in filling out the order form here, please don't feel hesitant about giving your real name and title; we assure you that they will be kept in strictest confidence.

15) Thank you for your attention. And may we say, even though it's been 150 years, how sorry we are about our servicemen burning down the White House? It looks simply beautiful now; you certainly put the insurance money to good use.

16) Finally, Sir, if it so happens that, after all, you're not the person we should speak to about the 38,000 cars, but you might like 1, please fill in the form anyway. We don't mind breaking the set. You'll hear from us, never fear. Or see your local Rover Dealer.

SHORT FORM 1776 AD

Return to Rover Motor Company of North America Ltd., Chrysler Bldg., New York, N. Y. 10017

1) Please state title, if any (as: "President," etc.) _____

_____

2) How many Rover 2000's are you interested in? (as: (1), (2), (38,000), etc.) _____

3) Do you wish your lavishly illustrated brochure mailed in plain wrapper?

_____

4) Is the Potomac navigable to a point near your place?_____

(Signed)_____

(Address)_____

(City)_____(State or District)_____

Oh, the price: $3800 East Coast, $3898 West Coast. Places in between cost in between.

BY THE WAY: We have a most advantageous overseas delivery plan. For instance, your envoy to St. James's could pick up his 2000 for just $3080! For other places write to Mr. David Hunter at the above address.

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ALAMOGORDO — Alamo Motorsport, Inc. (R & LR)
ALBUQUERQUE — Durand Tractor & Equipment Co. (LR)
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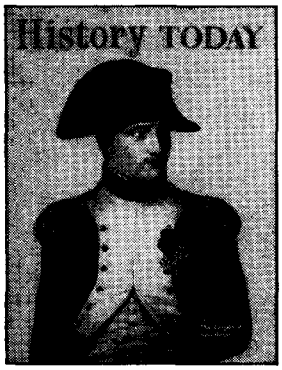

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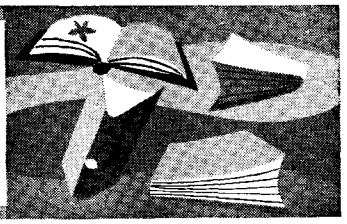
Trade Winds



For a columnist, the most frustrating thing in the world is to go through his idea files. Over the years, we've collected items on the backs of match covers ("You, too, can get a high school diploma without leaving your house"), paper napkins ("Good food at Mike's Diner"), and torn grocery bags ("Buy at Jumbo Market and Save"). The hardest notes to decipher are those written

with a broken pencil directly over the newsprint of a clipping, so that you can read neither the clipping nor the notes. These, we can't help thinking, are always the best items, but they remain forever lost to the world.

We recently thumbed through such a massive and monumental tower of trivia (our own), wincing at every decipherable word. And just to let you in on some of the things you've been lucky enough to miss, we list the following notes to ourselves:

Crazy rubber stamps: One editor on *SR* has made up crazy rubber stamps. Claims they save him time and trouble. One is in 42-point type and says: "NO!" Other is made up especially for one contributor who keeps sending in manuscripts that have to be rejected. It reads: "Sorry, Mr. Smith." A TV producer has stamp made up reading an unprintable word. Track down others like this.

Literary Detective: How about tracking down famous clichés to see if they have real-life counterparts? For instance, publishers' gag is that since books about doctors or dogs or Lincoln will always have an assured sale, why not a book about Lincoln's doctor's dog? Check on whether Lincoln had a doctor, and if so, did his doctor really have a dog? What about coals to Newcastle? Is there any coal company that really carries coal to Newcastle? If so, interview the officials by transatlantic phone. Also: How about "Cutting off nose to spite face"? Van Gogh almost did this, although he missed and got his ear instead.

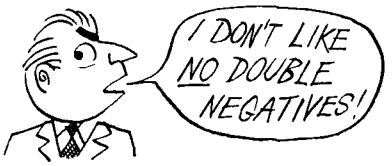
Classified ads: Find some more want ads such as the one Robert A. Anderson sends from Duxbury, Massachusetts: "Help Wanted – Duxbury Cemetery Dept. Able Bodied Men Desiring General Cemetery Outdoor Work should contact Superintendent, Mayflower Cemetery Office. Possible two openings in September or later, one of which may prove permanent."

Euphemisms: What about all these irritating euphemisms? Take "Continental Breakfast." Sounds great. When you get it, it consists of canned orange juice, a stale Danish, and some instant coffee. What about "nervous exhaustion," "between assignments," "entered into rest," etc.?

Follow-ups: Mention note from columnist Herb Stein, re item here several months ago about doctor who named his horse "Consultation" so that his nurse could say "Sorry, but the doctor is out on Consultation." Writes Herb Stein: "Thought you might enjoy seeing the enclosed follow-up to your story, along with the charts to prove the win and price. . . ." A horse named Consultation actually paid $43.80 at Del Mar, and there are charts to prove it.

Buses, highways: Why do buses run with headlights on all day? Check: Two Indiana University optometrists confirm that cars easily become camouflaged during day, and Greyhound Bus has discovered that accidents are down 11 per cent since running with lights on.

Paradoxisms: Hugh Downs has been having fun with what he calls "Paradoxisms." Examples: "I simply will not stand for intolerance." "If there's one thing I abhor, it's a vulgarly ostentatious display of verbosity." "Avoid redundancy, since said repetitive redundancy subjects the hearer to many unnecessary repetitions of phrases repeated over and



over again." "Be concise—nothing is worse than continually belaboring a point once you have made it, subjecting the listener to endless explanations which, far from clarifying the subject, becloud it through the attempt to discover ill-conceived explanatory devices,

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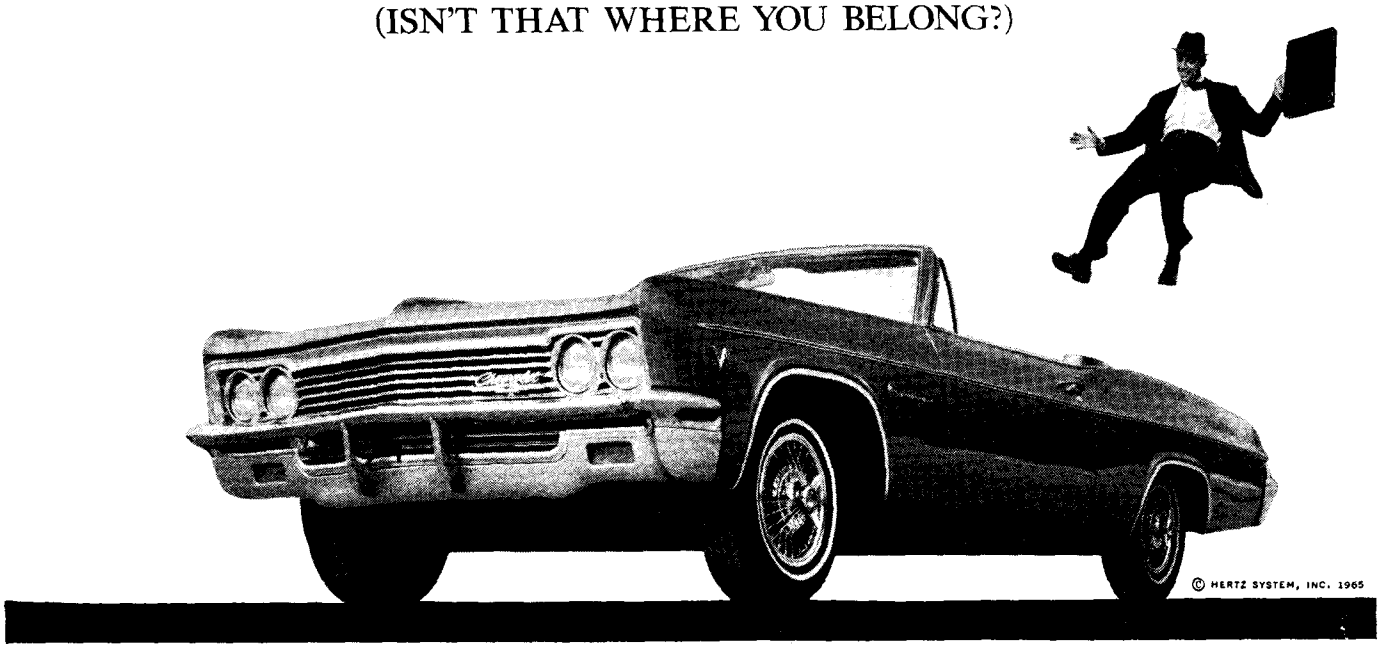

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"Each mind hath its own method."
Emerson

Some achievements in chemistry stem from the isolated work of individuals.

Others result from many minds working together, as each individual sharpens his concepts upon the whetstone of another's ideas.

As practiced today, chemical research avails itself of both approaches. In our own research effort, each has led to developments that range from fertilizers to rocket fuels.

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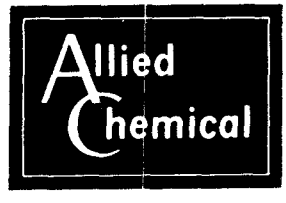

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none of which are able to clarify the initial premise on which the original point was based and which might have been a matter of essential simplicity, had it not been for the attempt to so clarify it by verbiage which compounds the complexity with unessential thought."

Division of Pamela Frankau: Set up special filing system for Pamela Frankau's anecdotes. (Impossible to stop her, any more than it is to stop her writing delightful novels.) Most recent comments: What would happen in famous plays if an actor blew his lines, and said the wrong thing? In the tense Act V, Scene 5, of *Macbeth*, Seyton exits to find out what the anxious cries of women are offstage, to return in a moment and confront Macbeth with news of great import. As Macbeth cries out: "Wherefore was that cry?" Seyton is to answer: "The Queen, my lord, is dead." But suppose he were to say: "The Queen, my lord, is much, much better!" Or in *The Merchant of Venice*, what would happen if Bassanio were to open the wrong casket? Other questions raised by Miss Frankau: What do other people do when they suddenly recall a painfully embarrassing moment? Says Miss Frankau: "I bite my thumbnail, which is a bit of a cliché, I admit, and mutter 'Eighteen!' between clenched teeth—for no discernable reason whatever."

Department of Second Thoughts: Mention letter sometime from James H. Sachs, of Pound Ridge, New York. Every time Theodore Bernstein, assistant managing editor of the *New York Times*, wrote one of his books on proper usage, Mr. Sachs reminded him by letter that the place to start was on the *Times*'s editorial page. Under the logo was: "Published every day in the year by the New York Times Company." Mr. Sachs kept emphasizing "in the year" was redundant. At recent publication of *The Careful Writer*, Mr. Sachs wrote to Arthur Hays Sulzberger. Now the statement reads: "Published every day by the New York Times Company."

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's
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Renee Buse:
THE DEADLY SILENCE

The mobster has a ready market and a ready array of criminal vassals who are eager to do his dirty work and take the risks for him, in exchange for a share in the exorbitant returns. His business is simply to make money and pay no taxes. Illegal drugs offer him a convenient and profitable source.

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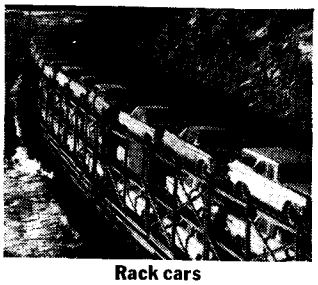
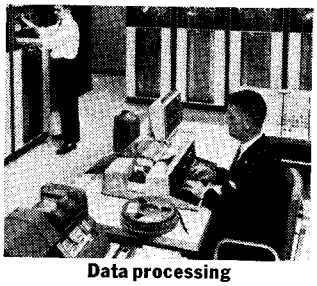
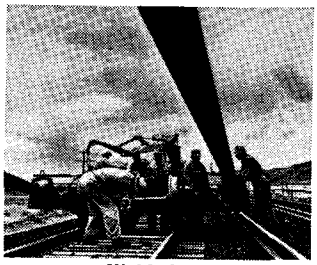
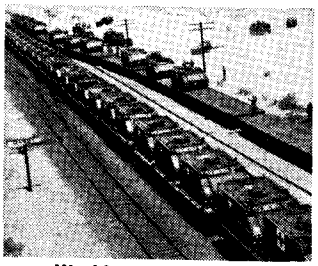
What's new on the railroads?

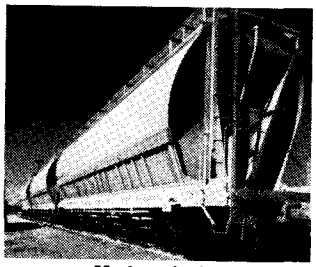

Rack cars

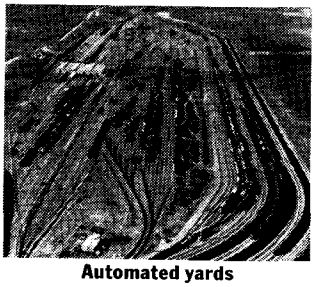

Data processing

Giants of the rails

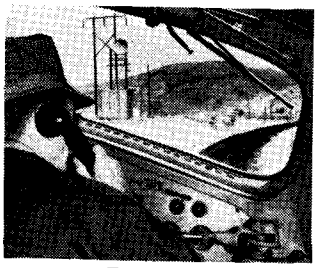

Welded rail

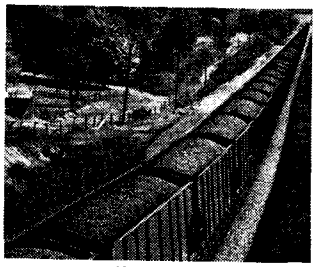

Workhorse for defense

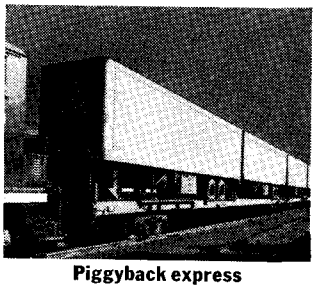

Modern design

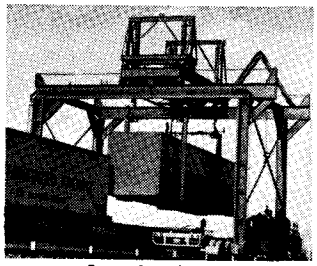

Automated yards

Push-button control

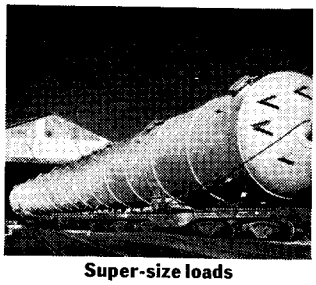

Train radio

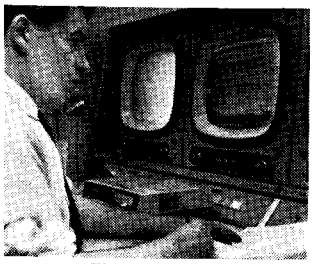

Unit train


Piggyback express


Container loader

Microwave service


Super-size loads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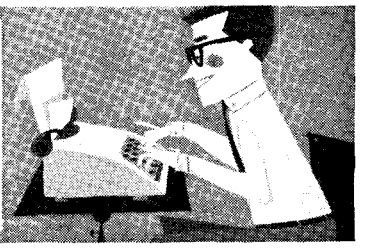
Top of My Head



My Name Is Barbarian

Social Item: Four little boys, aged twelve to fourteen, of a fashionable neighborhood in Mamaroneck, New York, visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ernst, 640 Shores Acres Drive.

ACCORDING to the *New York Times*, they entered the home by forcing a screen window because Mr. and Mrs. Ernst were vacationing in Greece. The four boys from the fashionable section of Mamaroneck left their calling cards by finger-painting some swastikas and other obscenities on the walls. Then they slashed chairs, ripped drapes, tore apart clothing, poured liquor on the carpeting, pulled a plug in the basement, causing extensive food damage, and poured whisky on the upholstery of Mr. Ernst's automobile parked in the garage.

Then they went calling at the home of Mr. R. E. Fulton, 651 Shores Acres. To their dismay the four little boys found no one at home, Mr. Fulton being on vacation somewhere in Ohio. So they tore up the inside of his home and then went outside and hurled eggs at the house.

The police arrested the four little fashionable boys, charged them with juvenile delinquency, and withheld their names.

If you're wondering why their names were withheld, there's a logical answer. The police feel that if the boys don't get credits in the newspapers it will deter other little boys from damaging other homes, since they'll realize their names will not be printed in the newspapers.

I go along with that admirable objective. But on the other hand let's take it from the angle of the little boys. How disheartening it must be for them to stand around the school playground and have to listen to all the other little boys taking credit for this perfect crime except for having been caught. With only that small exception they did a thoroughly professional job—inventive, daring, and original. Not counting the swastikas, of course, which were originated by another house painter.

I notice the police didn't withhold the names of the victims, Mr. and Mrs. Ernst and Mr. Fulton. They even gave out the information that these people were away on vacations, along with the addresses of their deserted homes—a perfect Baedeker for other little boys in that fashionable neighborhood.

These boys are not suspects. It's criminal the way the police are withholding their names, treating them as if they were only suspects. The boys themselves would be the first to admit they wrecked the homes. If they have to wait to see their names in print through a long trial, with evidence, witnesses, due process, and all that nonsense, all the luster will have diminished.

The only description of the boys the police offered when they made the arrest was that the boys were "well-to-do." Actually they were "sick" to do what they did. But is that any reason they should wind up as the only blind items in a column that mentioned every rug, drape, chair, carpet, egg, and every ounce of whisky they spilled? This is police brutality at its ugliest.

The real crusher for the boys came, of course, when they read the review the police gave their act. There, for all to see on the blotter, were the words "charged with juvenile delinquency." Juvenile, indeed. I defy any cop to show me four adults who could have improved upon the devastation these four tots left behind. This could start them to wondering, and rightfully, what you have to do to get a name credit in this business.

Where did they go wrong? Should they have waited for the return of Mr. and Mrs. Ernst from their vacation and threatened and bound them? Maybe it was all the whisky they spilled that enraged the police so that they wouldn't even mention their names. Or perhaps it was the eggs. That was a little juvenile. Throwing tear gas bombs at a deserted house would have been more spectacular. But then maybe one of the little boys had an allergy.

Right now the ignomy of anonymity weighs heavily upon their juvenile brows. But fortunately they are young. Today a neophyte, tomorrow a journeyman. Today wreckage, tomorrow carnage. Today a nameless item in a tiny newspaper story. Tomorrow Truman Capote and four whole issues of *The New Yorker*. —GOODMAN ACE.

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Life Guards riding to mount guard at the Horse Guards—see (1) below.

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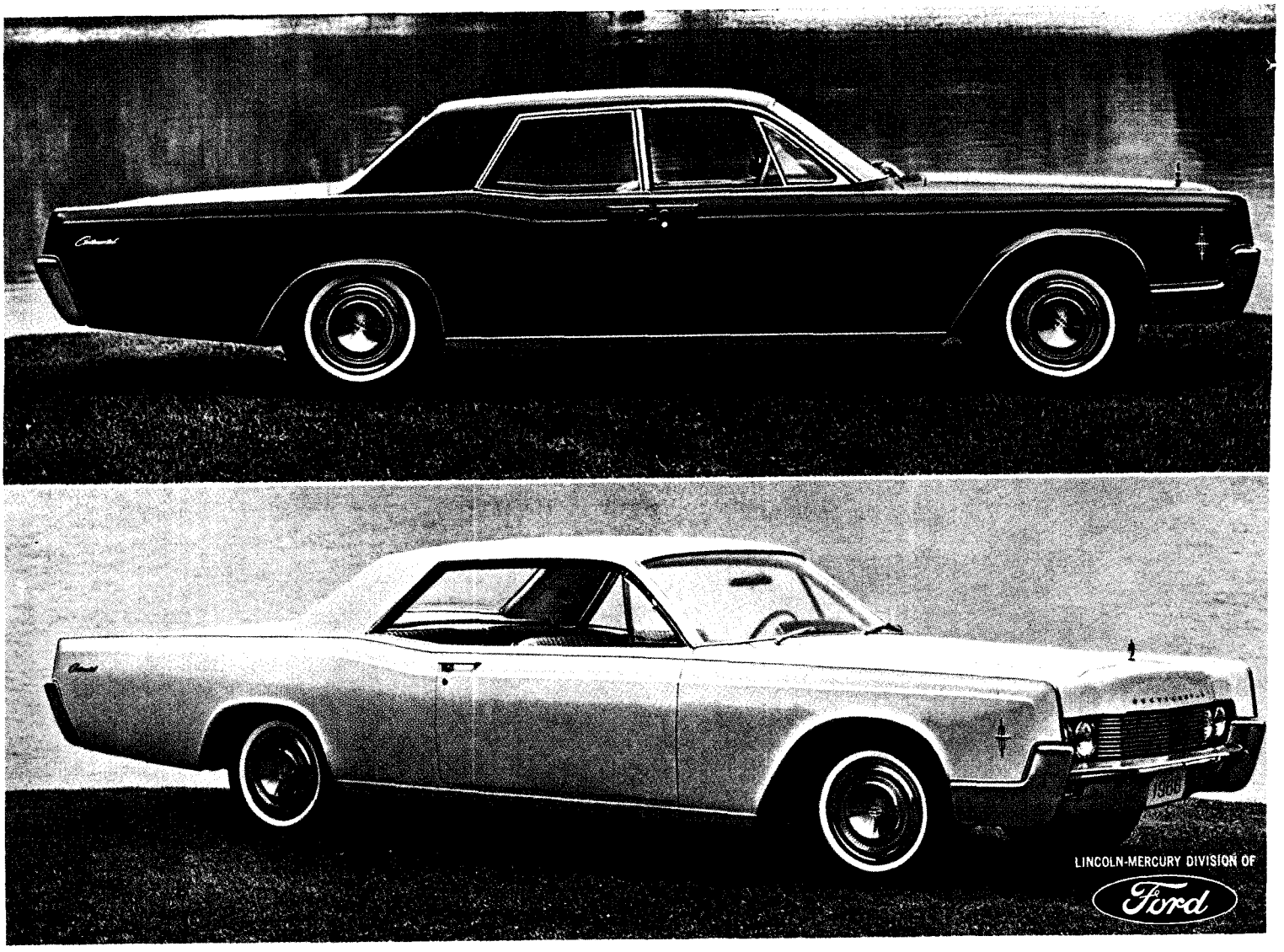
Lincoln Continental for 1966: unmistakably new, yet unmistakably Continental



With the newly styled sedan and four-door convertible there is a new Lincoln Continental model for 1966: the Continental coupé, making America's most distinguished motorcar available to more fine car buyers than ever before. Discover for yourself how close you may be to owning a Lincoln Continental.

One look tells you Continental styling is new, totally new from the dynamic front grille to the graceful contours of the rear design. And yet you know that this new styling is a contemporary expression of the continuing Continental look. All three new models are distinctively Lincoln Continental. Each is built to the highest standards in the world and tested more thoroughly than any other car.

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New reserves of power are yours to command in the Lincoln Continental. There is a new high-performance 462 cubic inch engine and an all-new transmission. Together, they provide an even smoother flow of power.

In addition to an impressive list of standard equipment, Continental offers innovations in luxury options. For example, there is an all-new Stereo-Sonic Tape System/AM radio. Simply put in a cartridge and four-speaker stereo sound is yours. And there is the new temperature control system that automatically maintains the temperature you select, regardless of changes in the weather outside.

Come take a closer look at Continental for 1966. Accept your Continental dealer's invitation to drive it, experience it, and to discover how easy it can be to own a Lincoln Continental.

LINCOLN Continental

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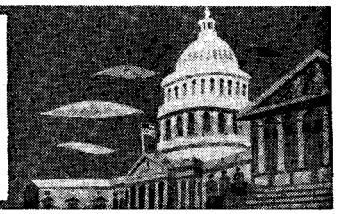
State of Affairs



Toward a New European Alliance?

RARELY has Washington been so divided, so undecided about a policy, as it is at present about what to do next in Europe. There are the inveterate believers in the Multilateral Nuclear Force—now down to a small band—that have battened down the hatches in the State Department in an effort to keep the idea warm in spite of the growing skepticism that is all but drowning it; there is a larger contingent, also in the State Department, which feels that the propitious time for something as elaborate and costly as the MLF has passed, but that a substitute must be found to satisfy the German desire for a share in nuclear weapons; there is the Pentagon, which has never been greatly enthusiastic about the MLF—except for the Navy—and is now promoting a "select" committee that would allow the Europeans to share in the planning and consultation of nuclear strategy; and finally there is President Johnson, who last December, in talks with British Prime Minister Harold Wilson, virtually interred the MLF and rebuffed Mr. Wilson's Atlantic Nuclear Force idea.

There is also the Disarmament Agency headed by William Foster, who, in an article in *Foreign Affairs* last spring, argued that a treaty to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons has become so vital that it was worth the risk of crippling NATO through an East-West *détente*.

There is another major complicating factor: General de Gaulle, who does not smile on anything that would tighten the Atlantic alliance and strengthen links between the United States and Germany. He is opposed to any new move toward integration and the sharing of controls, not because he believes it would make an East-West *détente* more difficult—as do the American and British disarmament experts—but because he would like to see Europe freed from American "domination," thereby raising himself to be its leader.

The alliance will therefore go through a difficult transitional period that may last for a year or longer. What manner of policies can be designed to meet all these exigencies? How can Europe be made to feel more equal without jeopardising the prospects for an East-West *détente*?

The State Department, split between those whose faith in the MLF remains untouched and those who have become convinced that it must be replaced with something less complex, has so far failed to bring forth any new proposal. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara stepped into this vacuum late last spring, chafing at the State Department's inability to produce an alternative plan, and proposed a "select" committee whose task it would be to plan and consult more closely about Western nuclear and conventional strategy. The idea was vague, but it set a new course. It would give the Germans a much more equal voice in decisions affecting nuclear-weapons strategy and global-defense planning, for it is impossible to plan a strategy for Europe without taking other theaters of war into consideration. It would also bring them closer to all the thinking that goes into modern defense psychology—including that for conventional forces. It would give them, in effect, a new vantage point and they would be sharing it with another four or five countries, all members of a new, exclusive club. It might even, in the end, enable them to acquire a greater share in the control over nuclear decisions and in the use of nuclear weapons than that offered by the Multilateral Nuclear Fleet, which gave an illusion of sharing in nuclear weapons when, in fact, the United States always retained its veto power.

The provision that this nuclear fleet might ultimately be allowed to become an independent European force under the political command of a united Europe has a certain long-term substance; but with political union a far-off dream, it bears no practical significance. There are in fact various shorter-range missiles and tactical aircraft equipped with nuclear weapons on German soil today that are in the hands of the Germans, even though they cannot use them under the terms of the so-called double key arrangement unless the United States agrees to it and, with its key, opens up the lock provided on each bomb. The MLF really didn't offer the Germans much more, except that the weapons mounted on these ships would have been Polaris missiles, of which there are none in Germany.

In addition to the McNamara "select committee," which could become something of a broader "directorate," it may eventually be possible for the U.S. to place certain tactical nuclear weapons under the direct control of NATO, where

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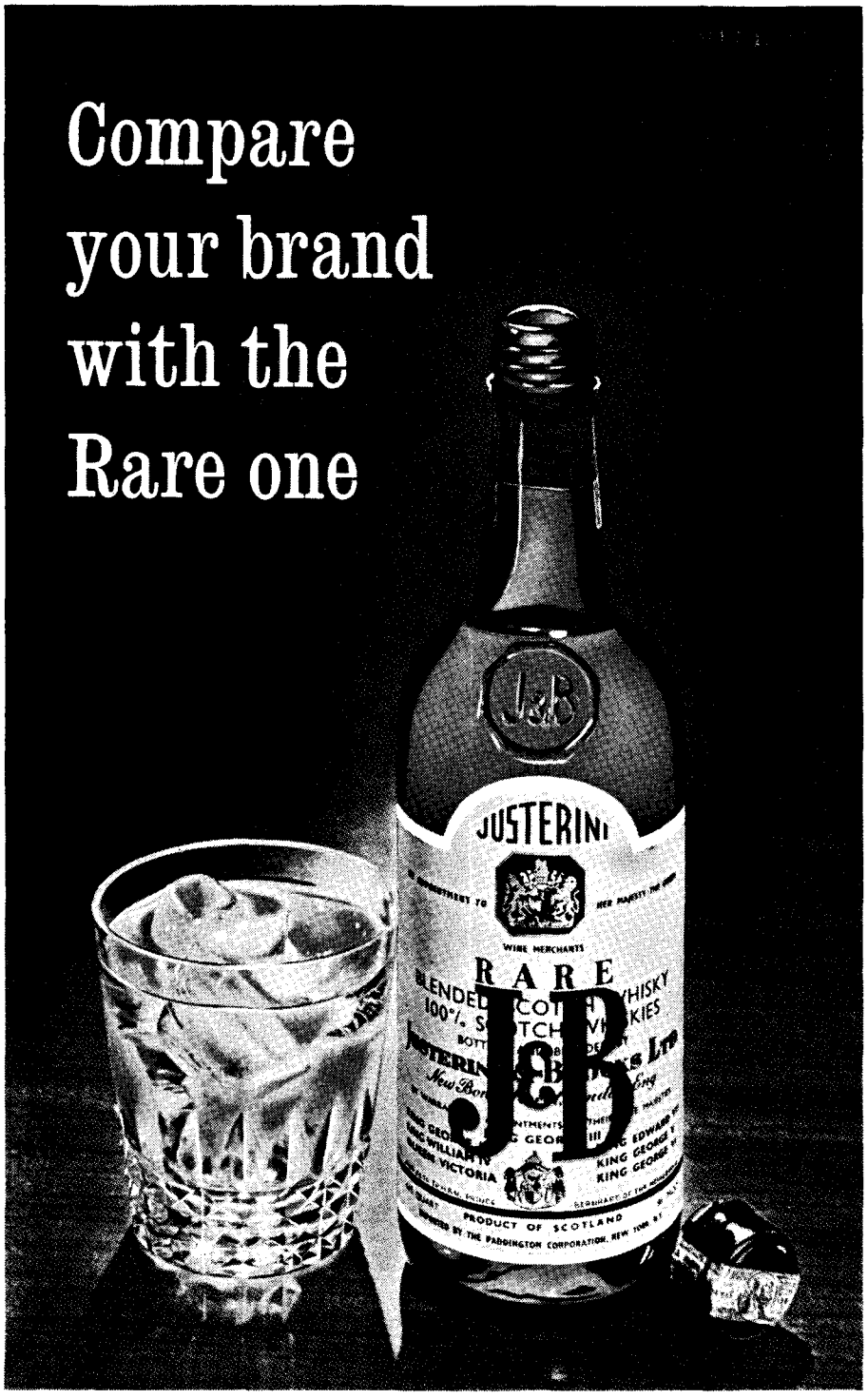

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their use would not be subject to an American veto.

One or two influential members of the Joint Atomic Energy Committee believe—and this is a radical departure from their past attitudes—that the time has come for such a limited step in order to give the Europeans a greater sense of control in the nuclear sphere and less dependence on the United States. The weapons so placed under NATO would exclude those in the medium- or long-range category; the U.S. would forgo the veto only over tactical weapons such as atomic mines and short-range missiles. Nevertheless, for the U.S. Congress to agree to such a first step would mean a fundamental break with the past.

If the United States adopts the McNamara proposal as its policy, then this is also likely in the end to be acceptable to the West Germans, who still hanker after the MLF. If, on the other hand, the U.S. does not reach a firm policy position, then its indecision may come to haunt it and prolong the current strains in the alliance.

As for the demands by General de Gaulle, nothing has been decided except to leave it up to the general to take whatever initiatives he has up his sleeve. Reaction to those initiatives, of course, will very much depend on how Europeans, especially Germans, take them. It is not entirely unlikely, for instance, that de Gaulle could create conditions that would cause the rest of Western Europe to proceed without France. This in turn would make it possible for Britain to enter Europe.

What is to be President Johnson's reaction to all this? And will there be a confrontation between himself and General de Gaulle? In the past it has been the President's attitude to let Europeans decide matters for themselves. He has not been keen on taking a lead and has shunned responsibility for imposing a policy on Europe.

President Johnson, I believe, will not resurrect the MLF, whatever Bonn may say. He is, of course, anxious to see Western Europe more closely unified. At the same time he will not want to do anything that could seriously undermine the basis for a broader East-West *détente*, albeit for the moment it is in a state of suspension until the Vietnamese war is either brought to the conference table or has slipped out of the newspaper headlines. But when the time comes, a "bridge" with the Soviet Union is going to be the focal point of his interests—at least in foreign affairs.

The prospects therefore are that both the West and the Eastern bloc will become looser bodies, with each side avoiding steps that would arouse serious objection by the other.

—Henry Brandon.

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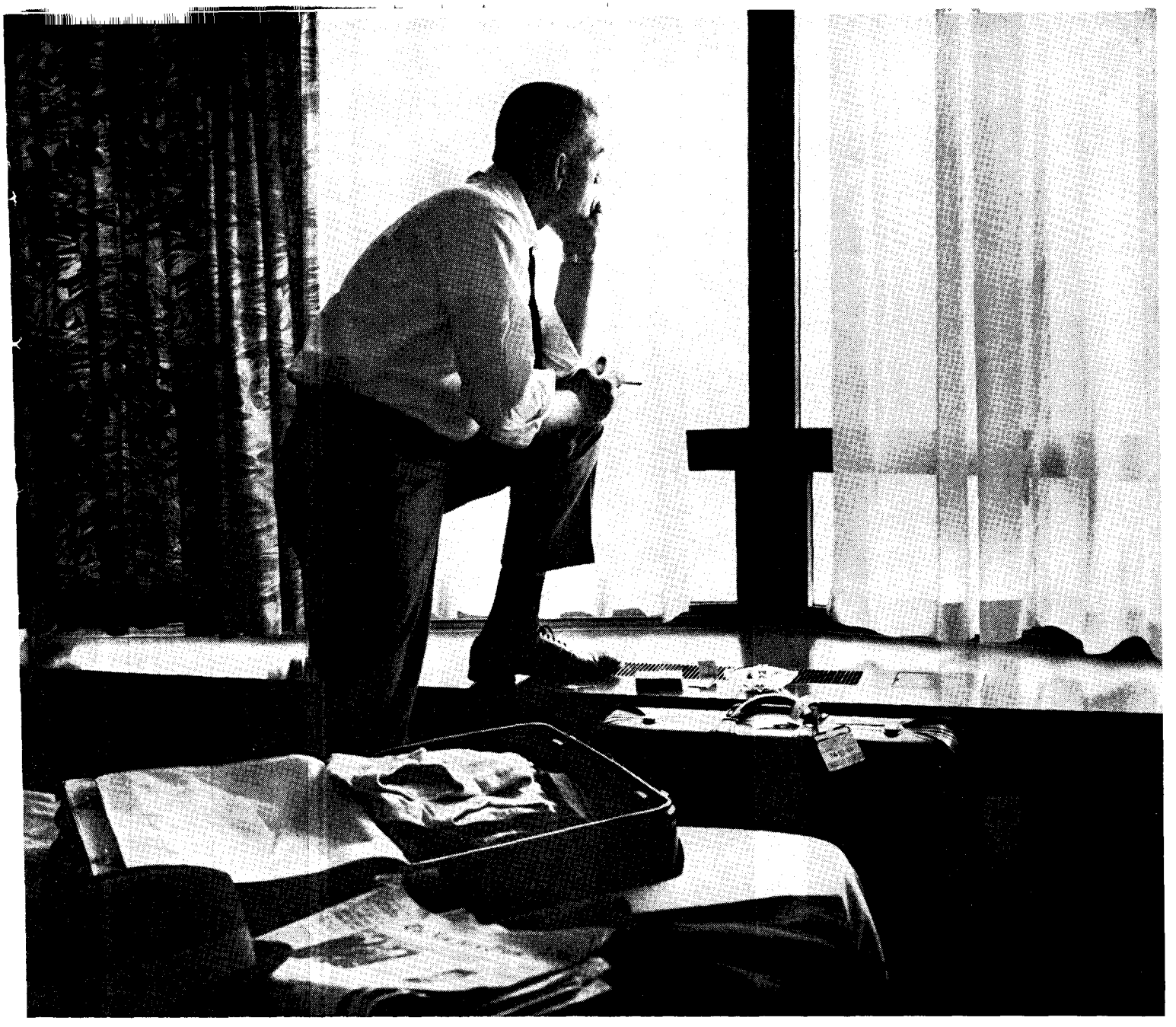

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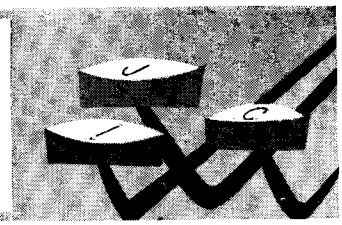

Notes of a Beleagured Husband: For years now my wife has been consorting with the League of Women Voters, an organization whose function, as I understand it, is to tell husbands how to vote, especially on those local issues commuting males do not read about in the big city papers.

It was bound to happen, I suppose. Once we gave the girls their vote, nothing on earth could keep them from coming after ours. Nevertheless, I am not bitter. I have even found occasion to be moved to admiration.

Several times in the last seven or eight years I have happened to return home from a trip when one or another group of the girls was meeting at our house. The meetings are always advertised by a herd of second-cars browsing at the curb and in the driveway. We live on a corner, however, and I can always come through the back drive, hide the car behind the garage, sneak into the kitchen, and duck up the back steps to sit it out until the gaggle boils away.

By gaggle, let me say, I mean full gaggle, that indescribable, ever-mounting surf of sound that beats out of a room full of people who are standing in face-to-face clusters shouting in order to be heard over the sound of all the other shouting that forces them to shout louder in order to be heard over the sound of the louder shouting. There is a surface and a subsurface sound to it, the two sounds constantly changing places. And the change takes place in regular waves, each of which is given an extra boost at the top.

The result is a phenomenon that physicists call "resonance." A simple example of resonance is the series of vibrations that build up when soldiers march in step across a rickety bridge: the bridge begins to sway in cadence, and since the top of each wave is given an extra kick in each succeeding cadence, the shock waves grow stronger and stronger, sometimes even strong enough to shake the bridge to the breaking point. In a real girl-gaggle, however, the breaking point is only the beginning.

Nor does it take many girls to set up a full gaggle or (and I use the terms interchangeably) a full resonance. I once stumbled in on the Now and Then Luncheon Bash and Sherry Swozzle, and though I later counted only seven ladies leaving, I can testify that they and my wife managed to maintain a full resonance for one hour and thirty-seven minutes. But I am wandering away from the League Ladies.

They, I can report, do not gaggle—When I stumbled in on the League girls, I had to tiptoe up the back steps. Had I come home during the Swozzle, I could have gunned the car through the wall and up the back stairs without disturbing the party. When it was the League's day, on the other hand, what I heard was a voice—one voice—and as I listened I was given at least ten good reasons why New Jersey needs a broad-base tax. I sat on the back steps to do my eavesdropping and I want to say it almost made me glad we had given the girls the vote. As far as the neolithic State of New Jersey is concerned, I'm ready to give them ten votes apiece. Well, nine. They already have mine under direct control.

Moreover, I stood by the upstairs window to watch them leave and I can report that all of them were admirable ladies and that a couple of them might even be classified as honeys—at least at my age. Though, drat them, when I came downstairs after the meeting, there wasn't even a trickle left in either of the two percolators nor in the thirty-cup, West Bend coffee maker.

For that matter, the Now and Then Swozzle never leaves any tricklings either. And, as I say, those girls gaggle. They gaggle despite the fact—and here is the most interesting entry in my spy diary—despite the fact, I say, that most of the Swozzle girls are League members and that most of the girls in the League are at one time or another Swozzle members. Note also that there are about thirty girls in the League and seldom more than eight at a time in the Swozzle. How can thirty girls gaggle less than eight? Well may you ask. And the answer, of course—the only possible answer, is: Enlightened Purpose.

Because I am all for Enlightened Purpose (and have three times cast my vote for Motherhood), it was a pleasure to promise my wife I would help her draft the annual letter the League sends to husbands to solicit contributions with which to take over the husband vote. I had just returned from Magnolia Springs Community College. And I had hardly finished dinner when I was shown last year's letter. It began, semi-intimately though, I am sure, without scandalous intent: "Dear League Husband:"

Something about that salutation unnerved me. Still fresh in my mind was

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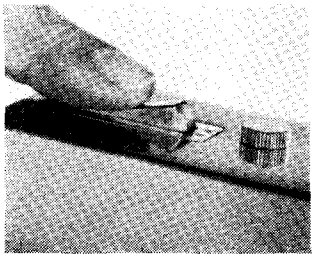

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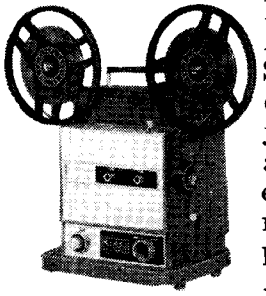

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the time I had sat spying on the back steps while the ladies (before drinking up all the coffee) were deciding how I should vote. Even fresher was my last trip to the polls with my wife's civic shopping list slipped under the band of my wrist watch:

Referenda: #1 Yes. #2 Yes. #3 No.
School Com: #1 No. #2 Yes. #3 Yes. #4 No.
Council: #1 Yes. #2 No. #3 No. #4 Yes.

It is, as you see, what used to be called the Secret Ballot. Not that I am anything but grateful to the girls for these instructions. I don't spend enough time in this town to know who's mayor.

There is, I mean to say, all reason on their side. But what about my male ego's superior intuition about politics? Men don't really have to read newspaper handouts or go to hear candidates talk about what they are going to do, especially when everyone knows they can't do it. Men are intuitive about such things, as women are about pregnancies and weddings and divorces, which are also civic matters. And isn't there something in the Constitution about the male ego's inalienable rights?

What unnerved me about that salutation was its reminder that whatever rights have been given, I am not allowed mine: I am a League Husband, and I have to help draft the letter I shall later receive, in answer to which I shall be required to send a check that will make sure I shall have my wife's civic shopping list under my wristwatch strap when next I go to exercise my right to cast my secretly directed ballot.

I did make one effort at protest, but I have to confess it was brushed aside as puny.

"Hey," I said, "how about changing the salutation to 'Dear BeLeaguered Husband'?"

Silence.

"Just a little light touch," I explained.

"Look," said Carrie Nation, "are you going to make funnies or are you going to help?"

"I'll have you know," I said, "they loved me in Magnolia Springs!"

"Well, we love you, too," said my children's mother patiently. "And now about this letter," continued Carrie Nation, her voice calm but firm, and full of Enlightened Purpose. . . .

—John Ciardi.

P.S. My wife (with an assist by Carrie Nation) has glowered over a copy of these remarks and instructs me to explain that the League is nonpartisan, is concerned only with issues, and does not—repeat, not—endorse individual candidates. That part of my wrist list is her own separate and private service. There.

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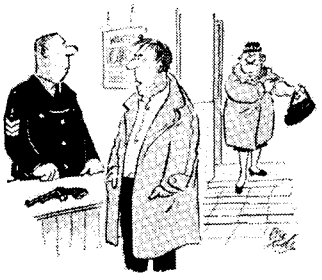

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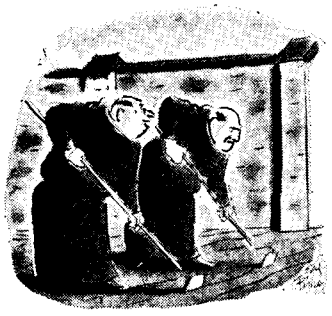

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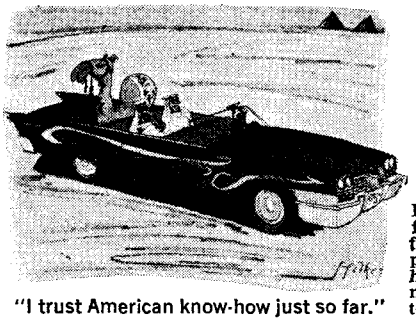

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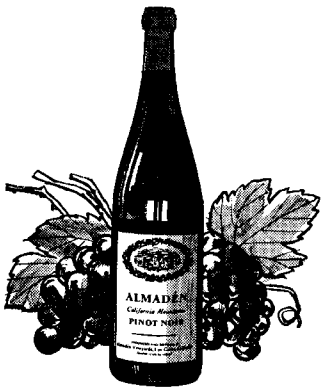

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Crime, Suspense

DEATH THE RED FLOWER. By Oswald Wynd. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

THE HOUND'S TOOTH. By Robert McDowell. Morrow. $3.50.

MARACAIBO MISSION. By Van Wyck Mason. Doubleday. $4.50.

TO KILL OR DIE. By Jeremy York. Macmillan. $3.95.

Current Affairs

THE CRISIS GAME: Simulating International Conflict. By Sidney F. Giffin. Doubleday. $4.95.

DEAR ENEMIES. By Gwethalyn Graham and Solange Chaput Rolland. Devin-Adair. $3.95.

RANSOM: A Critique of the American Bail System. By Ronald Goldfarb. Harper & Row. $5.95.

SOUTH AFRICA. By John Cope. Praeger. $7.50.

SOUTHERN JUSTICE. Edited by Leon Friedman. Pantheon. $5.95.

THE THERAPEUTIC NIGHTMARE. By Mortin Mintz. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.

TO THE PEACE CORPS, WITH LOVE. By Arnold Zeitlin. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE UNCOMMITTED: Alienated Youth in American Society. By Kenneth Keniston. Harcourt, Brace & World. $8.50.

WATER RESOURCE INVESTMENT AND THE PUBLIC INTEREST. By Robert H. Haveman. Vanderbilt Univ. Press. $6.

Fiction

THE ANYTHING BOX. By Zenna Henderson. Doubleday. $3.95.

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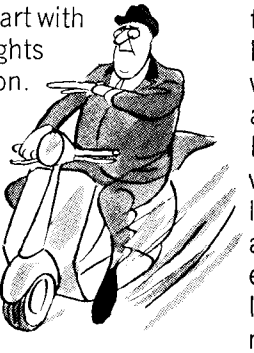

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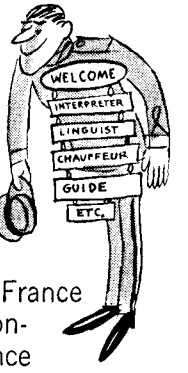

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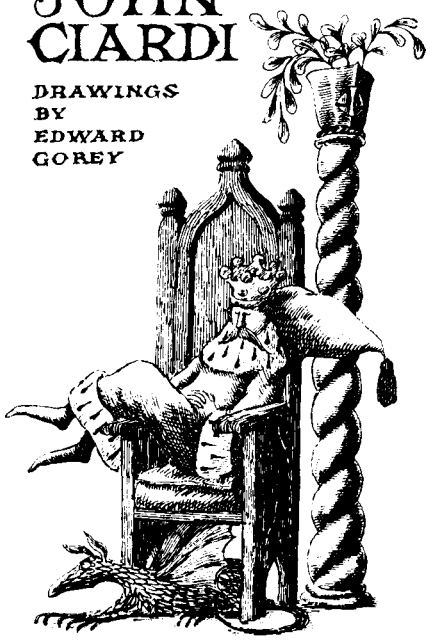

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Saturday Review

November 13, 1965

BEYOND THE LOS ANGELES RIOTS

Although the Watts area of Los Angeles, the scene last summer of some of the worst racial riots in U.S. history, has returned to "normal," those who have given the closest thought to the meaning of the rioting are inclined to agree that it represented not so much an isolated incident as a general warning. If the interpretation is correct, exactly what did Watts foreshadow? And how can other catastrophies, both North and South, be averted? Those questions are examined in the following two articles by the Nobel Prize-winning civil rights leader Martin Luther King and by Murray L. Schwartz, professor of law at UCLA.

1. Next Stop: The North

By MARTIN LUTHER KING

THE FLAMES OF WATTS illuminated more than the western sky; they cast light on the imperfections in the civil rights movement and the tragic shallowness of white racial policy in the explosive ghettos.

Ten years ago in Montgomery, Alabama, seething resentment caused a total Negro community to unite to level a powerful system of injustice. The nation and the world were electrified by their new method of struggle—mass, nonviolent direct action. In the succeeding years the power of this method shook the nation from its somnolence and complacency, changed embedded customs, wrote historic legislation, and gave a whole generation vibrant ideals. In the decade the arena widened, the conflict intensified, and the stakes rose in importance, yet the method was undeviatingly nonviolent.

Yet on the tenth anniversary of nonviolence as a theory of social change, with its success acknowledged and applauded around the world, a segment of a Negro community united to protest injustice, but this time by means of violence.

The paradox is striking, but it can be understood: our movement has been essentially regional, not national—the confrontation of opposing forces met in climactic engagements only in the South. The issues and their solution were similarly regional and the changes affected only the areas of combat.

It is in the South that Negroes in this past decade experienced the birth of human dignity—eating in restaurants, studying in schools, traveling in public conveyances side by side with whites for the first time in a century. Every day Southern Negroes perceive, and are reminded of, the fruits of their struggle. The changes are not only dramatic but are cumulative and dynamic, moving constantly toward broader application.

In the North, on the other hand, the Negro's repellent slum life was altered not for the better but for the worse. Oppression in the ghettos intensified. To the homes of ten years ago, squalid then, were added ten years of decay. School segregation did not abate but increased. Above all, unemployment for Negroes swelled and remained unaffected by general economic expansion. As the nation, Negro and white, trembled with outrage at police brutality in the South, police misconduct in the North was rationalized, tolerated, and usually denied.

The Northern ghetto dweller lived in a schizophrenic social milieu. He supported and derived pride from Southern struggles and accomplishment. Yet the civil rights revolution appeared to be draining energy from the North, energy that flowed south to transform life there while stagnation blanketed Northern Negro communities. It was a decade of role reversal. The North, heretofore vital, atrophied, and the traditionally passive South burst with dynamic vibrancy.

If the struggle had been on a national front, the changes in the North would have been kaleidoscopic. To match the South in relative change, the North in the decade should have been well on its way to the dissolution of ghettos; unemployment due to discrimination should have disappeared; tensions with the police should have been modified or eradicated by long-tested institutions, and interracial relationships should have been so commonplace that they should no longer have attracted comment or attention. In short, the North needed and was ready for profound progress and, relatively, the changes should have far surpassed those in the South. In fact, however, the North, at best, stood still as the South caught up.

Civil rights leaders had long thought that the North would benefit derivatively from the Southern struggle. They assumed that without massive upheavals certain systematic changes were inevitable as the whole nation re-examined and searched its conscience. This was a miscalculation. It was founded on the belief that opposition in the North was not intransigent; that it was flexible and was, if not fully, at least partially hospitable to corrective influences. We forgot what we knew daily in the South—freedom is not given, it is won by struggle.

IN my travels in the North I was increasingly becoming disillusioned with the power structures there. I encountered the tragic and stubborn fact that in virtually no major city was there a mayor possessing statesmanship, understanding, or even strong compassion on the civil rights question. Many of them sat on platforms with all the imposing regalia of office to welcome me to their cities, and showered praise on the heroism of Southern Negroes. Yet when the issues were joined concerning local conditions only the language was polite; the rejection was firm and unequivocal. All my experience indicated that hope of voluntary understanding was chimerical; there was blindness, obtuseness, and rigidity that would only be altered by a dynamic movement. Ironically, Mayor Ivar Allen of Atlanta and many other Southern public officials, with all their conflicts, came much further in human

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relations than mayors of the major Northern cities. Many political leaders in the South had only yesterday been implacable segregationists but found the inner resources to change their convictions. More than that, they had the courage and integrity to speak bluntly to their constituents and furnished the leadership for them to make necessary constructive changes.

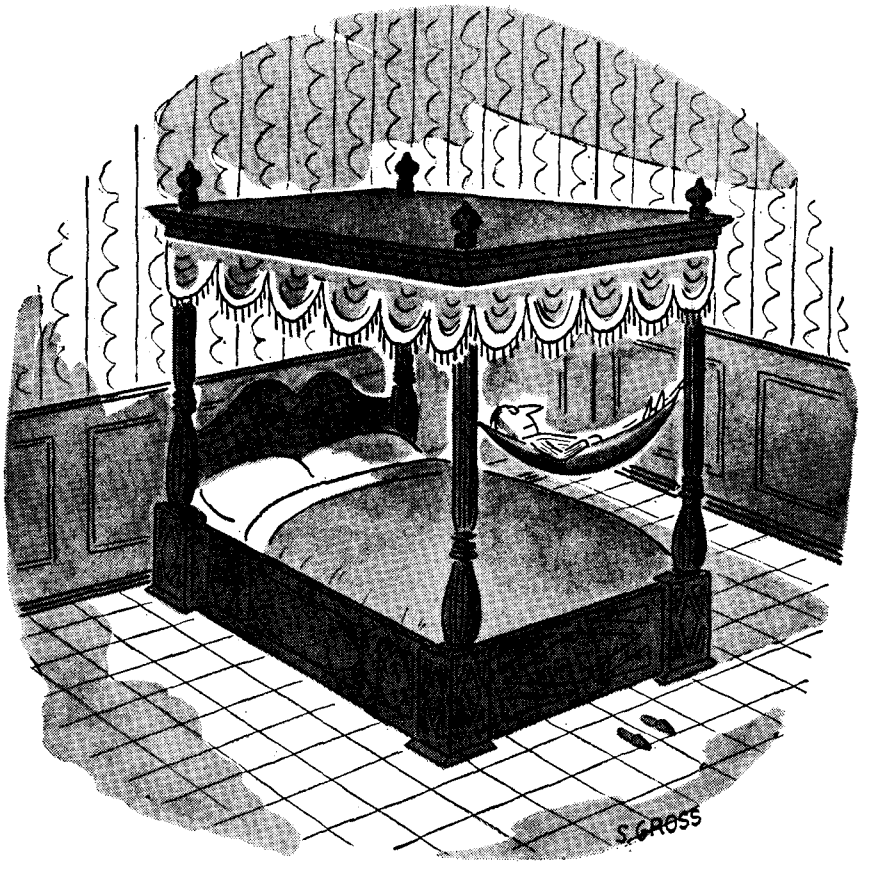
ANOTHER inescapable contrast is in the role of national and local governments. The national administrations increasingly became more and more responsive to pressures from the South. As our movement, pursuing techniques of creative nonviolence, encountered savage and brutal responses, all branches of the federal government moved to face the challenge with increasing responsibility and firmness. Beyond this, a deeper human understanding of underlying causes became clearer to them and a true sense of identity and alliance emerged. In the North, in marked contrast, municipal and state laws were enacted without passion or evident conviction. Feeble and anemic enforcement amid political machinations made them all but ineffectual. It was worse than tokenism; it was trifling with life-and-death issues with unfeeling clumsiness and opportunism.

What was the culpability of Negro leaders? Southern Negro leaders remained substantially regional forces although inspirationally they emerged as national figures. Further, they projected solutions principally for Southern conditions in framing proposals for national legislation. Finally, they took more from the North in support than they put into it. They found themselves overwhelmed with the responsibility of a movement of revolutionary dimensions and could not assume national command even had their leadership been desired. Northern Negro leaders were content to support the South and many did so devotedly. Others tended to coast with gradualism because the issues being sought in the South had long been solved in the North.

The key error of both Negro and white leadership was in expecting the ghettos to stand still and in underestimating the deterioration that increasingly embittered its life.

The white population is a stranger to the ghetto. Negroes are not only hemmed in in it; whites are shut out of it.

Unemployment and pitiful wages are at the bottom of ghetto misery. Life-sapping poverty roots Negroes in the decayed tenements where rats and filth become inseparable parts of the structures. But dirt alone could not crush a people, especially those who are so widely employed in disposing of it. Unemployment and insecure employment more effectively undermine family life. Not only are the Negroes in general the first to be cast into the jobless army, but the Negro male precedes his wife in unemployment. As a consequence, he lives in a matriarchal society within the larger culture, which is patriarchal. The cruelest blow to his integrity as a man are laws which deprive a family of Aid to Dependent Children support if a male resides in the home. He is then forced to abandon his family so that they may survive. He is coerced into irresponsibility by his responsible love for his family. But even ensuring food on the table is insufficient to secure a constructive life for the children. They are herded into ghetto schools and pushed through grades of schooling without learning. Their after-school life is spent in neglected, filthy streets that abound in open crime. The most grievous charge against municipal police is not brutality, though it exists. Permissive crime in ghettos is the nightmare of the slum family. Permissive crime is the name for the organized crime that flourishes in the ghetto—designed, directed, and cultivated by white national crime syndicates operating numbers, narcotics, and prostitution rackets freely in the protected sanctuaries of the ghettos. Because no one, including the police, cares particularly about ghetto crime, it pervades every area of life. The Negro child who learns too little about books in his pathetic schools, learns too much about crime in the streets around him. Even when he and his family resist its corruption, its presence is a source of fear and of moral debilitation.



Against this caricature of the American standard of living is the immediate proximity of the affluent society. In the South there is something of shared poverty, Negro and white. In the North, white existence, only steps away, glitters with conspicuous consumption. Even television becomes incendiary when it beams pictures of affluent homes and multitudinous consumer products to an aching poor, living in wretched hovels.

In these terms Los Angeles could have expected riots because it is the luminous symbol of luxurious living for whites. Watts is closer to it, and yet farther from it, than any other Negro community in the country. The looting in Watts was a form of social protest very common through the ages as a dramatic and destructive gesture of the poor toward symbols of their needs.

LOS Angeles could have expected the holocaust when its officials tied up federal aid in political manipulation; when the rate of Negro unemployment soared above the depression levels of the Thirties; when the population density of Watts became the worst in the nation. Yet even these tormenting physical conditions are less than the full story. California in 1964 repealed its law forbidding racial discrimination in housing. It was the first major state in the country

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to take away gains Negroes had won at a time when progress was visible and substantial elsewhere, and especially in the South. California by this callous act voted for ghettos. The atrociousness of some deeds may be concealed by legal ritual, but their destructiveness is felt with bitter force by its victims. Victor Hugo understood this when he said, "If a soul is left in darkness, sins will be committed. The guilty one is not he who commits the sin, but he who causes the darkness."

Out of these many causes the Negro freedom movement will be altering its course in the period to come. Conditions in the North will come into focus and sharpened conflict will unfold.

The insistent question is whether that movement will be violent or nonviolent. It cannot be taken for granted that Negroes will adhere to nonviolence under any conditions. When there is rocklike intransigence or sophisticated manipulation that mocks the empty-handed petitioner, rage replaces reason. Nonviolence is a powerful demand for reason and justice. If it is rudely rebuked it is not transformed into resignation and passivity. Southern segregationists in many places yielded to it because they realized alternatives could be more destructive. Northern white leadership has relied too much on tokens, substitutes, and Negro patience. The end of this road is clearly in sight. The cohesive, potentially explosive Negro community in the North has a short fuse and a long train of abuses. Those who argue that it is hazardous to give warnings, lest the expression of apprehension lead to violence, are in error. Violence has already been practiced too often, and always because remedies were postponed. It is now the task of responsible people to indicate where and why spontaneous combustion is accumulating.

The Southern Negro created mass nonviolent direct action and made history with it and will go on to far greater gains, holding it firmly as his peaceful sword.

The North, on the other hand, has for several years been spontaneously testing violence. There are many who are arguing that positive gains have followed riots. They hold that in the complexities or urban life the tricks of sophisticated segregation cannot be defeated except by the power of violence. They are so close to white society but so alienated from it and consumed with revulsion toward its hypocrisies that they are disinterested in integration. Black nationalism is more fitted to their angry mood.

I do not believe this thinking will dominate the movement, however. I think it will fail, not because Northern Negroes will settle for a no-win tranquillity and calm; it will fail because

(*Continued on page* 105)

2. *A Hard Lesson for the Law*

By MURRAY L. SCHWARTZ

WHATEVER Los Angeles does, it does in a big way. Inevitably, a Los Angeles riot had to be a major catastrophe. Whether it was the greatest such holocaust in American history may be debatable; that it was one of the most serious is not. A long weekend of deliberate destruction and looting, resulting in the loss of over thirty lives and millions of dollars of property damage, must be included in the annals of major American disasters.

Since the riots, Los Angeles has remained true to form. The number of explanations of the causes staggers the mind: hot weather; anomie; Sargent Shriver and the War Against Poverty; the absence of Governor Brown; the presence of Lieutenant Governor Anderson; the departure of Mayor Yorty to make a speech shortly after the trouble started; the timing of the arrival of the National Guard; the California State Highway Patrol's method of arresting the allegedly drunken driver (the event that triggered the explosion); the timing of relief checks; exploitation by white storekeepers; Proposition Fourteen (a recent amendment to the California Constitution, adopted by popular initiative, which not only wiped off the books all existing fair-housing legislation but permanently disenabled the legislature from enacting such laws); the migration of Southern Negroes to Los Angeles and their intense frustration; police brutality.

The number of investigations and inquiries into the riots has proliferated: the blue-ribbon commission appointed by the Governor and headed by former CIA Director John J. McCone; a federal team of experts headed by Deputy Attorney General Ramsey Clark; an inquiry by the City Council (which not too long before had been expending what appeared to be most of its time and effort in a battle with the Mayor over whether Los Angeles residents should separate trash, garbage, and metal for refuse collection); university-sponsored surveys; a host of private volunteers.

Watts and its Los Angeles counterparts are quiet now; they appear to have returned to their pre-riot condition. This is one marked by a high crime rate, high unemployment, and the other customary characteristics of the Northern Negro, Puerto Rican, or Mexican ghetto. It is a condition that was so potentially explosive that arrangements had previously been worked out between city officials and Governor Brown to call out the National Guard in the event of precisely the kind of trouble that did occur.

Watts, however, may not be the typical example of a Negro poverty-ridden area. It bears little resemblance to the Southern Negro community. The residents of Watts vote and attend public school. The state has comprehensive fair employment laws. Watts is also unlike the typical Northern ghetto. The streets are relatively wide; the houses are single or duplex, there are few, if any, large apartment buildings. The shock of a complacent Los Angeles at the intensity of the eruption was equalled by its shock that the eruption took place at all.

BECAUSE of this uniqueness, Watts may be more or less potentially explosive than other ghettos. But surely this is a matter of degree and not of kind. And, just as surely, if the problems exemplified by Watts cannot be solved, we are in for a very bad time.

It is possible, of course, that the violence of Watts was the work of a few who do not represent the community, but this seems unlikely. The participation at the time seemed too general and too enthusiastic. The subsequent reaction of the Watts community, as far as it can be ascertained, does not seem to be one of remorse or resentment against the rioters—which would be expected if the rioters had been unrepresentative. The community's reaction is not like that of the sufferer from the morning-after hangover. It is more like the reaction of a large segment of the American Jewish community during the days of the Irgun and the Stern gang in Palestine. One usual response of that community to the armed resistance and acts of terrorism against the British occupying forces was: "What those fellows did was pretty awful, but . . ." This, too, appears to be the case in Watts—with some question whether a majority in Watts would agree that what was done was pretty awful. And to attribute the riots to the arrest of one or two individuals by the State Highway Patrol is like attributing World War I to the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand. Catalyst it may have been; cause it was not.

The riots epitomized by Watts represent the ultimate in law defiance. They

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represent the deliberate violation of those basic ideas of law that are aimed at the protection of human lives and property. Whether the fires of Watts were random acts of destruction or, as some have suggested, followed for the most part a pattern determined by the nature of the establishment burned—credit, installment, pawnbroker—they were set in apparent total disregard of those minimum standards of behavior by which we have assumed that we all must live. If, as some have claimed, they represent either race hatred of the white man or class hatred of the middle class, the expression of that hatred was nonetheless in the form of maximum defiance of the law—the law adopted and enforced by the white middle class.

It may, therefore, be a natural reaction to think of Watts as a problem of law enforcement, of increasing police forces and their powers, of multiplying arrests, prosecutions, and convictions, of lengthening sentences. If we conceive this to be our course we are doomed to failure. Such a single-minded view ignores the premises that may not now be valid for Watts, but that must be made valid if we are to avoid recurrences.

THE laws of a society are enforced in part through coercive methods. More important than these methods, however, is the fact that people comply with the law because of their respect for authority—obedience to the law simply because it is the law; an attitude coercion alone cannot produce. The "mix" of the two—coercion and respect—depends upon the relationship between the governing group and those who are governed.

A legal order based entirely upon a coercive system would be no less than a military occupation. The extent to which it could be successful would depend upon the investment in coercive force and the extent to which the occupying force was willing to impose punitive sanctions upon the population for disobedience to its orders. A society like ours—and we are hardly unique in this respect—depends more heavily upon custom and law-abiding attitudes generated from within—respect or voluntary compliance—than coercion imposed from without.

But just as a legal order based entirely upon a coercive system is unacceptable to us, so one based entirely upon a voluntary system is unworkable. Some members of the society will deviate and the coercive system must take over.

Where those deviations are too bizarre or cataclysmic, as in the case of the Nuremberg defendants or Eichmann, a great strain is placed upon our concept of a legal order. The law is better adapted to deal with the ordinary than the extraordinary, the microscopic than the macroscopic. More important, when the deviations are too numerous, as in the case of Prohibition, the coercive system may break down. In short, a principal assumption of a coercive system is that it will be forced to deal with the exceptional, but not the too exceptional.

What this means is that when the coercive system fails, as when violations are too numerous, the voluntary system must also have failed. For, when it is effective, the coercive system should be adequate to treat the violations. It also means that the coercive system cannot succeed in our concept of a viable legal order until the voluntary system is itself effective once again.

On these assumptions, the problem of Watts is not a problem of coercive law enforcement; before coercion can fulfil its limited role, voluntary compliance must be created, recreated, or reinforced in Watts—compliance with the law because it is the law. We cannot hope, any more in Watts than elsewhere, completely to eradicate crime. But we can strive to reduce it to proportions that coercion can handle. The problem in Watts is how to establish pervasively the quality of law-abidingness.

Other than man, the principal forms of life on this planet that depend upon the interactions of large numbers of members of a community for survival are social insects like the bees and the ants. The individual insect performs his functions apparently as a matter of instinct. Millenia of genetic development have denied that individual member a choice whether he will abide by or reject the "norms" of his group.

The human animal has not developed a sufficiently strong biological instinct to be relied upon for control of antisocial behavior. We must inculcate attitudes of pro-social behavior.

There are two conditions necessary for the attainment of this end. The first is that the applicable law must not be too inconsistent with the expectations and norms of the community affected. Although a man's reach may exceed his grasp, the two cannot be too far apart. A governing law that is substantially different from community norms will inevitably destroy voluntary compliance with the governing law.

The second condition, perhaps unique to a democracy, is that those affected by the law must have a sense of participation in and responsibility for its enactment and application. Although we may not all fully agree that we are bound by some Rousseau-like compact, the concept of mutual responsibility for the law underlies our assumption that we should all adhere to it.

If the actual circumstances in Watts are contrasted with these assumptions, it is quickly apparent that we have a long way to go.

The distance between the law as applied to Watts and the internal expectations of the community is great. Law includes substantive regulations and the apparatus of enforcement. As such, it is represented in Watts by the police, welfare and social workers, and storekeepers. Some of the Watts community may have jobs in homes or establishments outside the confines of Watts, but this is indeed a world outside. At the same time, radio and television continuously pour out, in the form of commercials and programs, the way of that life—a fantasy to many of those who live it, but not so wild a fantasy as for the people of Watts.

The short of the matter is that the people of Watts rarely conceive of the law as an affirmative institution operating to vindicate their expectations or to reinforce their norms.

Indeed, not only is there too much distance between the law and the norms of Watts, there is an actual barrier between the two. For the tragic fact is that for Watts the law is primarily an oppressive institution.

The most pervasive contact with the law in Watts is with the police force, and one continuing, insistent complaint is of "police brutality." (Whether, and to what extent, this complaint is justified is for this purpose a moot point; it is inconceivable that the police treat the people of Watts with the same attitudes and methods as those they apply to the middle-class white community.) But whether a policeman is brutal, insulting, discriminatory, or as fair as Solomon, he represents the law that is imposed from the outside, a world that simultaneously contains, rejects, and attempts to force Watts to live up to its own norms.

The law of welfare and social workers is that of the rules and regulations by which welfare programs are administered. These are usually based on middle-class concepts of the family and the roles of its members, concepts that may frequently be alien to the social structure or lack of structure of this community. We know little of these matters for Watts and its counterparts; we do know that the legal standards of welfare programs frequently do not correspond with community standards or mores.

The contact of the Watts resident with

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the storekeeper presents a similar relationship. The commercial law is that of the credit transaction, creditors' remedies, interest rates, and repossession. These are laws based on assumptions of financial resources and potential that do not exist in Watts. The resident of Watts is a borrower and interest-payer. The law, whatever its formal protections, is his enemy.

This is not to say that there are not large areas of the law to which the people of Watts might conform as does the outside world. Basic attitudes toward violence and destruction—assault, homicide, and rape—may be identical, although the statistics suggest that there may be some difference in attitude even here. At the least, the riots proved that at some point this community would deliberately violate even these norms.

In sum, the substantive law that applies to Watts is a middle-class institution; its apparatus is designed to implement that institution. And Watts is overwhelmingly not a middle-class community.

There are several different courses available if we are to address the question of the distance between the community norms and the positive law. Can we simply ignore the difference by not enforcing the law? To the extent that the incidence of violence is substantially greater than that which prevails generally, it is inconceivable that we can blind ourselves to this phenomenon. Ghetto though it may be, Watts is neither a quarantined area nor a concentration camp. It is involved intimately with the rest of society in a multiplicity of interactions. We cannot have two separate standards.

In the past, when violations of the law have abnormally increased, one remedy has been to legitimize the practices. The popular rebellion against Prohibition resulted in the Twenty-first Amendment. The techniques of the labor movement—picketing, strikes—were ultimately recognized as lawful. To the extent that violence is a norm of Watts, we cannot entertain a similar course of legitimization of that violence. We can, of course, reform the law as it now applies to the community norms of the family; we can not only modify the law of the credit transaction, but also more effectively enforce its protections for the borrower.

Another course is not to change the law but to change the people. Inevitably and crucially, this will require a change in the white man. One such essential interacting change is in the philosophy of help for the poor, largely a matter of charity heretofore. We have not really attempted to construct programs to affect the basic patterns of life in areas like Watts. We have, for the most part, merely attempted to maintain a subsistence level. The programs of the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964 are the first comprehensive major national effort aimed at changing the abilities and aspirations of the poor. Whether they will be partially or fully successful remains to be seen. Without these or similar programs the cause is hopeless.

Decreasing the distance between the law and the community norms is only one condition of voluntary compliance in Watts. The other condition is the development of a sense of participation in and responsibility for the law itself—the democratic ideal. If the average middle-class American at times feels hopeless about his own control over not only the international events that so dramatically affect him but also the domestic events that increasingly are determined by the pressure of articulate groups, what must the unemployed or casually employed Negro in Watts or his Puerto Rican, Mexican, or "poor-white" counterpart experience? It is one thing to argue a cause to a tribunal in a full and fair presentation of the case. It is another not to have the opportunity to present the case at all. Until recently, the protests of the residents of Watts—perhaps not too clearly articulated or formulated—were not even put on the political bargaining table so that they could be entertained and negotiated.

Two recent incidents, both involving the Office of Economic Opportunity, illustrate this facet of the problem and the usual response.

The first took place in Los Angeles, For months, prior to August 12, the Los Angeles community-action program of the Economic Opportunity Act was bogged down in what then appeared to be a petty political squabble between municipal officers and other organizations on the one hand, and "representatives of the poor" on the other. The issue was whether the board that was to administer the community-action program was to include people selected from the poor areas and, if so, how many. The "official" position was that the duly elected officials and existing organizations should control the governing board.

THE second incident took place in Miami Beach at the annual meeting of the American Bar Association on August 11, one day before the Watts explosion. Appearing on a panel before some 2,000 lawyers, Sargent Shriver, director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, was asked whether his office would insist that the new boards that were to administer the furnishing of legal services to the poor were to include members of the poor. The implication of the question was that laymen, and particularly poor ones, had no business telling lawyers how to run legal-service programs.

Each incident reveals an understandable resistance to involving the poor in the administration of programs designed to aid them. But if a sense of responsibility for the law is essential for inculcating law-compliance attitudes, surely this is one area in which that sense can be easily realized.

More generally, the problem is to devise ways of bringing the people of

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"My dear wife: Here I am in Venice, where the Crusade has run out of money. The Venetians will not let us have any ships unless we pay in advance. Curse them, the swine! How bitter for one filled, as I am, with crusading zeal. In haste, as I must go for a boat ride on the Grand Canal,
Your loving Richard."

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Vietnam

WHAT OUGHT to be one of the most important debates in recent American history is deteriorating into a wasteful and tragic encounter. Both the critics of the President's policy in Vietnam and the Administration spokesmen are talking past one another, imputing bad faith, failing to make contact at the vital points.

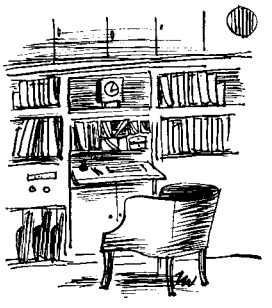
Many of the President's critics have failed to credit him with a desire as deep as their own for a cease-fire in Vietnam, for negotiations with all parties concerned, for limited objectives, and for the peaceful development of the region.

They have dismissed too easily the President's apprehension that the North Vietnam government will spurn negotiations so long as they believe there is a good chance the anti-Vietnam demonstrations in the U.S. will force the United States to withdraw and give the Vietcong an open field.

Nor have many of the President's critics recognized a possible flaw in their demand for the immediate use of the good offices of the United Nations in arranging negotiations. Actually, the President has encouraged the U.N. Secretary-General to attempt to draw North Vietnam and the Vietcong into negotiations. Secretary-General U Thant has made repeated but vain efforts in that direction. Neither North Vietnam nor the Vietcong has indicated any interest in dealing with or through the United Nations.

But if the President's critics have failed to credit the government with purposes similar to their own, the response of the Administration to its critics has been singularly inappropriate. Administration spokesmen have done credit neither to themselves nor to the country by linking the growing anti-Vietnam movement in the U.S. with Communist manipulation and intrigue. Obviously, Communists throughout the world are trying to get maximum mileage out of the American predicament in Vietnam. But the Administration could make no greater mistake than to underestimate the genuineness of American concern over the course of events in Vietnam. For the government's policy in Vietnam is not an open-and-shut case. Too many questions about Vietnam have gone unanswered to warrant blanket approval. So long as this is so, it is natural and urgent that large numbers of Americans should call for answers—better answers than those that have been offered.

The first question calling for unambiguous, definitive answer has to do with our relationship to the South Vietnamese government. The President has said that the U.S. has gone into South Vietnam to protect that government at its own request. The South Vietnamese government making that request, however, was violently overthrown and its President assassinated in a coup to which the United States was a party, according to former U.S. Ambassador Frederick G. Nolting, Jr.



If the United States was even indirectly involved in that coup, then questions with far-reaching implications must be raised. Under what Act of Congress or provision of the U.S. Constitution do American agencies abroad become parties to coups or subversion? How do we justify involvement in the overthrow of a government we say we have pledged ourselves to protect? Whether the Diem government was or was not equal to its job is beside the point.

More serious still, if the government of South Vietnam has the support of its people, as the Administration contends, then why should there have been reported upheavals and coups during the past year?

If the Vietnamese people are in fact behind their government, how does this square with the report that the present head of the South Vietnamese government, General Ky, is opposed to any election because not enough social reform has been instituted to assure popular support? Does the lack of this social reform have anything to do with the momentum behind the Vietcong? If the United States is in a position to shape the military policy of the South Vietnamese government, why have we not had equal influence in shaping social and economic policy?

The President has said that self-determination is our goal in South Vietnam. This means that the people have a right to choose their own form of government. How does this square with the reported statement of General Ky that he is opposed to free elections at this time? How does it square with the statement attributed to Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, in testimony before a Congressional committee, to the effect that the United States would not leave South Vietnam even if it were requested to do so by the government of South Vietnam?

White House sources said that the Ambassador's statement was misconstrued. Even so, a genuine question exists about our central purpose. Is it to protect the people of South Vietnam? Or is it to maintain a balance of power on the Asian mainland? Either way or both, we have an obligation to the people of South Vietnam far beyond the war situation. Have we defined this obligation in a way that can give them the kind of fervor without which even military victory cannot inoculate them against an opposing ideological virus? The U.S. has talked about the development of the Mekong Delta—and the project as described has a powerful dramatic thrust—but have

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Water Crisis

YOUR ISSUE OF October 23, devoted to "The Crisis in Water," is a valuable contribution to a subject of great importance. But mingled with so much that is far-seeing, wise, and helpful, there is one article that falls below the standard.

In "Myths of the Western Dam," Wallace Stegner makes a wholly unjustified attack on the Bureau of Reclamation and the Army Engineers, who build most of our great dams—one that ignores or plays down the vast benefits resulting from these dams: the conversion of great desert areas into highly productive ones through irrigation, the bringing to an end of destructive floods, and the production of low-priced electrical energy.

In California, where the pressure of population creates demand for many dams, there may be an occasional project of doubtful value. But in other great areas of the West the benefits of dam-building are beyond question. . . .

BENJAMIN H. KIZER.

Spokane, Wash.

WALLACE STEGNER'S article, "Myths of the Western Dam," is the best material I've seen yet on the subject.

Most of what I knew about the proposed Bridge and Marble Canyon dams at Grand Canyon I learned last month while attending a conference of the Colorado Open Space Coordinating Council at Vail, Colorado. A Grand Canyon workshop was organized there that will continue to meet in Denver for the purpose of showing the public the folly of these dams. We hope for further public hearings—and for everyone to read Mr. Stegner's article.

MRS. ROBERT A. INMAN.

Denver, Col.

YOUR ISSUE OF October 23 was an excellent one. This summer while flying over Lake Michigan and Lake Erie, I was shocked at the murky filth below. It was so thick that a path was being cut through it by a boat.

John Lear's article, "What Brought It On?" was especially good, and so was Wallace Stegner's "Myths of the Western Dam." Living in the Tennessee Valley, we are grateful for the fine TVA system but glad that the Tellico Dam project was shelved. It would be an unnecessary flooding of usable land and trout streams.

MRS. ALBERT G. HOLMES.

Knoxville, Tenn.

Our Infinite Variety

I WISH TO COMMENT on Morton Fried's article "A Four-Letter Word that Hurts" [*SR*, Oct. 2]. Far from hurting, a sense of race is very helpful. Next to pride of family, pride of race is more conducive to that sense of human dignity about which Mr. Fried likes to talk than anything else I can think of.

Mr. Fried points out what everyone knows, that migrations, invasions, and wars have mixed up all the peoples of our planet, but like all generalizations his is only partly true.

A friend of mine once said to me, "Thank God I'm pure African." My liking and admiration for her immediately increased. Perhaps I felt a little envy, too, because I could claim no such undiluted ancestry. God, or evolution if you prefer, gave us everything in infinite variety. There is no attempt at dull, repetitious uniformity in trees, flowers, birds, animals, or any other created thing. Let us thank God for all this delightful diversity.

JEANNE JUDSON.

New York, N.Y.

IT TOOK *SR* and Morton Friend to say something that's needed saying for a long time—that the whole concept of race is nothing more than humbug. Your argument was a persuasive one, but I still can't help wondering how many minds in Alabama are likely to be changed by it.

A. R. BACON.

San Francisco, Calif.

"Good heavens! Look what's moved in next door."

Words, Wonders, and Mrs. Wortman

LIKE HUNDREDS OF thousands of other wacky souls on this crazy planet, I have been a fan of the Kingsley Double-Crostics for aeons, and for years I was secretly in love with Doris Nash Wortman. As my ardor for *SR* grew year after year, I could finally contain myself no longer and I began to write her notes. We became pen pals.

However, it was not until last year that I met her. By then I had become greedily curious as to how she looked; I was pleasantly pleased on meeting her to discover she was *not* a little old lady with a beard and a bald head shaped like an egg.

In September, I was honored to be the guest of Doris and Elbert Wortman at their home in Vineyardhaven, Massachusetts. When I arrived, I found Doris sitting on her front porch, needlework in hand. When I saw it—well, I recovered my composure just long enough to take a quick snap of her [see cut].

AL MUENCHEN.

New Canaan, Conn.

Doris Nash Wortman

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Sophocles: The Theban Plays

By KENNETH REXROTH

SOPHOCLES's life might have been lived by his statue in the Louvre, so wise, so calm, so marmoreal. The same exemplary image could well have written his tragedies. Sophocles sang and danced as a boy in the choir of thanksgiving for Athens's naval victory over the Persians at Salamis. He was the intimate of Pericles and the friend of Phidias and Thucydides. Speakers in Plato's dialogues remembered him as an aged man. He died before the capture of Athens by Sparta. That was all there was—just the long lifetime of one man, from 495 to 406 B.C.

In Renaissance Florence, Tang China, or Elizabethan England, he would have been too good to be true. His was a time never to occur again, and he was superlatively true to it. The unique artistic experience of Attic tragedy was contemporary with the glory of Athenian power, between the wars with Persia and Sparta. It lasted less than three generations; its perfect expression only one. Aeschylus speaks at the opening of the greatest generation in the experience of man, Sophocles for its brief years of mature achievement. To understand the Periclean Age requires an effort like no other. We find about us no standards or experiences that warrant a belief that life was ever like that. The men and women in the tragedies of Sophocles are human as ourselves but purer, simpler, more beautiful, the inhabitants of a kind of Utopia. With all its agonies, this is life as it should be.

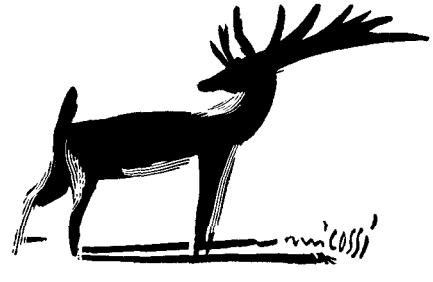
Sophocles's dramatic world, like Periclean Athens itself, is self-contained. Its ultimate sanctions are immanent, not transcendent. The mythic beings of Aeschylus are supernatural references for a new system of values, otherworldly midwives of a new social order. In Sophocles this order is operating. The dilemmas of the natural community are not solved by reference to a supernatural one. Aeschylus's sacred democracy is personalized by Sophocles. For him a person is the most concrete thing there is. Tragedy arises out of the flux of fate and oracular doom, but so arises from the acts of free persons. The age-long puzzle of fate and free will is solved by the dialectic of dramatic moral action.

From the style of Aeschylus one could construct a rhetoric of majesty. Sophocles, a few years younger, has already learned to avoid all appurtenances of sublimity. His style is simple, almost plain. Its majesty owes little to symbol, metaphor. His figures of speech arise from the ordinary linkages of direct communication, the opposite of the incongruous juxtapositions of Aeschylus.

The plays themselves form the transcendent community whose natural product is value. They are the etherializing mirror of contemporary Athens. It is because there was majesty in the audience that the Sophoclean chorus can so directly "bridge the footlights." The chorus is us. As the dialectic of dramatic speech and situation unwinds with that inevitable order that Sophocles learned from the Sophists and that they learned by an analysis of the talk of Athens, the audience is transported into a purified region of conflicting hypertrophied motives. The audience is not "purged of pity and terror," but those emotions themselves of their dross—fear of cowardice, and pity of sentimentality. Caught up in the catastrophe of tragedy, the audience learns compassion and dread.

A humanistic religion like Sophocles's demands less and seems more impregnable than transcendentalism. It answers the mystery of evil with the qualities of art and with tone of character. Men suffer unjustly and learn little from suffering except to answer unanswerable questions with a kind of ultimate courtesy, an Occidental Confucianism that never pretends to solution. The ages following Sophocles have learned from him the definition of nobility as an essential aristocratic irony that forms the intellect and sensibility.

Oedipus Tyrannus, Oedipus at Colonus, Antigone are not a trilogy. Their chronological order is not that in which they were written. *Antigone* is the play of a mature man; *Oedipus Tyrannus* of a middle-aged one; *Oedipus at Colonus* of a very old man, yet they are, in spite of minor anachronisms, interdependent. It is as though Sophocles held within his mind from the beginning a general structure for the Theban Cycle. The acts of Antigone and Creon in *Antigone* are made plausible by their behavior in *Oedipus at Colonus*, written fifty years later. The central play, *Oedipus Tyrannus*, is first in dramatic order. It may be the most perfect play ever written, and since it is the primary subject of Aristotle's *Poetics*, it has been the model for most tragedies since. It is by far the most dialectic of all Greek plays. One situation leads to another with an inexorable necessity. Yet each is created by the interplay of the faulty motives and rash choices of the protagonists.



Oedipus discovers that he has murdered his wife's husband, that he was a foundling, that he has murdered his father and married his mother in a series of dialogues more inevitable in motion than those of the Platonic Socrates evoking the realization of truth among his fellows. Realization comes in a succession of blows and each blow reshapes the character of Oedipus as hammers form a white-hot ingot on the anvil.

In *Oedipus at Colonus*, there is hardly a plot at all, only the contrast of the aged, dying, blinded Oedipus with his daughters, his sons, his successor on the throne of Thebes, Theseus, his Athenian host, and the common people of the chorus. Each character's contrast illuminates him with a growing glory until, as he walks away to die in the sacred grove of Colonus, he has become a sacred being, a *daimon*.

This apotheosis is totally convincing, though Oedipus has lost not one of the faults that led him to disaster in the first place. He is still a rash and angry old, old man. He has learned only wisdom, wisdom that is indefinable, a quality of soul that comprehends suffering and evil, without understanding.

Antigone, although written first, is a fitting conclusion. It is a conflict of people who have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Creon has forbidden the burial of Polyneices, killed as a traitor attacking Thebes. Antigone defies him, buries her brother, and is condemned to death. Creon's son, Haemon, affianced to Antigone, kills himself; last, his mother, Eurydice, commits suicide. We are back with Aeschylus in the conflict of state and family, male and female. The drama is human, not mythic; the protagonists not wiser; experience has been in vain; the burnt children still love the fire; but the characters are real, each an end in himself.

Sophocles has found better translators in the past than Aeschylus—Richard Aldington, Yeats, Browning, Shelley. The best contemporary edition of the Theban plays is published by the Modern Library and the University of Chicago Press. The translators are David Grene, Robert Fitzgerald, and Elizabeth Wyckoff.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Mothers, Sons, and Lovers

A MAN of thirty-five takes his second wife and her eleven-year-old son to visit his widowed mother on her farm in Pennsylvania, arriving late one Friday afternoon in summer and leaving the following Sunday. During the interval nothing dramatic happens except that the mother has a seizure—what she calls a "spell"—after church on Sunday. The four characters talk, and as they talk, the reader becomes aware of the complicated relationships that exist between mother and son, man and wife, wife and mother-in-law, stepfather and stepson, and so on in all possible combinations. Certain characters not on the scene are also important, particularly the deceased husband and father and the divorced wife with her three children. When the book ends, conflicts have been clarified but not resolved.

This, I think, is a fair outline of John Updike's short novel, *Of the Farm* (Knopf, $3.95). The farm is located on the outskirts of Olinger, a city that appears in much of Updike's fiction. The deceased father was a schoolteacher, as was the father in *The Centaur* (*SR*, Feb. 2, 1963) and in various of Updike's short stories. Both the country and the characters will seem familiar to Updike's regular readers, and the writing is as felicitous as usual.

"To produce a mighty book," Herman Melville wrote, "you must choose a mighty theme." This is a hard saying. Would the themes of *Hamlet*, *Anna Karenina*, or *Madame Bovary*, if stated in summary form, sound like mighty themes? We can know for sure that a theme is mighty only when a great writer shows us what can be made of it.

Besides, is mightiness the sovereign literary virtue? For some time now a few critics have been clamoring for Updike to do something "big." There is an American tendency—encouraged, I am afraid, by both Hemingway and Faulkner—to believe that a literary career is like a series of world's championship battles, that the great writer goes on slaying one giant after another until he is himself slain. Wright Morris discussed this tendency in *The Territory Ahead*. "Just the other day," he wrote, "William Faulkner, in one of his now-frequent interviews, referred to Thomas Wolfe as the greatest American of them all. Why? Because he tried to do the impossible. The romantic agony could hardly be better phrased, nor failure made so credible and flattering. To fail, that is, is the true hallmark of success."

In *Of the Farm* Updike was obviously not trying to do the impossible. He chose a small, manageable theme, one that might have seemed rather slight even to Henry James, and tried to see what he could do with it. His problem might be stated this way: if you bring four persons together for forty-eight not particularly eventful hours, how much can you show the reader about them? He complicated his problem as a novelist by having the story told by one of the participants, so that he was unable to enter the mind of any of the others.

The narrator is Joey Robinson, vaguely engaged in some sort of business enterprise, though his mother had hoped he would be a poet. He doesn't tell us much about himself, but, as we see him in relation to the others, we have an impression of his good points and bad. His mother is the central character, the one of whom Updike wants us to be most aware. Always a puzzle to Joey, she baffles him again and again as the two days pass by, and the reader is surprised and amused as the contradictions in her character reveal themselves. Although she lives in a myth she has created, she can be realistic and tough-minded enough when it serves her purpose, and, for all her years and her bad health, she remains a strong woman, not particularly lovable, perhaps not even admirable, but a force to be reckoned with.

Joey's affection for his mother is more than merely dutiful; nevertheless there is a long-standing antagonism between them, growing out of the years when he took his father's side against her. Try as he will to be gentle, his resentments break out. "You poisoned one marriage for me," he says the first night after his wife has gone to bed, "and I want you to leave this one alone." When he joins his wife, he lets himself go: "I'm thirty-five and I've been through hell and I don't see why that old lady has to have such a hold over me. It's ridiculous. It's degrading."

The mother, as Joey realizes, is a pathetic figure—old and ill and alone and by no means ready to die. ("My mother was skittish in cars; it was grotesque, how much she loved her life.") But if she is pathetic, she is still capable

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41 Of the Farm, by John Updike
42 Letters to the Book Review Editor
43 European Literary Scene, by Robert J. Clements
45 Bernard Shaw: Collected Letters 1874-1897, edited by Dan H. Laurence
46 Dr. Johnson: His Life in Letters, edited by David Littlejohn
47 The Unloved Germans, by Hermann Eich; Germany: Yesterday and Tomorrow, by Peter H. Merkl
48 Russia and Germany: A Century of Conflict, by Walter Laqueur
49 Canada: The Uneasy Neighbor, by Gerald Clark
51 Autumn Books for Young People, by Alice Dalgliesh
63 Benjamin Franklin: Philosopher and Man, by Alfred Owen Aldridge; Poor Richard's Politicks: Benjamin Franklin and His New American Order, by Paul W. Conner
64 The Painted Bird, by Jerzy Kosinski. The Hawk Alone, by Jack Bennett
65 Aura, by Carlos Fuentes
65 Tentacles of Power: The Story of Jimmy Hoffa, by Clark R. Mollenhoff; Hoffa and the Teamsters: A Study of Union Power, by Ralph and Estelle Dinerstein James
69 The Fashionable Savages, by John Fairchild
104 The Job Hunter, by Allen R. Dodd
104 The Mistress and Other Stories, by Gina Berriault
105 The Beggar, by F. M. Esfandiary

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of defiant gestures. On the second evening she explodes. "In the kitchen, my mother smashed a plate. To abolish any doubt that it had been deliberate, she smashed another, after a bleached space of amazed silence; the explosion was somewhat muddier than the first, as if the plate had struck the floor diagonally." Later Joey explains to his stepson: "I think the reason my mother smashed the dishes was to remind us that she was *there*. She's afraid we'll forget her. It's a fear people have when they're her age." But this is a woman who is not likely to be forgotten.

The second wife, Peggy, is not portrayed at any depth, presumably because Joey's knowledge of her is not of the deepest. He sees her as extraordinarily desirable, but he does not romanticize either her appearance or her mind, as a young lover might do. What their domestic life may be we can only surmise, but, as the old lady suggests, it is probably not altogether harmonious. As for her son Richard, his amusing combination of sophistication and inexperience underlines the ironies of the situation.

There is no denying that it is a slight book, not calculated to quicken many pulses. But one should not underestimate it: the portrait of the mother is subtle and profound; most of the scenes are skillfully constructed so as to achieve the greatest possible revelation of character; the dialogue is lively. It's a sound novel, and we should be grateful for it.

Beyond that there is room for speculation. What would happen if Updike found himself engaged with a theme that drew upon all his experience, stretched his imagination, made the highest demands on his skills? No one knows. I prefer Updike's modest success to the messes some of his more ambitious colleagues have made. But if he did find a mighty theme and mastered it, I should rejoice. —Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1162

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1162 will be found in the next issue.

XOP GPELPX MD QPCVS XCLPG-

MUP CG XM XPBB PHPLZXOCVS.

HMBXFCLP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1161

Distance is a great promoter of admiration. —Denis Diderot.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Coercive Prices

Particularly during the pre-holiday period, perusal of "*SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books" reveals that the longer one procrastinates in making his purchase the higher the ultimate cost. A volume currently pegged at $10, we are frequently reminded, will after Christmas be tagged at $12.50. . . .

Conceivably tactics of this kind stimulate the intending gift buyer not to put off his contemplated visit to the bookshop. I can't help suspecting, though, that a resentment may also be engendered against a procedure distinctly resembling coercion as publishers. . . . erect artificial barriers.

Thomas G. Morgansen.

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Finds of Clandestine Diggers

Without offering any opinion about Cecil Roth's thesis of a connection between the Qumran and Masadah, it should be noted that some of his statements [*SR*, Letters to Book Review Editor, Oct. 23] need modification. He has emphasized "that among the recent finds in the Qumran caves there have been legal documents actually drawn up at Masadah," referring to documents 19 and 72 in *Discoveries in the Judean Desert*, Vol. II.

The provenance of the two documents is not absolutely certain, since they were found by clandestine Arab diggers and were not discovered *in situ*. They are, however, usually believed to have come from caves in the Murabba'ât area, near the western coast of the Dead Sea about one-third of the way from Qumran to Masadah. (The title of Vol. II of *Discoveries in the Judean Desert* is *Les Grottes de Murabba'ât*.) So far as I know there is no evidence of a connection between the Qumran sect and the various occupations of the Murabba'ât caves. Document 19 is indeed a legal document (a bill of divorce) drawn up at Masadah. However, document 72 is an ostracon in such a fragmentary state that the editors were uncertain of its nature. In any case it *mentions* Masadah, but does not indicate it was written there.

The opinions expressed in this letter are of course purely personal; my title and address at Columbia University are given solely for purposes of identification.

Herbert Goldstein,
Professor, Nuclear Science and Engineering.

New York, N.Y.

The Isolated Artist

As a teacher of English literature, I am astonished at the tone of your review of May Sarton's novel, *Mrs. Stevens Hears the Mermaids Singing* [*SR*, Oct. 23]. How can your reviewer, Ruth L. Brown, be so unaware of the conditions under which fiction and poetry are written that she can take such a patronizing attitude toward one of our best modern writers? There has been ample evidence, from at least as early as the eighteenth century of Alexander Pope, that the literary artist is not "just like other people." The belief that an artist like Mrs. Stevens is making a great fuss about nothing seems to me arrant Philistinism. . . . Can your reviewer name more than one or two writers of the past who have not felt isolated and exiled from the society they live in? One thinks not only of Pope but of Keats, Woolf, Mann (whose *Tonio Kröger* makes much the same point that is made in Miss Sarton's novel), and many others who have suffered, not from crude egotism but from greater awareness of life that inevitably sets the artist apart from his contemporaries.

It is evident, alas, that a reviewer who does not really understand what Wordsworth meant by "emotion recollected in tranquillity" will not appreciate the amazing originality and subtlety of *Mrs. Stevens*; and it is a pity that this novel, which seems to me the best of all that Miss Sarton has written, should receive such superficial treatment in a national review . . . .

Agnes Sibley,
Professor of English,
Lindenwood College.

St. Charles, Mo.

No Aliens

Referring to F. M. Esfandiary's review of Alec Waugh's *The Mule on the Minaret* [*SR*, Oct. 23], it seems peculiar that he should find particularly shrewd or illuminating the statement "Europe and the USA had had no more right to create a Jewish State in the Middle East than in Cornwall." One would expect him to have a little more sophistication, or learning, to know that the stake to that land was made a couple of thousands of years ago, as documented in the Bible, that the land was inhabited by the ancestors of the Jewish people more than a millennium, and therefore it is rather crude to say that it was handed to an alien race. As the Arabs know, it is the *return* of the Jews to the land of their forefathers. The Arabs were not deceived. The Arabs fought a war and *lost* the territory. Furthermore, that section of land has a history which goes back much further than the Arabs of today. The occupation of the region goes back to the early Paleolithic period—and since then was settled by many, many different civilizations and cultures. The period when the Jews lived in Palestine gave rise to what is commonly known as the cradle of Western civilization. . . .

Anne Ungar.

New York, N.Y.

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The European Literary Scene

Like Kazantzakis, Mann, Borgese, and other literary figures who chose voluntary exile during Hitlerism the better to fight it, Ignazio Silone (real name: Secondo Tranquilli) returned to liberated Italy with the justified expectations of a hearty welcome. After all, during fifteen years in Switzerland he had undermined the Mussolinian doctrines with several important works, including the classic *Bread and Wine*, translated into sixteen languages. But, like the other voluntary exiles, he found himself more appreciated abroad than at home—both as political thinker and novelist. Recalling that homecoming, the distinguished Carlo Bo now writes: "There is a disproportion between that time and now. The game we still play of being difficult to him is largely our own fault. Probably we are neither ready nor accustomed to a literature that does not hide its moral roots, and are rather inclined to distinguish, to separate two worlds which, however, have for Silone a deep unity." Indro Montanelli is another former critic of this novelist who during these sophisticated times insists on wearing his heart on his sleeve. Montanelli writes in *Corriere della Sera:* "Silone used to be antipathetic to me not for his errors, but for my own regarding him. The more I got to know him through his writings, the more I had to admit that he wasn't the person I had imagined; indeed, he was even a flagrant contradiction to that person." Add to the hostility of the more worldly literary critics that of the Marxist critics after 1930, when Silone broke with the Party he had earlier helped to found, and you will see why Silone must have felt like the Biblical prophet mentioned in *Matthew* 13:57.

The unaccustomed praises now being heard are due to Silone's latest work, his first, I believe, since the *Fox and the Camellias* of 1960. The title is a familiar one: *Safety Exit* (*Uscita di Sicurezza*); those with long memories will recall it as the title of Silone's anti-Communist essay which first appeared in *Comunità* and was later incorporated in *The God That Failed* alongside other disillusioned pieces by Gide, Koestler, Spender, Wright, and Louis Fischer. The new work is a mixture of narrative, essay, and autobiography, but no one is criticizing Silone for this. (Didn't Moravia just write in the *Espresso* that such generic matters are not legitimate criteria of criticism and too much time is wasted on them?) Nor are we hearing the old criticisms that his technique is not experimental, that his style is nineteenth-century, that he takes no interest in ennui, and so on. Silone is now being praised as a perfectionist, having rewritten *Bread and Wine* and *Seed Beneath the Snow* (his reworking of the latter has just been published here by Atheneum). Silone's theme is man's—and his own—struggle with the religious and moral dilemmas of our times. Montanelli admits, "I know no human document more lofty or impassioned than *Uscita di Sicurezza*. But it is also one of the most gripping and convincing portrayals to be found in contemporary literature." In *Safety Exit* the tortured experiences of the author as an individual (at the age of fifteen Silone lost his parents and five brothers during an earthquake) keep him concerned with morality and religion, the future of mankind and the preservation of liberty. He still wears his heart on his sleeve. His is so old-fashioned that during a recent interview, when asked to describe the writer's greatest duty toward his readers, he answered with a word no sophisticated author would ever think of using any more: sincerity. Yet the Italian critics are outdoing one another in rediscovering the man who was there all along.

Just as Silone elected to rewrite *Bread and Wine*, so has Max Frisch now rewritten his play *Als der Krieg zu Ende war* (*When the War Was Over*), and the new version has just been staged at Freiburg. Originally composed in 1948, it describes the love affair of a Russian general with the wife of a German Army officer in a house occupied by the Red Army (her husband is in hiding in the basement). The liaison allows much opportunity for the lost art of mime, since neither partner speaks the other's language. Apparently agreeing with George Wellwarth's conclusion that "this is the only one of Frisch's plays that is a complete failure," Frisch began revising it in 1962, abolishing the entire third act. If we can believe *Die Welt* of Hamburg, the play may now rank with Frisch's masterpieces, *Andorra, The Chinese Wall*, and *Biedermann and the Arsonists*, having "a taut atmosphere, dramatic tension, and sharply delineated characters," which offered wide opportunities for the actors. "Christiane Bruhn and Rainer Hauer played the couple who overcame all prejudices, the former running the entire gamut of fear, need, and courage." Perfectionism seems now to be a compulsion with Frisch, who earlier this year revised for the second time his *Chinese Wall* for production in Hamburg. This parable of power, inspired by the Hiroshima bomb, is crowded with important historical figures; only one actor represents Modern Man. The latter is given a much more important role in the third version, but the spectacular quality of the original is if anything intensified in the Hamburg production with its acrobats, jugglers, and fire-eaters.

Ignazio Silone—"sincerity."

Sinclair Lewis, always popular in the USSR, has now really come into his own, with an edition of his collected works totaling 305,000 copies. Even such an immature early novel as *Our Mr. Wrenn* has been translated. Of course, *It Can't Happen Here*, with its concern over Fascism, was published in

—*Pictorial Parade.*

Max Frisch—"perfectionism."

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—*Knopf (Pix).*

Sinclair Lewis—a top satirist?

Russia in the Thirties. As one reviews the long list of Lewis's works that analyze and question our folkways, it is easily seen that many were just what the agitprop doctor ordered: the emancipation of women (*Ann Vickers*), isolationism (*Main Street*), empty values of the capitalist (*Babbitt*), racism (*Kingsblood Royal*), and so on. All this explains the unanimity of the Soviet critics, perhaps; but their enthusiasm might serve as a reminder to the Americans who have talked down their Nobel laureate to such an extent that Van Wyck Brooks admitted "Red" Lewis never even existed in the eyes of the newer critics. Summarizing the Russian opinion, *Soviet Literature* says: "We see in Lewis, first of all, an artist of the twentieth century, the century of the breakdown of old conceptions and of upheavals. Lewis attacked its narrow-mindedness, self-satisfaction, and poverty of ideas because he felt the wind of change. He could write with such inner freedom of Babbitt because his outlook was not merely confined to the middle class. Soviet critics maintain that Lewis is one of the finest satirists of our time. Instead of satirical hyperbole, Lewis preferred to accentuate the commonplace: he kept within the limits of authenticity, combining satire with psychological analysis and ironic portrayal of manners and morals." I suppose we cannot quarrel with that summation.

Never a darling of the critics despite his Concourt Prize and his Barthou Award from the French Academy (both in 1938), Henri Troyat continues to be a prolific and widely-read novelist. Born Lev Antarassov in Moscow (1911), Troyat writes with fantasy, warmth, and humor. Close upon his collection of short stories, *Le Geste d'Eve*, published last year by Flammarion, the same house has issued his latest novel, *Les Eygletière*, the first volume of what will be an epic of the disintegrated family of the twentieth century. The plight of the three children of the "broken" Eygletière home will be emphasized. Their divorced father remarries, but is quickly unfaithful to their new stepmother, who, lovely to look at, is preoccupied with pleasure and clothes. So smitten is the elder son that he becomes her lover, breaking with his father and taking a room outside. (The father-son conflict was the theme of Troyat's first novel, *Faux jour.*) Daughter Françoise dallies with her professor of Russian, but attempts suicide on learning of the Oedipal situation in her family. The younger brother, the modern adolescent with his too-much-too-soon wisdom, leaves for Africa, curiously remaining the most optimistic of the lot.

Does it all sound more like Françoise Sagan than Dostoevsky, Troyat's literary hero, on whom he has written a monograph? At least it conforms to a current trend in not sounding like the old *nouveau roman*. Indeed, it and its inevitable sequels are drifting back to a genre in which the French have always excelled: the *roman fleuve* (Proust, Duhamel, Rolland, *et al.*).

It will not be Troyat's first saga-novel; there was his trilogy written in 1947-50 on the vicissitudes of a Russian family from 1888 to 1939, sometimes identified by the title of the first part, *Tant que la terre durera* (*So Long as the Earth Shall Last*). This popular work was based on the odyssey of the Antarassov family itself, fleeing from the October Revolution through the Caucasus, Crimea, Black Sea, Constantinople, and Venice, to Paris. No doubt Troyat wishes to bequeath as a major message the unhappy contrast of the old-fashioned family, magnificently united and loyal under the most trying of circumstances, with the disunited and willful family of which our churchmen and sociologists are beginning to despair.

—ROBERT J. CLEMENTS.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

OF HOLY MATRIMONY

All the titles listed below allude to brides, grooms, and weddings. Sister Mary Emmanuel of Gwynedd Valley, Pennsylvania, wants you to mate each title with its author. Rings are exchanged on page 103.

The Betrothed ( )
The Bride of Abydos ( )
The Bride of Lammermoor ( )
The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky ( )
The School for Wives ( )
The Country Wife ( )
A Mummer's Wife ( )
The Provoked Husband ( )
The Spectre Bridegroom ( )
Getting Married ( )
Marriage ( )
Marriage à la Mode ( )
Blood Wedding ( )
Delta Wedding ( )
Member of the Wedding ( )

1. Lord Byron
2. Stephen Crane
3. John Dryden
4. Washington Irving
5. Federico Garcia Lorca
6. Alessandro Manzoni
7. Carson McCullers
8. Molière
9. George Moore
10. Sir Walter Scott
11. George Bernard Shaw
12. Sir John Vanbrugh
13. H. G. Wells
14. Eudora Welty
15. William Wycherley

—*French Embassy Press & Info. Service.*

Henri Troyat—more like Sagan?

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The Whole World Was His Stage

***Bernard Shaw: Collected Letters 1874-1897**, edited by Dan H. Laurence (Dodd, Mead. 877 pp. $12.50), reflect the ambition, the honesty, and the wit of the Irish playwright as a young man. Stanley Weintraub, author of "Private Shaw and Public Shaw," is editor of The Shaw Review and professor of English at the Pennsylvania State University.*

By STANLEY WEINTRAUB

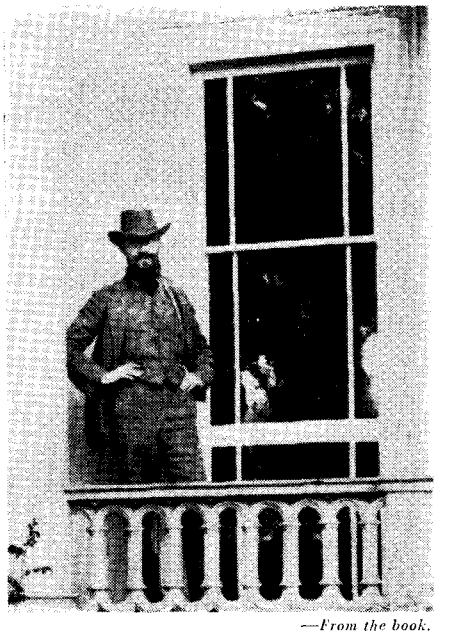
"I SHALL preserve your letters," a young woman teased Bernard Shaw. "For when your biography is published after your death (which I shortly expect) they will throw much light on your character." Shaw's undernourished appearance and unorthodox ways in the 1880s offered cause for such raillery; still, in the jest there lurked the suspicion that he would also provide occasion for a biography. Others who kept the letters Shaw wrote when he was an unpublished unknown may have been similarly convinced, although not as confident as Shaw himself, who preserved drafts of many letters he had written in his twenties.

GBS dated his letter-writing extravagances as beginning in 1870, when he was fourteen; and by 1884 he estimated that he had written "some thousands of them—a couple of hundred perhaps to women. . . ." In his long lifetime he wrote more than a quarter of a million letters, and his collection of 691 dating from before 1898 (by which time Shaw was recognized as an important critic and playwright) reinforces the already established judgment that Shaw was one of the world's great letter-writers. That he loved writing letters is reflected in the zest and vitality, the wit and style of those that have survived. And those that reveal the private life of the public man help make this book not merely a contribution to a future biography but—through Dan Laurence's informed, definitive, yet unobtrusive editing and commentary—a biography in its own right of the early Shaw.

Only about 2,000 letters from this first phase of Shaw's career have been recovered, making Mr. Laurence's choice—although not his search—less agonizing than it might have been. Gone forever are his letters to a female admirer, Geraldine Spooner, these having been destroyed in the London blitz; journalistic and political correspondence was casually consigned to the wastebasket in the Eighties and Nineties; letters to Annie Besant (which reached the point of "vulgar intrigue") were retrieved and burned by Shaw; his letters to Jenny Patterson, the amorous widow who first seduced him, were destroyed by her executrix in 1924; adolescent screeds to Matthew McNulty, his schoolmate of Dublin days, were incinerated by McNulty at Shaw's own urging. But a treasure of epistolary gems remains, hoarded by manuscript collectors, retained as family heirlooms, catalogued in thirty-two library archives, secreted in the office files of venerable establishments, printed in fifty-three random publications. This first of four promised volumes of Shaw's letters is a literary event.

The correspondence is housed in a model of discriminating textual editing, uncluttered by footnotes and succinct in source citations. Nearly three-quarters of the letters are published for the first time. Shaw's own quiet deletions in his early letters to Ellen Terry are restored, and the early letters to Mrs. Patrick Campbell are reprinted. The less familiar letters to Shaw's other actress friends are pure delight: passionate letters to Florence Farr, exhortations to Janet Achurch, advice to Alma Murray, blarney to Elizabeth Robins. One of the curiosities of the collection is the publication of some letters-to-the-editor that had languished in manuscript. (For Shaw's letters-to-the-editor that made it into print the reader will still have to go to the myriad journals themselves.) Some are fiery outbursts against the hypocrisies, chicaneries, and inequalities of the time; others are witty spoofs and reproofs, sometimes signed with deliberately ridiculous pseudonyms ("Shendar Brwa," "A. Donis," "G.B.S. Larking," "Redbarn Wash," "Amelia Mackintosh," "Horatia Ribbonson," "Julius Floemmochser").

The book begins with some unprepossessing letters to his family ("My respected Parent . . .") and early, frustrating correspondence with employers and publishers. Rapidly, however, they take flight, powered by the force of Shaw's literary ambitions, his scrupulously honest appraisal of his values as man and writer, and the ever-present wit that saved him from pomposity. To Macmillan's, who suggested that he rewrite his first novel to their commercial standards, he declined with, "I am too raw a literary workman to fulfil the conditions and avoid the difficulties at the same time. . . ." He was then twenty-three; the novel remained unpublished for fifty years. In the same year (1880) he replied to a suggestion from editor John Morley that he send a sample essay, if he wanted occasional work: "I should prefer writing on theatrical or musical events to manufacturing random articles, which is to me the same thing as making bricks without straw." He did not get the job.



—*From the book.*

GBS at Hammersmith Terrace, 1891 (age thirty-five)—jingling bells of a jester's cap.

Shaw's honesty in his dealings with editors, publishers, critics, and theater managers is one of the most striking aspects of these early letters. To an editor who paid Shaw for a musical article he had kept with no intentions of using, GBS responded: "If you give cheques for nothing, you will ruin yourself as an editor. If I write articles merely for money, I will ruin myself as an artist." To a publisher of a cheap edition of the Shaw-edited *Fabian Essays*, he fumed, "I have lost all faith in you because I believe the artistic sense to be the true basis of moral rectitude; and more horrible offence against Art than what you have put above Crane's design on the cover of the Essays, has never been perpetrated. . . ."

When his good friend, theater critic William Archer, found *Arms and the Man* a "Gilbertian" fantasy, Shaw refused to let friendship get in the way of what he considered truth, and scolded, "You have a perfect rag shop of old ideas in your head . . . If you could only rid yourself of the intense unreality of your own preconceptions. . . ." To John Lane, who offered Shaw the chance to have *Widowers' Houses*, his first play, pub-

(*Continued on page 67*)

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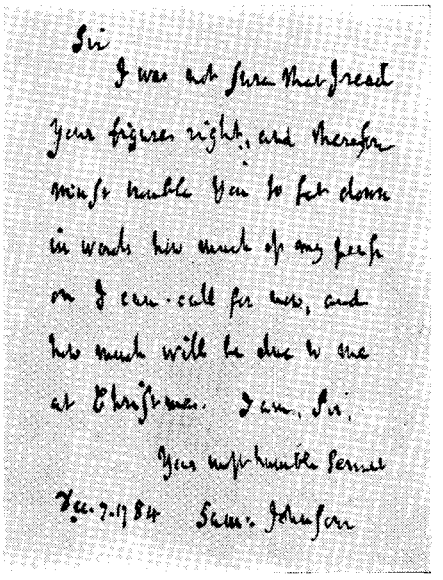
A Man Who Wrote His Mind

Dr. Johnson: His Life in Letters, *selected and edited by David Littlejohn (Prentice-Hall. 239 pp. $5.95), offers a varied sampling from the correspondence of the great lexicographer. Robert Halsband is editor of the "Complete Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," the first volume of which will appear this fall.*

By ROBERT HALSBAND

THE "GREAT Epistolick art," as Samuel Johnson called it, is practiced with varying degrees of art and artfulness; through it, the writer can either exhibit or conceal his thoughts. "It is really now a long time that we have been writing and writing," Dr. Johnson said in a letter to Mrs. Thrale (not included in the present selection), "and yet how small a part of our minds have we written?" But two days later he confided to the same friend: "In a Man's Letters you know, Madam, his soul lies naked, his letters are only the mirrour of his breast." In this contradiction lies much of the fascination of reading published letters; one may either take them at face value or penetrate, if he can, beneath the surface.

Telling a man's biography only through his letters, as David Littlejohn tries to do, is rarely successful, particularly if (like Johnson) most of his long life is undocumented by his own letters. Johnson's years of fame did not come until after middle age and the great dictionary; before then he had neither the leisure to write many letters nor a reputation to induce his correspondents to save what he sent them. Mr. Littlejohn's chronology of important dates, at the back of the book, adequately outlines the biography, though his linking commentary is superfluous (since it repeats what the brief letters tell) and often gauche in style. His book is, in effect, an anthology of Johnson's letters, complete or excerpted, plucked from the magisterial three-volume edition prepared in 1952 by R. W. Chapman.



—*From the book.*

Letter from Dr. Johnson to William Strahan, December 7, 1784.

As an anthology Mr. Littlejohn's book makes lively reading because of its great variety. In Dr. Chapman's opinion most of Johnson's letters are in a middle style, between the formality of his Rambler essays and the pithiness of his conversation. Yet this judgment seems too restricted, for they encompass many styles—including even those extremes.

In one of his most famous letters Johnson challenges James Macpherson, perpetrator of the Ossian forgeries: "I will not desist from detecting what I think a cheat, from any fear of the menaces of a Ruffian." The Earl of Chesterfield required different treatment, and Johnson addresses that nobleman with dignified insolence for having offered too late to patronize the dictionary: "I hope it is no very cinical asperity not to confess obligation where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Public should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself." Then, brandishing neither fist nor sword but a velvet glove (so to speak), he writes to the Earl of Bute, and thanks him for a pension with as much grace and suavity as the most accomplished courtier at St. James's: "Bounty always receives part of its value from the manner in which it is bestowed; your Lordship's kindness includes every circumstance that can gratify delicacy, or enforce obligation."

EVEN his terse style has its varieties. He begins a letter to Boswell (so often his problem-child): "I find you have taken one of your fits of taciturnity, and have resolved not to write till you are written to; it is but a peevish humour, but you shall have your way." And he ends the letter to his printer about Rasselas with: "I will not print my name, but expect it to be known. . . . Get me the money if you can." He can hardly have sounded less Johnsonese.

His letters to Mrs. Thrale are most complex in feeling, and hence in expression, ranging from consolation on the death of her child—his sympathy letters are generally masterpieces of wisdom—to playful affection or neurotic dependence. When she was about to become Mrs. Piozzi he wrote to her in extreme agitation: "If I interpret your letter right, you are ignominiously married, if it is yet undone, let us once talk together." (For her dignified answer one must turn to James Clifford's biography of Mrs. Thrale.)

Johnson is the ideal writer for this kind of collection. His mind was so powerfully keen and his personality so highly individual and crotchety that a sampler makes an immensely readable book.

After the Summer

By Nancy Sullivan

THE bugs in the air, gathered in a cloud,
Like minnows in the water,
Carry their property to death.
Birds bark, and the wet worms
Are drier than the leaves leaving
Their places on the emptying elms.
In the fall everything is brief,
Even the sun's infrequent stare.
Tomatoes turn to rot
And the teeth on the corn blacken.
This churning world's done it again.
We've seen it through and watched it slacken.
The tourist returns to find it a foreign country.

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The Sins of the Fathers

The Unloved Germans, *by Hermann Eich (Stein & Day. 350 pp. $6.95), and* ***Germany: Yesterday and Tomorrow,*** *by Peter H. Merkl (Oxford University Press. 366 pp. $7.50), respectively an apologia and an analysis of the Third Reich, find different reasons to be optimistic about the Federal Republic. Stationed in Bonn, Daniel Schorr has been chief of CBS's News Bureau for Germany and Central Europe the past five years.*

By DANIEL SCHORR

HERE are two books as fascinating to consider side by side as the testimony of the patient on the couch and the case report of his psychiatrist. The patient, represented by Hermann Eich, an able newspaper editor who served the Nazi propaganda machine and Hitler's army, is *The Unloved Germans*—originally published in Germany in 1963 as *The Sinister Germans,* an irony appreciated at home but susceptible to being taken all too literally abroad. The more dispassionate and basically more sympathetic diagnosis is *Germany: Yesterday and Tomorrow,* by Professor Peter H. Merkl, of the University of California, Santa Barbara.

The patient is that complex type who represents the greatest problem in therapy—the sophisticated intellectual who does not simply spill out his tortured memories, but glibly explains his problem in objective-sounding self-analysis. It is no accident that *The Sinister Germans* drew sharply divided comment from German reviewers, who clashed over whether it was an eloquent defense of the German nation or an intolerable offense.

What Herr Eich seeks now, after years of shamed silence by most Germans and morbid self-denunciation by a few, is a balance that exorcises the past and makes it possible to face the future. Wanting to confess all, he mercilessly catalogues internal and external German aggressions, war, and extermination. Confession, however, is not a preparation for pleading guilt but, rather, for extenuation in terms of circumstances and the parallel sins of others.

Thus, if "the German people, with their peculiar characteristics, their abilities and their faults" helped to bring Hitler to power, "a wise [Versailles] peace treaty might have spared the world a Hitler." Hitler himself was not "an obvious lunatic or criminal whom anybody could have seen through at first glance. . . . There was, after all, something remarkable about him."

The extermination of the Jews was "the greatest assault on human life of all time"—but anti-Semitism was the law of the land and "the Germans have been used to trusting in law." Herr Eich does not forgive the Germans who lacked the "moral courage" to resist the anti-Semitic campaign ("The tears shed for Anne Frank were posthumous tears")—but the Germans had no monopoly on barbarism.

"The gas chambers worked as mercilessly as the bomber squadrons—to say nothing of the atomic bomb." And what of the Germans killed by partisans in occupied countries and in acts of revenge at the end of the war? "Perhaps one day the world will find the moral strength to recall all these victims in one single act of mourning for the failure of our humanity."

The search for mitigating equations takes more extreme forms. The 10,000 Germans involved in the conspiracy to remove Hitler "numerically balanced out" the 10,000 called to account by Allied and German courts as Nazi criminals —an "equilibrium of good and evil" (Herr Eich's characterization) that some will find appalling.

No untroubled mind would have produced Herr Eich's discovery of "a certain resemblance between the German and the Jewish destinies." Both Germans and Jews "are easy to recognize, they are conspicuous and consequently they create the impression of being numerous, so numerous in fact that they are like a plague. . . . If they feel themselves strong, they can be arrogant; if in the minority, they incline to act with servility. . . . For generations the Jews have patiently borne hostility in almost every country of the world. It is now up to the Germans to practice patient forbearance."

The author deplores the postwar "flight from truth" by thousands of Germans who, in filling out Allied questionnaires, concealed their roles under the Nazi régime, or even invented anti-Nazi records which many "gradually came to believe." This was "disastrous" because

A supermarket in Essen and elevated streets in Duesseldorf for a "nation turned wholeheartedly to the worship of Mammon."

—Photos by Henle (Monkmeyer).

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the general refusal to face facts enabled others to say that the Germans had failed to come to terms with their past. The truth is that "in a dictatorship no one in a responsible position can fail to be involved." (So, what then of the pat formula that 10,000 anti-Nazi plotters cancel out 10,000 Nazi criminals?)

The only sin for which Herr Eich is willing to accept unqualified blame for his compatriots is passivity vis-à-vis Hitler. Yet he finds passivity a virtue in the German nation today. Addressing himself to the question of whether the Germans have changed, he is comforted by their materialism. (A nation that "has turned wholeheartedly to the worship of Mammon is hardly likely to precipitate at atomic war.") And, furthermore, "the Germans, however great their past guilt, have now been reduced, in terms of international politics, to impotence."

Not very reassuring! Germany was left impotent once before, and Herr Eich cited that as a contributing factor to the rise of Hitler. Prosperity, despite current appearances, may not last forever.

It is the American political scientist who offers more solid ground for confidence in the new Germany than prosperity, impotence, and the universality of evil.

Professor Merkl is also concerned about Germany's "undigested past," partly because it is a political touchstone in the present-day Federal Republic. But he is more concerned with whether the Germans are on their way to developing safeguards against a recurrence of the past. His well-documented conclusion is that "the new democratic Germany has much firmer foundations and fewer enemies within than did the Weimar Republic."

A perceptive review of German history and postwar political, economic, and social changes prepares the way for the central thesis, which elucidates the peculiar nature of past German aggressiveness, and explains why it is not likely to be repeated. In summary, this is the thesis:

Confronted with more advanced countries in the West and a backward region in the East, Germany spent her "adolescence" in "futile rebellion against her older brothers." When the courage to face the West flagged, it could be regained by trying to dominate the East. Sometime between 1939 and 1945, possibly even while the war was still on, "the adolescent reached maturity."

The youthful rebel of yesterday has not engaged in any notable act of rebellion for two decades, but instead has tended to become absorbed by the same kind of preoccupations typical of mature Western countries. "Such maturity or adulthood, of course, is no guarantee against adult failings, nor against crushing mediocrity or any manner of imperfections. But it is unlikely that Germany will ever be a flaming rebel again."

Without Hitler, Professor Merkl believes, Germany would have muddled through another decade or two with recurrent crises and then reached the same stage of maturity "without the horrible interlude of World War II."

This hopeful thesis appeals to a reporter who has spent the past five years in Germany because it seems to fit in with his day-to-day observations. It is indeed true that class distinctions have been waning, and that ideology, in general, has declined. It is also true that self-fulfillment and leisure have become increasingly important goals to Germans. There is still the trauma of partition, to which the author pays insufficient attention, but no significant movement to remedy it by force.

The thesis of the maturation of the German society appears to be substantiated by the latest election returns. The middle-of-the-road Chancellor Ludwig Erhard won decisive popular endorsement, and a modernized, moderate Social Democratic opposition piled up its biggest vote in history. All extremist parties together attracted only 3.6 per cent of the vote—the lowest number since the end of the war.

Utopia has not been reached. A more active sense of political participation by citizens is required, and education continues to be sadly in want of reform. But there is no reason to dispute the author's conclusion that "all the country needs is to continue along the same road it has followed over the last twenty years."

The analysis of an uninvolved American is more reassuring than the apologia of a German. Perhaps the Germans should leave their defense to foreigners.

Natural Allies but National Enemies

***Russia and Germany: A Century of Conflict**, by Walter Laqueur (Little, Brown. 367 pp. $6.75), surveys the mutual misunderstandings displayed by two countries which Bismarck regarded as natural allies. Henry C. Wolfe's books include "The Imperial Soviets" and "The German Octopus."*

By HENRY C. WOLFE

TRADITIONALLY, relations between Russia and Germany have been close, although often marred by distrust and occasionally shattered by war. "The logic of history," Karl Radek, leading Soviet spokesman, said in 1919, "compelled them to work together—not against each other." Germans living in Czarist Russia played a prominent role in economics and in the army; Russians admired German efficiency and culture. Bismarck regarded Russia as Germany's natural ally.

Anti-Semitism, which Hitler carried to what he called the "final solution," had deep roots in both Imperial Germany and Czarist Russia. Wilhelm II and Nicholas II and "their families were anti-Semitic—the Romanovs more so than the Hohenzollern." Shortly before World War I Admiral von Hintze, friend of the Kaiser, wrote to him from Moscow: "The traditional friendship between Germany and Russia has, after all, grown on this very soil [anti-Semitism]."

In recent decades, however, Walter Laqueur points out, "German-Soviet relations have followed, on the whole, the Aristotelian prescripts for Greek tragedies, with each new stage arising out of what preceded it as its necessary consequence." Thanks to two world wars and the Cold War, the two countries developed a love-hate relationship in which "hate prevailed in the end."

In *Russia and Germany* Laqueur, Breslau-born editor and professor now based in London, has produced a searching, carefully documented, and objective survey of a subject that is of major importance to future world history. While doing detailed justice to the historical background, he lays main emphasis on the tortured course of German-Russian relations from the end of World War I to the present.

The author calls his volume "a study in mutual misunderstanding." Indeed, the lack of mutual understanding, demonstrated again and again, seems almost incredible. Stalin deprecatingly remarked that "Hitlers come and go." When the Nazi leader was on the verge of victory, Stalin and the Comintern were complacent. "Let Hitler come to power, we are not afraid of him; he will soon go bankrupt and then it will be our day." The Nazis were equally ignorant about the aims, national psychology, and war potential of the USSR.

There are many ironies in this mutual lack of understanding, not the least of which was the fact that Marx and Engels, idolized by the Bolsheviks, "remained staunchly anti-Russian throughout their lives." They considered Russia a country "from which nothing good

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...uld possibly come to the rest of mankind."

Perhaps the most frightening thing about Hitler was his abysmal ignorance of other nations, other peoples, and other races. A better understanding of the world in which he lived might well have served as a cautionary brake that could have spared mankind infinite suffering. At the time Hitler wrote *Mein Kampf*, his blueprint for world domination, he had "never been east of the Oder or south of Vienna."

When Hitler became German dictator he ended the military cooperation that had been secretly maintained by Weimar and Moscow for ten years. German training schools had been set up in the USSR and German armament factories operated there. "German scientists were sent to Russia to do research in chemical warfare, and there was a constant exchange of staff officers." In 1939, after the Nazi-Soviet pact was signed, the Kremlin supplied the warring Reich with raw materials which were of vital importance. Following the destruction of Poland, Molotov declared that the new alliance had been "cemented with blood."

Even while Berlin and Moscow were quasi-allies, "the Nazis," Walter Laqueur reminds us, "did not waver in their belief that Communism was the Judaeo-Masonic revolt of a racial underworld, while the Communists persisted in regarding Fascism as the praetorian guard of monopoly capitalism." The Nazi-Soviet partnership came to a crashing end on June 22, 1941, when Hitler attacked the Russians. The invading Nazi armies treated the Slavs and other peoples as *Untermenschen*, thus quickly changing apathetic occupied populations into implacable enemies.

According to the author, the USSR, which "suffered more than any other" country invaded by the Nazis, has instituted a blackout on Hitler and his crimes. He "literally disappeared from the Soviet political dictionary." Even today "there is no biography of Hitler" in the Soviet Union. How account for the Kremlin's strange reticence about its former top enemy?

Dr. Laqueur is guardedly optimistic with respect to the future. "One day, sooner perhaps than we think, a new generation will arise in Germany and Russia, free of prejudice and hate, but more than walls and barbed wire entanglements will have to be dismantled; a very great deal of good will and understanding will be needed to make a fresh beginning in Central and Eastern Europe."

Coming December 4th
Books for Christmas Giving

A Country in Search of Identity

Canada: The Uneasy Neighbor, *by Gerald Clark (McKay. 423 pp. $6.50), finds the country plagued by insecurity, self-doubt, and fear for its political union. Robert T. Elson, a former Canadian newspaperman, is currently writing the official history of Time, Inc.*

By ROBERT T. ELSON

AS A journalist Gerald Clark has spent a greater part of his professional life outside Canada. A year ago he came home and devoted six months to rediscovering his native land, interviewing Canadians of prominence as well as many average citizens. He traveled from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island, and North to the Arctic, touching base at such remote spots as the ghost town of Dawson, once Queen of the Klondike, and the new frontier city of Schefferville on the iron range of Labrador.

The result is a masterful if somewhat depressing report on an unhappy country. The author's word is "uneasy," and with plentiful and perceptive detail he presents his countrymen as dominated by insecurity and self-doubt, fearful that their ninety-eight-year-old political union may be about to come apart.

While we in the United States have been increasingly aware of the touchy nationalism that has lately characterized Canada's relations with us, Clark makes us aware of the far more complex issues that make Canadians irritable with each other: French Canada in rebellion against the rule of the English majority; English Canadians made uncomfortable by the French claim to equal status; the harassing regionalism that so often bedevils the local politics of the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia. Clark writes: "Canadians have been going through a brooding period of self-analysis, but they have yet to learn to ac-

(*Continued on page* 68)

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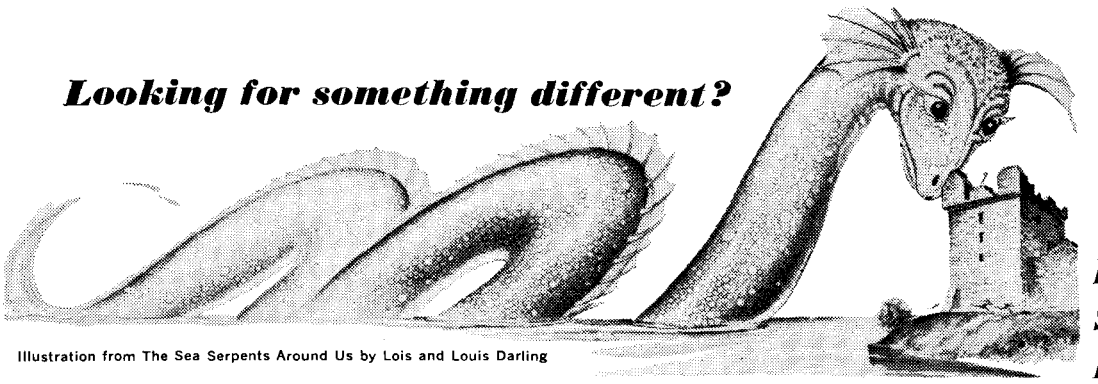

Illustration from The Sea Serpents Around Us by Lois and Louis Darling

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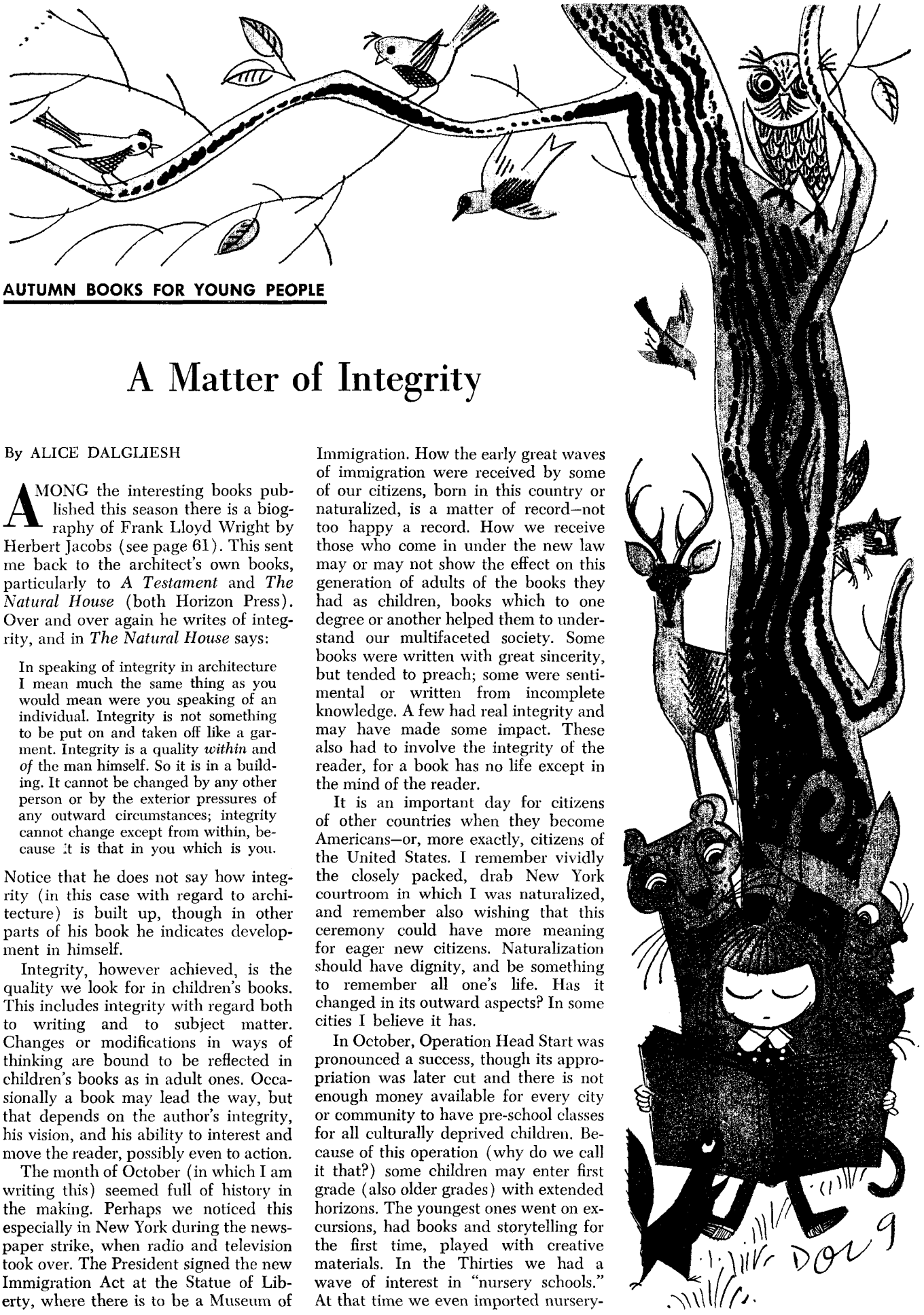

AUTUMN BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

A Matter of Integrity

By ALICE DALGLIESH

AMONG the interesting books published this season there is a biography of Frank Lloyd Wright by Herbert Jacobs (see page 61). This sent me back to the architect's own books, particularly to *A Testament* and *The Natural House* (both Horizon Press). Over and over again he writes of integrity, and in *The Natural House* says:

> In speaking of integrity in architecture I mean much the same thing as you would mean were you speaking of an individual. Integrity is not something to be put on and taken off like a garment. Integrity is a quality *within* and *of* the man himself. So it is in a building. It cannot be changed by any other person or by the exterior pressures of any outward circumstances; integrity cannot change except from within, because it is that in you which is you.

Notice that he does not say how integrity (in this case with regard to architecture) is built up, though in other parts of his book he indicates development in himself.

Integrity, however achieved, is the quality we look for in children's books. This includes integrity with regard both to writing and to subject matter. Changes or modifications in ways of thinking are bound to be reflected in children's books as in adult ones. Occasionally a book may lead the way, but that depends on the author's integrity, his vision, and his ability to interest and move the reader, possibly even to action.

The month of October (in which I am writing this) seemed full of history in the making. Perhaps we noticed this especially in New York during the newspaper strike, when radio and television took over. The President signed the new Immigration Act at the Statue of Liberty, where there is to be a Museum of Immigration. How the early great waves of immigration were received by some of our citizens, born in this country or naturalized, is a matter of record—not too happy a record. How we receive those who come in under the new law may or may not show the effect on this generation of adults of the books they had as children, books which to one degree or another helped them to understand our multifaceted society. Some books were written with great sincerity, but tended to preach; some were sentimental or written from incomplete knowledge. A few had real integrity and may have made some impact. These also had to involve the integrity of the reader, for a book has no life except in the mind of the reader.

It is an important day for citizens of other countries when they become Americans—or, more exactly, citizens of the United States. I remember vividly the closely packed, drab New York courtroom in which I was naturalized, and remember also wishing that this ceremony could have more meaning for eager new citizens. Naturalization should have dignity, and be something to remember all one's life. Has it changed in its outward aspects? In some cities I believe it has.

In October, Operation Head Start was pronounced a success, though its appropriation was later cut and there is not enough money available for every city or community to have pre-school classes for all culturally deprived children. Because of this operation (why do we call it that?) some children may enter first grade (also older grades) with extended horizons. The youngest ones went on excursions, had books and storytelling for the first time, played with creative materials. In the Thirties we had a wave of interest in "nursery schools." At that time we even imported nursery-

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Illustration from *Please Share That Peanut*

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

school teachers from England to start us off. Some of the enthusiasm lasted, some lagged, much of it died altogether because of lack of appropriations, either federal or state.

The materials for the education of young children continued to be there. Recently a *Creative Playthings* catalogue came from Princeton, N.J. This made me feel I'd come round in a circle, for I used materials—and many books—with four-year-old children when I was a teacher. At the time I also wrote a textbook, *First Experiences with Literature*, now out of print. This dealt entirely with the crucial years from birth to six or eight. It went out of print because I modified some, though by no means all, of my viewpoints and after one revision felt that I would have to write an almost entirely new book. Because those early years are once more becoming a matter of concern, a university recently asked permission to make Xerox copies of the book and pay a royalty to me and to my publisher. I did not give the permission because the world—and children's books—have not stood still. I would, however, like to quote from my book a statement on which I absolutely stand:

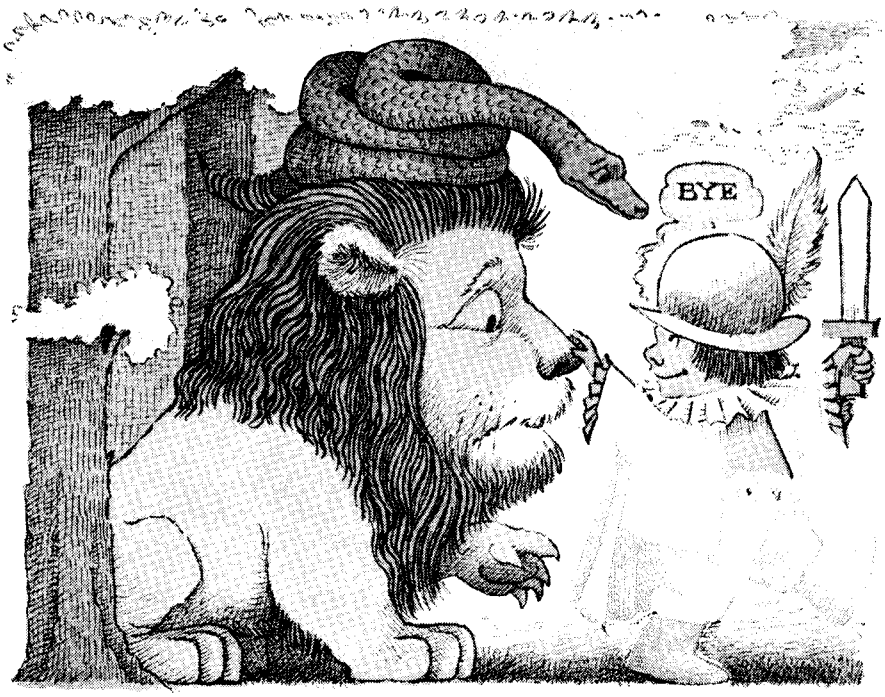
> *Those of us who have daily contact with little children are always surprised to note the many lists that generalize about "books for the child from birth to six." A booklist for the child from one to six is almost as wide an order as a list for two elementary grades and four years of high school.*

Yet now I notice on lists many books lumped together as "pre-school" which have no relation whatever to the pre-school child. And numerous pi[illegible] books are too adult in conception [illegible] sophisticated if they are to be used wit[illegible] a multitude of children instead of [illegible] chosen few. This does not mean that a[illegible] books have to be alike—far from it. In[illegible] tegrity with regard to books allows [illegible] individuality and for individual interest[illegible]

The civil rights struggle had its effect on children's books, though seemingly it made slow headway. Revolutions in progress are difficult to put on paper; some of the best writers may have felt that they could not write to order; many factors entered in. The slowest advances of all seem to have been in textbooks, though these are beginning to be made by some publishers.

Perhaps the *Creative Playthings* catalogue stepped out more boldly? In its pages white and Negro children play with blocks and toys, sometimes together, sometimes in joint enterprises. I noticed that for use with block-building there were small figures, a Negro family of five, a white family of five, and "integrated workers"—a fireman, policeman, captain (of a boat), hospital nurse, etc. If several sets of these were provided, it would be interesting to observe what children do with them in their play.

Nancy Larrick's article, "The All-White World of Children's Books," in *SR*: EDUCATION, September 11, compelled attention, and it made some good points. There were statements, too, with which I disagreed, as did a number of those who wrote letters to the editor. It seems to me that the survey of books should have been made over a period of years instead of only the last few years. Emphasis should have been on the growth of understanding. Good books



—From "Hector Protector" and "As I Went Over the Water."

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Adventure, fantasy, mystery—the house of imagination has many mansions. In publishing books for children, Rand McNally strives for variety as well as taste and beauty. The same high standards are applied to all the company's many publishing and printing activities, including the production of books and encyclopedias for other publishers. But when we see a white rabbit with a watch we're especially interested in what he's up to.

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BARBARA COONEY
Cock Robin. Charming pictures and rhyme recreate the merry marriage of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren, followed by the doleful death of the Robin. *Ages 4-8 $3.25*

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A Double Discovery. *Illustrated by the author.* The amusing adventures of a little Japanese boy, a wild pony, and a monkey who sees double. *Ages 4-8 $3.25*

AILEEN FISHER
In the Woods, In the Meadow, In the Sky. *Illustrated by Margot Tomes.* A bright collection of poems that present an imaginative view of the world of nature. *Ages 4-8 $3.25*

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The Sea of Gold and Other Tales from Japan. *Illustrated by Marianne Yamaguchi.* Twelve Oriental tales, filled with humor, fantasy, and a host of colorful characters. *Ages 8-12 $3.50*

ERICA WILSON
Fun with Crewel Embroidery. *Illustrated with photographs and diagrams.* An expert embroiderer describes how to make a number of attractive items by stitching designs on fabric with wool. *Ages 8-12 $3.50*

Illustration from *In the Woods, In the Meadow, In the Sky*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
New York

that establish themselves firmly with children, teachers, librarians, and parents come slowly, *great* books only once in a while. And integration both in life and in books is a matter of heart and mind, not of percentages or committees. If an author who has lived in the West Indies (as I did) happens to want to write about West Indians (Negro or white), should he or she be told that it would be more practical to write about American Negroes or whites? We are opening our doors to Cuban refugees and encouraging immigration (within certain regulations) from the West Indian islands. May their children not wish to read about their native lands? We do, of course, have a number of books, fiction and nonfiction, about the islands, including Cuba.

In both *The Snowy Day* and *Roosevelt Grady* the reader, if he is so inclined, can identify himself completely with the leading character and his family. It is seldom that an editor in a publishing house finds books of this caliber. They come from those who can write or draw, and who are free to write or draw with spontaneity and from the heart. A good editor may make suggestions and supply some guidance, but always the book is the author's, and she should be treated with respect. Do you remember Leo Politi's early books, *Pedro, Angel of Olvera Street* and *Juanita*? They did quite a lot, I think, to establish Mexican families in children's affection. Leo has always loved children of various origins, and that love came through in his very first pages. When he presented an Italian child (himself) in *Little Leo*, a visitor to my office stopped in horror. "I hate that!" she burst out. "The child is wearing an Indian suit!"—which was the core of the story. Since then many, many children have identified themselves with Little Leo. Perhaps because of his innocent, childlike appeal they will welcome warmly the many little Italians who soon may come to our shores?

There is a new book centering about a Negro family that I should like to draw to your attention—*The Empty Schoolhouse*, by Natalie Savage Carlson (see page 58). It is a book that has, I believe, the integrity evinced in Mrs. Carlson's previous books, integrity that is part of the author and "not to be put on and taken off like a garment."

Picture Books

Johnny Lion's Book. *By Edith Thacher Hurd. Pictures by Clement Hurd. Harper & Row.* 67 *pp.* $1.95.

> One day Mother Lion
> said to Father Lion,
> "Johnny can read."
> "Oh, really?" said Father Lion.
> "Yes, really," said Mother Lion.
> "I am going out to buy him
> a new book,"
> said Mother Lion.

Children will enjoy this brightly colored book because they will share Johnny Lion's struggles and ultimate triumph. Grownups will be amused because they know all about Johnny who can't read. It is one of life's mysteries why publishers go on producing more and more children's books of all kinds if children do not read them. But, of course, they do read the books. And I'm sure that the best of the Harper I CAN READ books are read to tatters by those who, like Johnny Lion, have discovered the joy of words on a printed page. Ages 4-7.

Your Skin and Mine. *By Paul Showers. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Crowell.* 58 *pp.* $2.95. Some of the Let's Read and Find Out Science Books deal with interesting subjects and present them in original ways. The collaboration of Paul Showers and Paul Galdone is a fortunate one, as it was previously in *Look at Your Eyes*, a book in which two boys explore facts about eyes, and color of eyes. In the present book there are three boys who discover facts about the function of the skin, the dermis and the epidermis, and what makes skin pigmented.

—*From "The Courtship, Merry Marriage and Feast of Cock Robin."*

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...y, who is Oriental, has light brown skin ...t "yellow" as sometimes stated); Mark ...Negro and has brown skin, and "my ... which belongs to the narrator, is ...te, with freckles. The substance that ...es the difference is melanin.
What I like especially is that each boy ...y occupy center stage of different pages, ...d there's no solemnity. Ages 5-8.

...nnie's ABC Kitten. *Written and illustrated by Charlotte Steiner. Knopf.* 32 *pp.* ...3.25. Even a two-year-old can enjoy the ...lear, naïve statements made by the pictures, and there is enough "story" to carry ...hem along. Five-year-olds will like to "learn their letters." The words that begin with the letters are underlined. Ages 4-7. (3-6?)

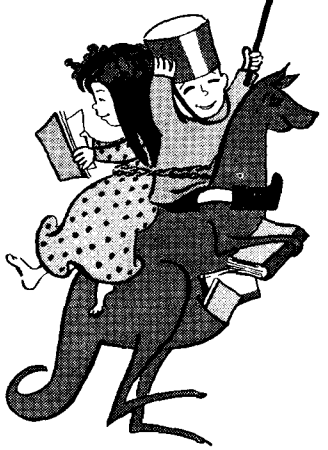
The Rain Puddle. *By Adelaide Holl. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. Lothrop.* 28 *pp.* $2.95. This is an original variant of Henny Penny, in which the hen, as a pea falls on her head, thinks the sky is falling. In the present story the hen sees herself in a puddle and concludes that another hen is drowning. The other animals, alerted, in turn see themselves in the puddle and reach the same conclusion: a pig is drowning, a cow, and so forth. The animals are in gay, nonrealistic color. Ages 4-6.

The Red Door. *By Edith Raymond Locke. Illustrations by Anne R. Goodman. Vanguard.* 32 *pp.* $3.50. A simply-told, friendly story of a little boy who lives in New York and has a bright red door to his own room in a "brownstone front." The house is to come down to make room for a tall apartment house, so the red door is left behind. As everyone in the city knows, the doors of old buildings are often used to enclose the working space of new constructions. Peter misses his red door, and when they go back to the site he and his parents are lucky enough to find it. "Couldn't I have it back, please? I *miss* it very much and it looks lonely here." In a satisfactory ending that *might* have happened (sometimes the inside doors of new apartments aren't fireproof), David's door is used for his own room. Ages 4-6.

The Real Mother Goose. Golden Anniversary Edition 1916-1966. *Illustrated by Blanche Fisher Wright. With an Introduction by Dr. May Hill Arbuthnot. Rand McNally.* 128 *pp.* $3.95. Happy anniversary to this book, which was the best available collection when I was teaching, and to the publishers (and children) who have kept it in print. According to modern standards there are too many rhymes in one book, and the pictures look somewhat old-fashioned, but in spite of this its popularity will undoubtedly continue. No age level.

The Boat That Mooed. *By Christopher Fry. Pictures by Leonard Weisgard. Macmillan.* 32 *pp.* $3.50. Was a poet and playwright needed to produce this very simple story of a boy, a girl, a dog, and a day filled with the warning notes of foghorns? Perhaps, for Christopher Fry seems to know that young children like to participate in the stories read to them, and here they get several chances to join in. Leonard Weisgard, using only blue and black, with the white

A Fall parade of books from Doubleday



KANGAROO & KANGAROO
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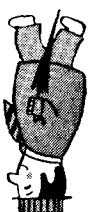
John Raymond; drawings by Joseph Schindelman. The delightfully different story of a drummer boy who becomes detached from Napoleon's army. ". . . it's a trip no one would mind repeating." — *Virginia Kirkus.* Ages up to 10. $3.25*



THE UPSIDE-DOWN MAN
Written and illustrated by Shan Ellentuck. About the man who ". . . came to town, a nice polite man, upside down." "It will make your child laugh — and laugh—and laugh."—*Publishers' Weekly.* Ages up to 6. $2.95*

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paper employed as a third color, has given real mystery and magic to the fog. Ages 3-6.

Lullabies and Night Songs. *Music by Alec Wilder. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. Edited by William Engvick. Harper & Row. 77 pp.* $6.95. This very large, handsome and expensive book enshrines forty-eight songs, some of them lullabies, some with varied subject matter collected under the wide umbrella of "night songs." Because of the range of material it is evidently intended as a family book. A number of the songs have not been set to music before; others are traditional. The whole is skillfully laced together by Sendak's pictures—traditional, tender, humorous as the individual song demands. For those who do not have pianos the book will function as a collection of poems with detailed pictures to be pored over and enjoyed. All ages.

A Book of Good Tidings. *By Joan Anglund. Harcourt, Brace & World. 32 pp.* $1.95. Admirers of Joan Anglund's pictures will want to give this tiny book in a slip case to each other or to their children. Each double page has a short Bible verse and a topical illustration. All ages.

"Hector Protector" and "As I Went Over the Water": Two Nursery Rhymes with Pictures. *By Maurice Sendak. Harper & Row. 48 pp.* $4.25. What a charming book this is with its pictorial label in color, its spine in pleasing green cloth, and end papers suggesting a floral wallpaper. The rhymes are short; the pictures have a life of their own and extend the story. There is Hector Protector saying with such force, "I hate green!" (his clothes), being sent off with a cake for the Queen ("I hate the Queen"), subduing a lion and a snake and taking them to the Queen (who looks like Victoria and is reading *Mother Goose*). "As I Went Over the Water," the second rhyme, is as delightful and decorative. Children will turn the pages again and again to see the detail. Ages 4-8.

Nothingatall Nothingatall Nothingatall. *By Robert Paul Smith. Pictures by Alan E. Cober. Harper & Row. 24 pp.* $2.95. Naturally, the title of this book invites a review that simply says "Nothingatall." But it isn't just that. The child who presumably told the story at bedtime presumably went to sleep under the hypnotic effect of his own words. The pages are black, and against them the jewel-like effect of the patterns in bright-colored collage is striking. 3-6.

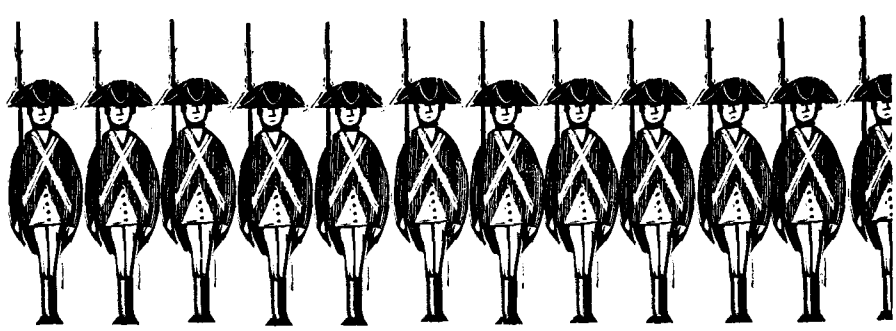
Petunia, I Love You. *Written and illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Knopf. 32 pp.* $3. The plot of the story is completely given away on the jacket: "Petunia cleverly avoids Racoon's attempts to make a meal of her and they become friends." Just skip the jacket and allow the story the humor and suspense it really has, with Petunia the heroine and Racoon the villain, until—"Goodbye, Petunia, I love you." Ages 5-8.

"The Courtship, Merry Marriage, and Feast of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren, to Which Is Added "The Doleful Death of Cock Robin." *Illustrated by Barbara Cooney. Scribners. 32 pp.* $3.25. You may call it Cock Robin for short. No one has presented the little dramas with such loving detail from the time Robin proposed to the time when Jenny, widowed, is weeping by his grave. The birds are delightfully characterized. Too sad? I think the children will enjoy both poems, and it is one of the most attractive books of the season. There are typical Cooney touches of humor: see Robin putting the ring on Jenny's wing feather. Ages 5-7.

Tom and the Small Ant. *By Lenore Klein. Illustrated by Harriet Sherman. Knopf. 48 pp.* $3.50. "The difference in size between a boy and an ant is vividly contrasted." Points of view are also contrasted in amusing pictures. The adventures during the day are exciting to the ant but dull to the boy, who is quite literal about it all. According to the ant, the day has been "excitement and tears, I won't forget it for years and years." Ages 4-7.

Raminagrobis and the Mice. *By Harold Berson. Seabury Press. 32 pp.* $2.50. An amusing (and moral) story built around "a La Fontaine character," this well-designed book has excellent black-and-white drawings, while its text is in red. Raminagrobis schemes, as cats will, to get at the mice, who in this case live in a high tower. Ages 6-10.

Babar Comes to America. *Written and illustrated by Laurent de Brunhoff. Random House. 72 pp.* $3.95. We shall pause while Columbus and Leif Erikson fight over who discovered America, and let Babar take over. His trip around our country is amusing, but *are* we amused by the jacket of the



—*From "Yankee Doodle."*

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—"Johnny Lion's Book."

book, on which Babar has taken the place of the torch of the Statue of Liberty? Ouch! Ages 5-8.

The Ugly Duckling. *By Hans Christian Andersen. Illustrated by Adrienne Adams. Scribners.* 48 *pp.* $3.50. The colors are subdued in this delightful presentation of one of Andersen's best and most-loved stories. Perhaps there could have been a little more sunshine in the first picture, for the author presents summer in his text. Children will enjoy the pictures of the farm and its animals, including the transformation of the duckling. Many of us who first read this story in our childhood remember the thrill of that moment when the swans bowed their necks to the newcomer, and the triumphant conclusion: "It doesn't matter about being born in a duckyard, as long as you are hatched from a swan's egg." Ages 4-8. (Adults and older children also.)

Cinderella. *From the opera by Gioacchino Rossini in a version written and illustrated by Beni Montresor. Knopf.* 32 *pp.* $3.75. Beni Montresor has told us that people have said his children's books are like stage designs, his stage sets like children's books. The pages of this book, in gaudy color, suggesting the toy theaters of pleasant memory are sketches adapted from the actual stage design of Rossini's *Cenerentola*. This year children and adults will see the book come to life as the Metropolitan Opera Company produces *Cenerentola* in English. It will also be interesting for children to compare Perrault's graceful tale of *Cinderella*, illustrated by Marcia Brown, with the Italian story. Both artists have won the Caldecott medal. All ages.

The Valiant Chattee-Maker. A Folk Tale of India Retold. *By Christine Price. Warne.* 48 *pp.* $2.95. This might be called "The Valiant Tailor," Indian-style, for the chattee-maker becomes a great hero quite by accident and through a most entertaining set of circumstances. In spite of all the rewards that come to him, the chattee-maker "remained at heart a simple if suddenly wealthy and famous potter. (Chattee is an earthen jar or water pot.) Gay pictures. Ages 7-10.

Harlequin and Mother Goose, or The Magic Stick. *By Ruth Robbins. Illustrated by Nicolas Sidjakov. Parnassus Press.* 32 *pp.* $3.75. Parnassus Press sends us from California books that are unique and most carefully produced. The idea of presenting an original play based on a harlequinade of the nineteenth century is a good one but the artist, skillful and highly stylized, does not seem to present Harlequin as the text does: "Harlequin could . . . leap like a flame in the wind. His suit dazzled the eye with color. Silver buckles adorned his leather slippers and he carried a flat wooden sword, a slapstick." Perhaps this Harlequin has gone a little far from his Italian and French origins, to be part of the English pantomime; however, he adapted himself from country to country. The large Oxford dictionary gives *slapstick* as "orig. and chiefly U.S., the wand used by the harlequin in a pantomime." So we have one small part in the harlequinade. Ages 6-9.

Grandpa's Farm. *Story and pictures by James Flora. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 32 *pp.* $3.25. Tall tales are favorites of American children, and in this book there are four of them with wonderfully amusing and decorative pictures. Such lively things happened on Grandpa's farm, in the big wind of '34, but perhaps the funniest of all had to do with Little Hatchy Hen. She hatched anything: "First we put a doorknob under her. And what do you know, she hatched out a brand-new front door with a window and ruffled curtains and a coat of red paint." So it went until Grandpa lost her in the big snow of '44. "But that's another story," and undoubtedly the promise of another book. Ages 6-9.

I Had Trouble in Getting to Solla Sollew. *By Dr. Seuss. Random House.* 64 *pp.* $2.95. More Dr. Seuss (his twenty-fifth book) with

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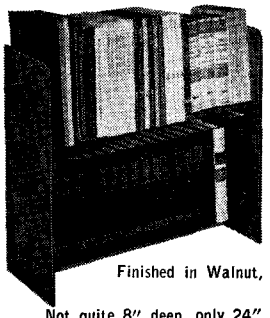

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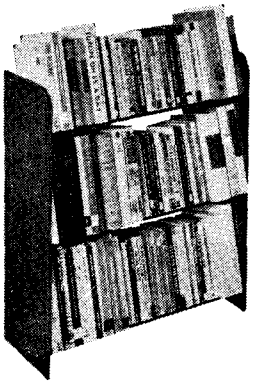

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perhaps the loudest colors he has used. Deep somewhere out there—in libraries big and small, in skyscrapers and farmhouses—children are waiting with outstretched hands for "the new book by Dr. Seuss." Dealing as it does with the many misfortunes and setbacks of a scrawny little creature trying to get to Solla Sollew, children will probably think it very funny. Ages 6-10.

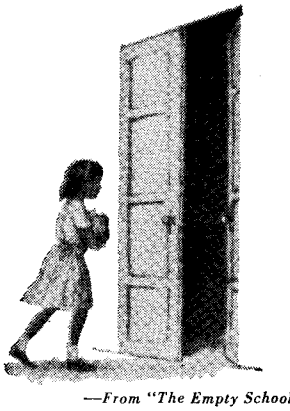
Middle Group

The Empty Schoolhouse. *By Natalie Savage Carlson. Pictures by John Kaufman. Harper & Row.* 119 *pp.* $3.50. If there are two things that Natalie Carlson's books are noted for, they are excellent characterization and humor. Humor in a book about the integration of a Catholic school in Louisiana? Yes, because it is supplied by the little brother of the Royall family, irrepressible Jobe. Emma, the older sister, is the narrator, and we see the family through her eyes, though the heroine of the story is Lullah, who is "the spitting image of Mama and her kin."

The real author does not pull her punches when Lullah sits alone in an "integrated" school because of ugly rumors about possible bombing of the school which have been circulated in the community. There is a subplot of Lullah's friendship with a white girl in her church. She and Lullah have the kind of misunderstanding that all children have and resolve it. The story—which has some very skillful writing—moves on two levels: everyday family life and horrifying events, such as when Lullah is shot, mercifully not killed. This may not be a perfect book, but children will identify themselves most thoroughly with the characters, and that is what counts. It is a book that makes the reader wish to *do* something about it, as we felt when on TV we saw a school integrated by one frightened but brave little Negro first-grader, walking alone. Ages 7-12 (14?).

The Mouse and the Motorcycle. *By Beverly Cleary. Illustrated by Louis Darling. Morrow.* 160 *pp.* $2.88. Beverly Cleary, who has a steady following in this age group because of her fine sense of humor, now tries her hand at fantasy. Although it is a feet-on-the-ground fantasy (a mouse borrows a boy's toy motorcycle and has a wonderful time with it in a motel), it is quite refreshing after some of the overcooked fantasies we've been having. Ages 7-10.

Tal and the Magic Barruget. *By Eua-Lis Wuorio. Pictures by Bettina. World.* 80 *pp.*



—From "The Empty Schoolhouse."

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1880. Author and artist have given a charming picture of Ibiza, a Balearic island, and parents reading this aloud will wish to be there. Tal is an eight-year-old Welsh boy, and the Barruget is a bottle imp who looks something like a leprechaun. At the end Tal and the Barruget work to beautify Santa Eulalia and make it "the prettiest little village on the island." How the Barruget helps Tal to accept the "new mother" his father brings home is also part of the story. Ages 7-10.

Mr. Jensen & Cat. *By Lenore Blegvad. Illustrated by Erik Blegvad. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. "Mr. Jensen had a cat, but he was lonely. . . . He was lonely, for example, on week days—on *Mandag* (which is Monday in Danish), on *Tirsdag* (which is Tuesday) . . ." and so on to *Lørdag* (Saturday). He talked to his cat about it. This quaint little book, Mrs. Blegvad's first, tells what Mr. Jensen did on *Søndag* and so takes the reader on little trips around Copenhagen. But a *Tirsdag* morning on which he said, *"Farvel, farvel missekat,"* and went to the toyshop where he worked was eventful. Then it was that he got into the adventure of the toy soldiers and met his wife-to-be. It "was the most extraordinary day he had ever had. And the nicest."

Mr. Blegvad's detailed pictures are an affectionate tribute to Copenhagen, his birthplace. Ages 6-9.

The Burning Mountain. *Story by Anico Surany. Pictures by Leonard Everett Fisher. Holiday House.* 36 *pp.* $3.50. The scene is a village in Central America; the volcano that erupts and causes evacuation of the village is brought to life by the artist's spectacular pictures. As they are about to leave the village the children go back to rescue the statue of its patron saint, St. Cristóbal. The subject matter is particularly suited to Mr. Fisher's bold, dramatic technique. Ages 4-8. (6-11?)

The Sea of Gold and Other Tales from Japan. *Adapted by Yoshiko Uchida. Illustrated by Marianne Yamaguchi. Scribners.* 136 *pp.* $3.50. Here are a dozen tales well known to Japanese children retold by a Japanese author. Two of the most interesting are "The Two Foolish Cats" and "New Year's Hats for the Statues." The retelling is graceful, but the pictures are somewhat heavy reproductions of three-panel charcoal drawings. Ages 8-12.

This Is Hong Kong. *By M. Sasek. Macmillan.* 60 *pp.* $2.95. Now Miroslav Sasek has a round dozen of his guidebooks, which grown-ups seem to enjoy as much as children. He must have had a very fine time in Hong Kong, for he tells us, "No phrase can convey the astounding beauty of its scenery, or the vitality and the winning charm of its people." His pictures, especially those big double-page spreads, are magnificent. That of the Tiger Balm Gardens, "a sort of Oriental Disneyland," will please our children. For those adults who wonder about certain aspects of Hong Kong, there is one quiet little view of the squatters' shacks on the hillside, and perhaps, on the last page, a commentary on the influence of Western advertising—a clutter of neon signs: "That which enters the eye will never leave the heart." (A Chinese proverb.) All ages.

River Boy: Adventure on the Amazon. *By Ralph Hermanns. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 38 *pp.* $4.50. In these beautiful color photographs an Indian boy is supposed to make his way along the Amazon to find his brother. The situations seem contrived, and so they are, for the boy really traveled with the photographer. He stays remarkably clean and neat throughout the long journey. Ages 7-10.

Yankee Doodle. *By Dr. Richard Schackburg. Woodcuts by Ed Emberley. Prentice-Hall.* 32 *pp.* $3.75. According to the publisher's publicity, Ed Emberley thinks this is his best book. The lively song of the Revolution—eventually turned against the British

who started it—can take a good deal of color, fun, and a decorative cartoon style. We admire the persistence and care with which the artist made the woodcuts and pulled proofs on his very small hand press, and it will be good to see his craftsmanship rewarded by the attention this book is bound to get. The music is included. All ages.

The French Are Coming. *By Wilma Pitchford Hayes. Illustrated by Leonard Weis-*

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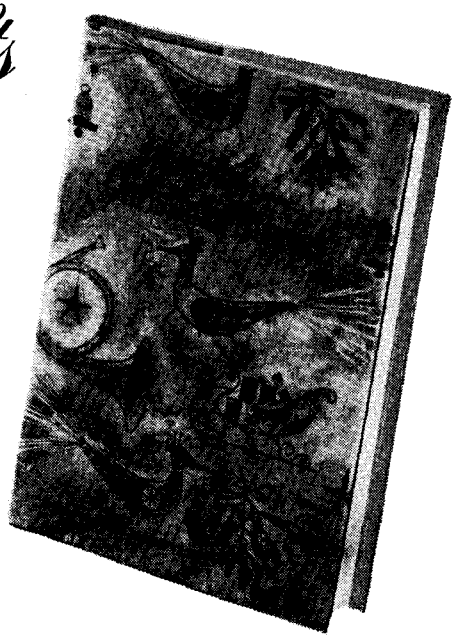

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1817 Harper & Row

gard. Holt, Rinehart & Winston (A Colonial Williamsburg Publication.) 102 *pp.* $3.50. This handsome book takes a different approach to the help given us by the French, particularly at the battle of Yorktown. The whole event is seen through the eyes of a French boy, whose pet cock helps to carry the story. One volume of Douglas Freeman's multivolume *Washington* is entitled *Victory with the Help of the French.* Feeling that Rochambeau got little credit and Lafayette most of it, a few years ago I wrote a much younger book, *Adam and the Golden Cock,* telling of an American boy in Connecticut during three days that the French army camped in Newtown. The present book, for rather older boys, follows the line of march of Washington and Rochambeau to Williamsburg and Yorktown. Valuable for background of the Revolution. No age level given.

The Harvest Feast: Stories of Thanksgiving Yesterday and Today. *Compiled by Wilhelmina Harper. Illustrated by W. T. Mars. Dutton.* 254 *pp.* $4.50. **Merry Christmas to You: Stories for Christmas.** *Compiled by Wilhelmina Harper. Illustrated by Fermin Rocker. Dutton.* 254 *pp.* $4.50. Two anthologies of long standing, with new illustrations and jackets. Some stories are added, others omitted. Useful collections. Ages 7 up.

Gateway to America: Miss Liberty's First Hundred Years. *By Hertha Pauli. Illustrated by Leonard Vosburgh. McKay.* 70 *pp.* $2.95. This is not the centennial of the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty, but of the day when the conception of her came to her sculptor. A small, inconspicuous book, *Gateway to America* crowds a good deal of information into its 70 pages, including something of the contribution of various immigrants to this country. There is useful information—why Emma Lazarus wrote her poem and why she included the "wretched refuse of your teeming shores." The ending is emotional but don't we all get emotional sometimes about liberty? I wish, if she *is* called "Big Miss," that Liberty's nickname had not been included; I for one never heard it.

To quote the back of the jacket: "Hertha Pauli, born in Vienna but now an American citizen, came to America . . . on one of the special emergency rescue visas granted to a group of anti-Nazi writers. She has never forgotten the moment when the rescue ship was greeted by the Statue of Liberty." No age level given.

The Art of Africa. *By Shirley Glubok. Designed by Gerard Nook. Special photography by Alfred H. Tamarin. Harper & Row.* 48 *pp.* $3.95. ". . . until less than a hundred years ago, African art was almost unknown to people outside Africa. Its simple beauty expresses the power of nature. When people took notice of it, African art astonished art lovers everywhere. Now it has taken its place along with the other great art of the world." Shirley Glubok's series introducing the art of various countries and civilizations seems to have improved steadily. This book is one of the most handsome and informative, offering not only interesting photographs but text that is well organized. See also *The Art of Ancient Rome,* recently published. Ages 7-11.

Fun with Crewel Embroidery. *By Erica Wilson. Illustrated with photographs and drawings. Scribners.* 48 *pp.* $3.50. **The Stitchery Book: Embroidery for Beginners.** *By Irene Preston Miller and Winifred Lubell. Drawings by Winifred Lubell. Doubleday.* 95 *pp.* $4.95. Both these books have their special points, and both authors are teachers of embroidery, so either will make a fine present for a girl who likes to sew. Erica Wilson's book has the edge as far as appearance is concerned, and the products, while not so numerous, are artistic. Irene Miller's book has more pages, gives more reproductions of embroidery from other countries, and more if often less artistic things to make. Beginners—all ages.

Shapes and Stories: A Book About Pictures. *By Geoffrey and Jane Grigson. Vanguard.* 72 *pp.* $5.95. "In this book," say the publishers, "the writing has an urgency, a flavor into which stray no clichés." A big claim to make for any book. However, there is a freshness and an individuality to the choice of pictures and a storytelling quality to the text that make it not "a history of art" but a book about pictures. The color pictures are well reproduced. I like the inclusion of the poem by Guillaume Apollinaire to be inscribed on Henri Rousseau's tombstone:

Dear Rousseau listen.
We say how do you do,
Delaunay, his wife, Mr. Inéval and I:
Let our things in free at the gate of the sky,
We shall be bringing you brushes, canvases, paints,
And in the real light up there
You shall give all your blessed free hours

—*From "The Valiant Chattee-Maker."*

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To painting (as you painted me once)
The face of the stars.

The unicorn tapestries are presented in an interesting way, with a poem of Grigson's included. A full-page detail and quarter-page are devoted to Botticelli's *The Birth of Venus*, which the authors call "the tenderest and best-loved painting in the world." Another large claim to make. Perhaps most striking is the Chirk Aqueduct by John Sell Cotman at the end—contrasted with Paul Klee's *Revolution of the Viaduct*. In the latter the artist asks, "but not too solemnly," what would happen if the huge arches of a bridge were to rebel, were to become pairs of legs walking up and threatening us. The contrast stands as a reminder that all artists do not paint things literally (as some want them to) and must be considered in terms of their own individuality and integrity. At the end, museums in which the pictures may be seen are listed. Age placement not given, possibly middle-group children; let it find its place.

Older Boys and Girls

Frank Lloyd Wright: America's Greatest Architect. *By Herbert Jacobs. Illustrated with photographs. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 223 *pp.* $3.95. Whether or not you agree with the subtitle which makes a statement, this is an excellent presentation of a great architect, "a stormy genius." His strength, his weaknesses, his marital difficulties are not minimized; the author is also a friend and fervent admirer. The book is a superb example of a biography written without flimsy reconstructions and over-imagined conversations, and it leaves an impression of the man's great individuality and integrity in relation to his work. It was a long lifetime of work. "Nearly ninety, he designed a mile-high office building, great auditoriums, civic centers and opera houses, some of which are just now being built." (He also designed "a castle apartment" for Ellis Island, which is unlikely to be built.) Source material for quotations leads on to Wright's own books, which will be of interest to older young people. Ages 12 up.

Flying Free. *By Reidar Brodtkorb. Illustrated with photographs. Rand McNally.* 44 *pp.* $2.95. It is interesting to know that Norway shares with us the problem of the preservation of eagles, Golden Eagles in their case. In Norway, however, a bounty is offered for the legs of eagles. In his introduction the president of the Audubon Society quotes John Kennedy: "The founding fathers made an appropriate choice when they selected the Bald Eagle as the emblem of our nation. The fierce beauty and proud independence of this great bird aptly symbolize the strength and freedom of America. But as latter-day citizens we shall have failed a trust if we permit the eagle to disappear." The enthusiasm of Reidar Brodtkorb might well carry over to this country the truth about eagles, so that we shall not lose them. They are protected but that does not always save them. Ages 14 up.

Our Wild Animals. *Text by John Bailey. Photographs by Leonard Lee Rue III. Nelson: A Rutlege Book.* 216 *pp.* $5.95. Young people who like facts (interesting ones)

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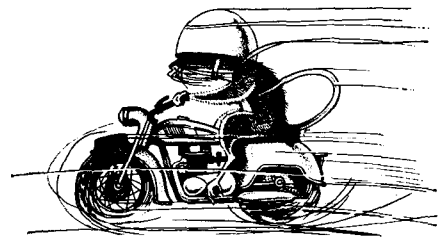

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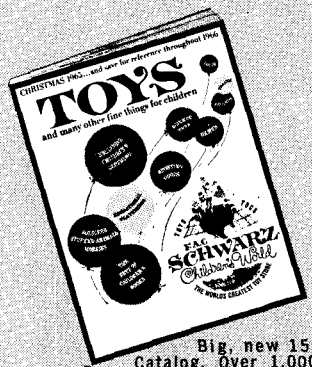

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about animals, as a steady foundation for the many animal fables, will enjoy this journey around the U.S. to meet its animal population. The black-and-white photographs are delightful; the color ones are an extra bonus. Woodchuck, bulging with food for his winter hibernation, opens the book. One of his family has lived under the bridge to my barn for several years, and by now he looks like a stuffed woodchuck. Each animal's personality is presented both in text and pictures, and his tracks are shown. A valuable part of the book is "How to Take Animal Pictures," and the picture index telling in what states the creatures may be found. Reading level 12 up.

Jamestown: First English Colony. *By the editors of American Heritage. Author: Marshall W. Fishwick. Consultant: Parke Rouse, Jr., executive director, Jamestown Foundation. Dist. by Harper & Row.* 152 *pp.* $3.95. This month, when the Pilgrims are apt to take over, it is good to be reminded of Jamestown. Many of these pictures are familiar to us, as are the photographs of reconstruction, but it is useful to have so many of them gathered together in one book. Ages 10 up.

A Book of Love Poems. *Edited by William Cole. Illustrated by Lars Bo. Viking.* 188 *pp.* $3.95. What a year for poetry and anthologies this is! Here an able anthologist presents love poems old and new. This excellent selection will probably have great appeal for romantic girls, though Mr. Cole has provided two sections: "He Writes About Her," "She Writes About Him."

The Earth Is the Lord's: Poems of the Spirit. *Compiled by Helen Plotz. Illustrated with wood engravings by Clare Leighton. Crowell.* 224 *pp.* $5. Helen Plotz gave us that much admired anthology *Imagination's Other Place*—poems connected in some way with science. The present collection of religious poems should have had a jacket that would make it a charming Christmas or birthday gift, but someone used too dark a green, against which the angels are almost entirely obscured. You will find the same woodcut reproduced in the section called *The Vision Splendid,* where the angels triumphantly raise their trumpets.

There are poems of belief, of exaltation, and of doubt. One of the best sections is "All Creatures Here Below." Poets present and past are represented. No age level.

Sprints and Distances: Sports in Poetry and the Poetry in Sport. *Compiled by Lillian Morrison. Illustrated by Clare and John Ross. Crowell.* 212 *pp.* $4.95. In the foreword to this collection of poems Lillian Morrison states the reasons for it. "For most sports lovers the action, the game, the passion, the movement are poetry enough. This collection celebrates that 'poetry.' But I have selected these poems hoping that the sports-loving reader might discover perhaps for the first time, the power of words as well."

While not too many "great" poems may be found here, there are well-known names and some surprises. It is not surprising to find a poem about fishing by Izaak Walton, but it *is* surprising to find Sir Walter Scott writing *Football Song*: "Then strip, lads and to it, though sharp be the weather/And if, by mischance, you should happen to fall,/ There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,/And life is itself but a game of football." A good book for all sports fans.

The Swedish Nightingale: Jenny Lind. *By Elisabeth Kyle. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 223 *pp.* $3.75. By the author of *Girl with a Pen: Charlotte Brontë,* this is another fine biographical novel. Jenny's childhood is reconstructed in almost too much detail, perhaps, but the most interesting part is the struggle to regain her voice after she loses it, in spite of being told, "Your voice is worn out. Done." Hans Christian Andersen was in love with her and, according to general belief and this book, was inspired by her to write his famous story of "The Emperor's Nightingale." If age barriers (imaginary ones) could be broken down, the reader should go from this to *The Ugly Duckling.*

The Lantern Bearer: A Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. *By James Playsted Wood. Illustrated by Saul Lambert. Pantheon.* 182 *pp.* $3.75. One approaches a biography by this author with a feeling that it will have originality and not be overfictionized. *The Lantern Bearer* is no exception. While the weaknesses of RLS are given full play, he is also given full credit for his writing. The author speaks of RLS as being like Peter Pan, and that is probably why Barrie admired him so much. As both were Scribner authors, I have seen a letter from Barrie to Charles Scribner asking if he can't arrange a meeting between them—also the telegram asking that the "rumor" of Stevenson's death be affirmed or denied.

The title of the biography is intriguing and applies to a secret society to which RLS and his friends belonged, meeting at night and carrying lighted lanterns under their coats. RLS was not always the lonely, wistful little boy of *The Child's Garden of Verses.* Ages 12 up.

Jules Verne: Voice of a Prophet. *By Russell Freedman. Holiday House.* 256 *pp.* $3.95. "In the future, men will control the weather by flicking a switch and turning a dial. Deserts will be transformed into gardens, the polar ice caps will be transformed into gardens, and the entire earth will enjoy perpetual spring." While many of Jules Verne's "prophecies" or scientific imaginings have come true—and there is an amazing summation of them here—the one quoted is still in the future and in what may be (with regard to weather control) a somewhat more anxious future than we see now. Whose finger will be on the weather switch?

A full and interesting biography that is timely today, this will be read by many science fiction fans. Included is Jules Verne's incredibly long list of books, some of which have not even been translated from the French. Full index. Ages 12 up (requires a persistent reader).

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Paradoxical Pragmatist

Benjamin Franklin: Philosopher and Man, *by Alfred Owen Aldridge (Lippincott. 438 pp. $7.95), and* ***Poor Richard's Politicks: Benjamin Franklin and His New American Order,*** *by Paul W. Conner (Oxford University Press. 285 pp. $6.50), discuss the question of whether our senior Founding Father was "kindly old Ben" or a cunning opportunist. Richard B. Morris's latest book is "The Peacemakers: The Great Powers and American Independence."*

By RICHARD B. MORRIS

SINCE the publication in 1938 of Carl Van Doren's magisterial and good-tempered biography of Benjamin Franklin, much has been written and a good deal of fresh material uncovered about the senior Founding Father. Clinton Rossiter and Adrienne Koch have dissected his political views, and Gerald Stourzh has organized his notions of international order. Verner W. Crane has done a magnificent piece of sleuthing in attributing Franklin authorship to all sorts of pieces published anonymously, while I. Bernard Cohen has judiciously appraised the doctor's scientific achievements. Perhaps most important, Leonard W. Labaree has made impressive progress in issuing a scholarly and definitive edition of Franklin's writings. The time may soon come for a definitive biography and reappraisal; but evidently that time has not yet arrived.

Though himself a reputable Franklin scholar, Alfred Owen has written a full-length biography that has neither depth nor imaginative insight. Although he has scored a few new points on minor facets of Franklin's career, he never succeeds in putting the whole portrait on canvas. Franklin proves too elusive, too complicated, and too grandiose for his talents.

Professing that his object "is not to draw attention to feet of clay," Mr. Aldridge puts the best face possible on numerous questionable episodes in Franklin's career, while glossing over others. Franklin "never forgot his proletarian impulses," Aldridge asserts, "and responded to most situations with the impulses of the common man."

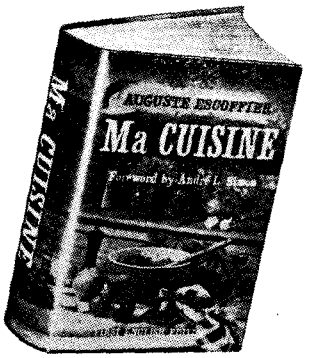
Quite the contrary, insists Dr. Paul W. Conner, whose *Poor Richard's Politicks* seeks to make comprehensible the political and social order at which Franklin was aiming. The good doctor was ashamed of his past and was always trying to forget it, Conner contends. But Conner's attempt to give us what he calls "an inverse sort of psychoanalysis" of his subject as a clue to Franklin's political energy, rests upon too many unproven assumptions and inadequate research, and evidences little more than a superficial acquaintance with the catchwords of psychoanalysis. This is too bad, because there is so much else in Mr. Conner's study that is challenging and suggestive.

Was Franklin the "kindly old Ben" his admirers envisage, or the "cunning opportunist" he appears to his critics? Perhaps the most extraordinary aspect of this extraordinary man, who combined the roles of moral critic, social reformer, political activist, and scientist, were the paradoxes that his career embodies. A man of humble origins, he cultivated the powerful and the rich, and walked out on the common-law wife of whom he never could be proud. A prince of pragmatists with an eye to the main chance, he preached good works and strict morality; but he, his son, and his grandson all fathered illegitimate offspring. Noted for his candor, he had a curious talent for deception, and perpetrated a steady stream of literary hoaxes.

Mr. Conner asks some of the crucial questions that must confront the Franklin biographer. The idea of a "virtuous order" rooted in the American continent pinpoints one of the central political concepts of Franklin, who in the course of a long life moved from the position of a leading supporter of imperial union to that of a front-rank American nationalist. Conner regards Franklin's "do-goodism" as both a noble aspiration and a vehicle for self-interest. He stands on firm ground in discarding Vernon L. Parrington's view of Franklin as a beaver-capped egalitarian. To Conner Franklin was neither an authentic agrarian nor an authentic radical. He was a born and bred urbanite, equally at home in Philadelphia, London, and Paris.

Part of the difficulty in rediscovering Franklin stems from the virtual impossibility of disentangling the homely, tongue-in-cheek aphorisms of "Poor Richard" from the letters and papers written as political propaganda. Despite Max Weber's view that Franklin was a true Calvinist in his admiration of labor for labor's sake, Mr. Conner correctly reminds us that the doctor, while exhorting others to work, was himself no lover of toil. In the great confrontations between Franklin and John Adams in Paris, during the years of tedious diplomatic negotiation that brought the Revolution to a close, it was the "old conjurer's" long spells of apathy, along with his saltiness and his studied reticences, that both baffled and infuriated his irrepressible and quarrelsome associate.

Other aspects of Franklin's political thinking are dissected by Mr. Conner—



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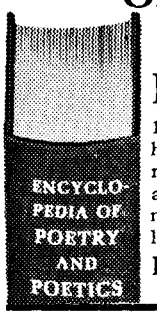

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PRINCETON

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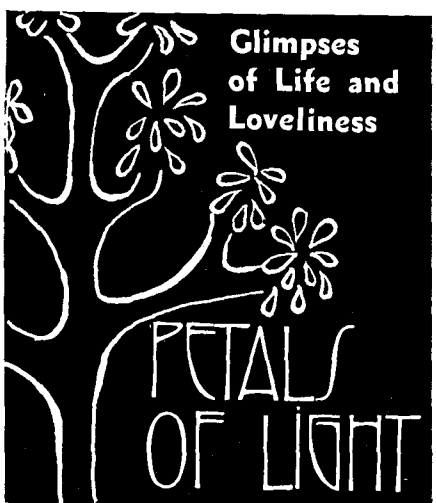
his penchant for institutional clarity and simplicity, his conversion to the anti-slavery cause, his egalitarianism. Franklin, who had a wonderful sense of humor, would have thoroughly enjoyed being parsed and divided up into neat categories. The Sage of Passy succeeded in baffling his contemporaries; it is not improbable that he has eluded this scholarly, if pedantic, effort to see the man whole by viewing his separate parts.



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No Wakening from Nightmare

The Painted Bird, *by Jerzy Kosinski (Houghton Mifflin. 272 pp. $4.95), in its sequence of horrors inflicted upon a six-year-old boy in Nazi-occupied Poland, evokes a world of Gothic monstrosities. Joseph P. Bauke is associate professor of Germanic languages at Columbia.*

By JOSEPH P. BAUKE

IN 1900 the Swedish social writer Ellen Key published *The Century of the Child*, a work whose title became synonymous with the aspirations of millions all over the world who believed that the nineteenth century had not dealt fairly with the young. The future was to be different, and in the countries of the West energetic efforts were made to realize the promise inherent in Ellen Key's slogan. Now, six decades later, there can be no doubt that our century outdid all others in cruelty toward its children. A million died in concentration camps, and untold numbers suffered degradations of body and mind, victims of a war that ripped away all pretenses of civilization.

Jerzy Kosinski tells the story of one such victim in his new novel *The Painted Bird*. It is a book of terrifying impact, replete with scenes of sadism rarely matched in contemporary writing. Günter Grass's dwarf, Oscar, undergoes similar agonies, but his magical drum gives him the edge over his tormentors. Mr. Kosinski's protagonist, thrown into a manure pit, loses his speech and lives in wordless agony through nightmarish years.

Set in wartime Poland, *The Painted Bird* describes a sequence of horrors inflicted on a six-year-old city boy entrusted by his parents to farmers. They promise to hide him from the advancing Germans, but in the confusion of the fighting the child is lost somewhere in eastern Poland. As he wanders from village to village, the starveling encounters the hostility of fear-ridden peasants, who take him to be a Gypsy or a Jew. Aware of the penalties for harboring an outcast, the villagers pursue him with the hatred of the flock against the intruder, and, like the victim of a primitive cult, the boy is made to bear the burden of the oppressions under which occupied Poland is suffering.

Mr. Kosinski evokes with the grim precision of a dream a world of Gothic

Jerzy Kosinski—"terrifying impact."

monstrosities. There are witches of the kind eliminated from the children's editions of Grimm's fairy tales, phantoms tripping people in the forest, evil spirits perverting the meaning of the Mass. A husband gouges out the eyes of his rival, and a mob of women abuse the body of a prostitute. Men and beasts die in orgies of abandon.

The young stranger, forced into premature manhood, learns in overpowering lessons that lust and death have a thousand faces. In choked silence he accepts his inferiority to an SS officer: "I had nothing against his killing me. I gazed at the ornate clasp of his officer's belt that was exactly at the level of my eyes, and awaited his wise decision." Passages like these, as well as the boy's meditations about God, or even about Communism, have the ring of autobiographical truth and lift the book above the modish exercises designed to shock the reader.

Of course, any novel echoing Nazi brutalities, particularly those against children, is written in a climate of general sympathy with the victims. But Mr. Kosinski cannot be accused of having usurped readily available emotion. There is a sincerity in the pages of *The Painted Bird* that is not of the imagination's making. A master of the macabre, Mr. Kosinski is an authentic voice of the children of this century.

Code of the White Hunter: The first sixty-odd pages of *The Hawk Alone* (Little, Brown, $4.75) contain vivid descriptive passages that evoke the African bush country with startling clarity, and at the same time manage to catch something of the excitement that is special to the hunting of dangerous animals in the old, honorable fashion. They seem to be

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the story along in a taut line
rd its objective. But Ernest Heming-
eps intruding. The first chapter—
and extremely well written—recalls
limax of one of his better-known
an stories, and it ends with a cryp-
, throwaway sentence the Old Man
ld have been proud to own.

Indeed, Jack Bennett's style appeared to me to be totally imitative. The lean, staccato sentences either bristle with flexed muscles or are flatly understated. And then there's the old, manly code by which his hero, former white hunter Gord Vance, lives and judges—which can easily go awry, as it eventually does, and end up sounding sentimental and ridiculous. One is never completely able to disregard the source of this book—an impossible burden for any author to labor under.

And, finally, this is a far from well-wrought novel. It falls away suddenly. Unnecessary characters and superfluous detail are introduced. The excessively short chapters and the constant flashing from the present to the past and back again—often for one or two paragraphs only, until the use of italics becomes utterly meaningless—are an increasing irritation, while the entire issue of Gord's displacement in the rapidly modernizing country soon becomes as boring as his repetitive and rather pointless resentment of some of the most rudimentary elements of progress.

To sum up, this is a hard book to praise, even for its very good sections. Yet it is equally difficult, on this evidence alone, to discard Mr. Bennett completely as a writer. He is young and obviously has an abundance of talent. I only hope he can overcome his self-inflicted disability and begin to speak with his own voice. —Edward Hickman Brown.

Green-Eyed Alter Ego: *Aura* (translated by Lysander Kemp; Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $3.95) is a 15,000-word tale of fantasy by Carlos Fuentes, a dynamic young Mexican writer whose principal achievement to date has been his "modernization" of the techniques of his country's traditional novel of realism. Fuentes's poetic journey now into the realm of fantasy is not an altogether successful venture.

This account of Felipe Montero's four-day stay in the home of Señora Consuelo Llorente, his discovery of and subsequent passion for her lovely, green-eyed niece, Aura, and the astonishing realization he experiences at the story's end is unfortunately locked into the second-person narrative perspective: "You leave a tip, reach for your brief case. . . . As you wait for the bus. . . ." and so forth. The author develops the growing sense of the unreal with great care, but the

(*Continued on page* 104)

The Boss Nobody Knows

Tentacles of Power: The Story of Jimmy Hoffa, *by Clark R. Mollenhoff (World. 415 pp. $6.50), and* ***Hoffa and the Teamsters: A Study of Union Power,*** *by Ralph and Estelle Dinerstein James (Van Nostrand. 430 pp. $6.95), take divergent views of the controversial head of America's largest labor organization. Victor Riesel is a nationally syndicated newspaper columnist.*

By VICTOR RIESEL

JAMES RIDDLE HOFFA sees himself as an enigma wrapped in a mystery. He may well be right. He is a man nobody really knows, least of all James R. Hoffa. Many men have tried to understand him—the FBI, the Justice Department, newsmen, other labor leaders, the underworld, employers' associations, and "Jimmy's" personal associates. Few have succeeded.

Yet this bouncy, truculent president of the nation's largest union—the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers of America—has many implacable foes, some more implacable than others. One of these is Clark R. Mollenhoff, a reporter's reporter, a towering figure literally and figuratively amongst Washington's 1,500 correspondents. Few of his craft have devoted as much time to the study and exposure of one man as Mollenhoff has in his twelve-year stalking of "the kid," as some of Hoffa's associates call him. The saga of this relentless pursuit is painstakingly set down in Mollenhoff's *Tentacles of Power,* not with the theoretical pen of the sociologist, eager to discover the early forces that produced this egoist, but with the skilled reporter's penchant for facts. He follows Hoffa through trial after trial, until that final moment in March 1964 when Federal Judge Wilson sentenced the labor leader to eight years in prison for attempting to tamper with the jury system.

It is not a pleasant picture. Here is the head of the nation's biggest labor organization, which is shown to be rife with corruption and ruled in many places by men indicted or convicted of mulcting the members who trusted them. Hoffa is an associate of gangsters and of men who have been linked by sworn witnesses with that sadistic underworld called the Mafia, or Cosa Nostra.

Why did Mollenhoff choose to expose Hoffa? Probably the answer lies in a tense conversation—confrontation is the better word—between the two not many Christmas seasons back. Mollenhoff, the Pulitzer Prize-winner whose success has gone to his feet instead of his head, had impulsively decided one winter evening to do what comes naturally to a fine reporter—engage in some leg work. Finding himself in Detroit, he taxied out to Hoffa's home, told the hackie to head straight for the police if he did not come out, and knocked on the door. Hoffa does not surprise easily. That night, when he opened his front door, he was startled, but asked Mollenhoff in. Then began a marathon talk during which the following exchange occurred:

"Jimmy," said Mollenhoff, "you have power that is about as great as the power the industrial barons had back at the turn of the century."

"I've got more power than they had," retorted Hoffa proudly, according to the author.

"But, Jimmy, do you think it is right for anyone to have that much power? Doesn't it frighten you to think of that much power in a few hands? Can anyone be trusted with that much power in our economy?"

The reply was classical. "It might be bad," Hoffa snorted, "if it got in the wrong hands. I don't abuse it."

For a man who talks of himself in the third person, for a man who could call a national Teamsters' strike and paralyze entire communities, for a man who controlled the politics and policies of 1,500,000 workers, for a man who for a long time had virtual control of a $40 million treasury, this was a strange concept. For others, knowledgeable in the power structure of labor-management relations in this land, it is a chilling concept.

I do not know if Mollenhoff's stark recital of power plays, bribery, alleged assassination plots, arson, corruption in high political places and the dedicated attack on it all by the brothers Kennedy and by Arkansas Senator John McClellan was available in concentrated form to two others who stalked James Riddle Hoffa. Professors Ralph and Estelle James (of MIT and the University of California) preferred more instant analysis; they did it in ninety scattered days and many nights. Their dramatic

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book, *Hoffa and the Teamsters*, is fascinating reading for those who are intrigued by concentrated power on the hoof.

The Jameses' view of Hoffa is more intimate; they traveled with him, saw him just before he retired at night, just after he awakened, just as he hit the phone to call some industrialist lieutenant a "stupid bastard," or shriek in anger. And it was all done at Hoffa's personal invitation.

Some years ago Professor Ralph James's students at MIT asked him to invite Hoffa, then in Boston, to talk to them. The teamster accepted, and found himself surrounded by eager, keen-minded, swift-questioning, relentless young people.

It is best to use James's own words here. I cannot trust myself to write of "the kid" reacting as the college teacher said he did, and I'm somewhat of a Hoffa buff myself.

> Following his brief extemporaneous delivery, my carefully selected audience blasted him with "intelligent" questions for almost three hours. He responded agilely. Finally, after a perceptive, emotional monologue on the history of labor legislation, the "tough" Jimmy Hoffa burst from the room in tears.

Later that week, the teamster invited the professor to travel with him and spend all waking hours with him, so he could see the "truth" about Hoffa for himself. Mr. and Mrs. James accepted.

Theirs is a stirring report. It makes Hoffa out to be a man with a "deeply instilled sense of morality." They see him as an angry man, given to tantrums, with a dexterous sense of power and a knowledge of the economics of the trucking and transportation world. At worst, they consider him a man whose "temper is the irrational, unsystematic part of his personality," and they do not seem to hold this against him, though his power has been greater than that of any other civilian except the President of the United States.

They do, however, trace the growth of this power, from the early Trotskyite days of Farrell Dobbs and other revolutionists in Minneapolis, when that city was better known for cracked skulls than for having produced a running mate for Lyndon B. Johnson.

The two accounts differ. The Jameses' is the view from the academy; Mollenhoff's is an insight into the lower depths. But both are the views of honest men. Which proves that "Jimmy," "the kid," has an ability to switch faces that makes Dr. Jekyll look like a slow-change artist.

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GBS Letters

Continued from page 45

lished, he wrote, "To confess the truth, the chief attraction to me is the opportunity of presenting a copy to each of the actors, who are all playing for nothing. So don't set too much store by my favorable view of the chance of a sale." He candidly declined an offer from an editor to write for his magazine with "What you want is good G.B.S. stuff, and, like everybody else, you persist in thinking that I have nothing to do but turn on the tap at any time and pour it out . . . If I were to take your offer . . . very soon my copy, whilst doubling its length, would lose half its value."

Some of the most fascinating correspondence is that to Shaw's girl friends, especially his near-adolescent effusions to Alice Lockett, a young student-nurse. "Farewell, dear Alice," he closed one letter in 1883. "There! is it not outrageous? Burn it. Do not read it. Alas! it is too late: you *have* read it." His love-letters to his future wife, Charlotte Payne-Townshend, near the close of the volume, augmented by Shaw's concomitant correspondence with others, present a unique view of the progress of a courtship. "She picked up a broken heart somewhere a few years ago," he confided to Ellen Terry, "and made the most of it (she is very sentimental) until she happened to read 'The Quintessence of Ibsenism,' in which she found, as she thought, gospel, salvation, freedom, emancipation, self respect & so on. Later on she met the author. . . ." Ellen answered, "If *she* does not dote upon the quintessence of *you*, she'd better marry your book!"

Perhaps the most brilliant letters are those in which Shaw was drawn out on his literary and artistic philosophy and his modes of literary conception and composition. Such letters are a mine for the exploration of ideas Shaw later dramatized. If a man is to "attain consciousness of himself as a vessel of the Zeitgeist or will or whatever it may be," he wrote to Hubert Bland, "he must pay the price of turning his back on the loaves and the fishes, the duties, the ready-made logic, the systems and the creeds." To Florence Farr he insisted that she was "wrong to scorn farcical comedy. It is by jingling the bells of a jester's cap that I . . . have made people listen to me. All genuinely intellectual work is humorous." To Charles Charrington (to whom were penned some of the most important letters Shaw wrote) he observed, "Why, except as a means of livelihood, a man should desire to act on the stage when he has the whole world to act in, is not clear to me. . . ." To Janet Achurch, Charrington's wife, to whom Pygmalion-Shaw played more than Henry Higgins, he confessed: "Here am I, after 20 years drudging away, at last venturing to tell myself that if I *begin* writing for the stage, I will master the business by the time I am fifty or so. I *know* I will get deeper in it than I now have any idea of, and that I will come to understand the requirements of the art in a way that I do not now." And, again, to Charrington: "*You cannot be an artist until you have contracted yourself within the limits of your art.*" Few writers have applied such a sharply honed mind to so much correspondence over so many years. Even Shaw's thank-you notes have a grace and sincerity, an air of unaffectedness yet a stylistic balance which transfigures them into literature; and the delicious personal vignettes that season letter after letter become instant autobiography. Readable in its own right as few collections of correspondence are, GBS's *Collected Letters 1874-1897* will now be as essential to a knowledgeable appreciation of Bernard Shaw as *Candida* or *Arms and the Man.*

—*From the book.*

Janet Achurch—"exhortations."

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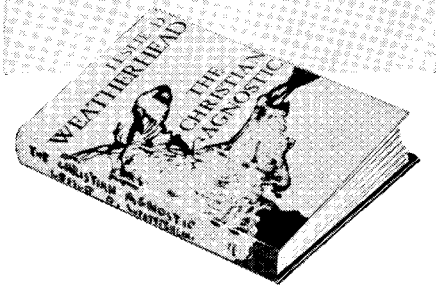

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Canada

Continued from page 49

cept findings if they are unflattering. This is a touchy people, taking quick offense at criticism by insiders as well as outsiders."

One wonders what will be the reaction of Canada's English and French editors to Clark's own clear-eyed and uncompromising report, for instance, his summary judgment: "Canada at the moment is like a middle-aged man who finds material prosperity after years of ups and downs but cannot derive full pleasure from it because he is distracted by a marriage that is in danger of breaking up."

Like most Canadians, Clark criticizes the U.S. government for obtuseness in its dealings with Ottawa, and even more the frequent failure of American business to take local sensitivities into account. But he presents the American case fairly.

Clark offers, incidentally, an interesting and offbeat explanation for the dislike of things American that so often puzzles the uninformed visitor to Canada: ". . . in the Canadian personality lurks an innate resentment that the United States, with all its chauvinism and razzle-dazzle, has captured a spirit of unity and purpose, the dearth of which now bedevils the Canadian nation."

The author takes very seriously the threat to Canadian confederation created by the new spirit of separatism in Quebec. But he is not wholly pessimistic; he feels that a new form of partnership between the major dissident groups may emerge. He concludes:

> It may well be that French Canadians are pointing the true direction for Canada. The perplexity of attaining a Canadian identity has been inspired largely by a desire to be different from the United States. Canada tried to find this difference in a monarchy, which failed to provide simple answers. It tried it in a parliamentary system, which has had difficulties since it is based on pure majority rule. But in the English-French amalgam there is a vague realization that Quebec does make Canada different. . . . Perhaps the French Canadians who think of associate statehood, in a moderate sense working toward a loose federal structure, have stumbled on the formula of the future.

Mr. Clark's comments will surely infuriate some of his fellow countrymen, suggesting as they do that the end of federal rule by majority is all but accomplished fact. Any expression of American opinion on this internal issue would be open to misunderstanding and could do more harm than good. But Americans must be permitted to hope that Canada will survive as a unified state. This is essential to North American tranquillity and to the defense of the hemisphere. We must pray that, in working out their future, the presently unhappy Canadians will find once again the pride and confidence that in two world wars commanded the confidence of their allies.

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The Last One In

By Jeannette Nichols

O THE last one in
cried because everything
was eaten

and sat down and beat
his head on the floor
calling all who came before

unfair. All we could do
was go out single file
like snuffed candles

leaving our smoke
and the dishes. But O the last was
first up the next day

and ate enough for two.
So it goes. Even the wronged
go wrong.

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The Styles, the Stylers, the Stylish

The Fashionable Savages, *by John Fairchild (Doubleday. 200 pp. $4.95), journeys through the wild and wonderful world of clothes designers, publicists, and best-dressed women. Edith Raymond Locke is fashion editor of Mademoiselle.*

By EDITH RAYMOND LOCKE

"FASHION is serious, mad, fun, stupid, rewarding," and "just a touch of the marvelous," according to John Fairchild. Delete the word "stupid" and the adjectives apply to his book, whether the reader is in or out of the fashion business.

Fairchild, editor of Fairchild Publications, is himself both fashionable and a bit savage; he is outspoken, opinionated, arbitrary, controversial, but never dull or boring. In fewer than 200 pages he covers a great deal of territory (some of it heretofore sacred ground on which fashionable angels might have feared to tread). He treats fashion not as an abstract idea but as a marvelous, living thing made up of people—those who create it, wear it, live it.

The safari begins in Paris, "the exotic forest," where the author took over in 1955 as head of the European offices of Fairchild Publications. He gives a quick rundown on the most important names in French couture (if you are in the business, you may disagree with some of Mr. Fairchild's categorical statements), including Yves St. Laurent, the "fawn" in the fashion forest, and "Mademoiselle"—Coco Chanel, whom he labels "the eighth wonder of the world."

Mr. Fairchild loves to attach labels to people and things, and the book is full of them. His tags range from Intellectual Fashion (prime exponent: designer James Galanos); Her Elegance (Jacqueline Kennedy); the Goddesses (Mrs. William Paley, wife of CBS's chairman of the board, and Gloria Guinness, tastemaker-writer); to Sportive and Tough Chic (sporty, racy clothes that are *brut*, like champagne); Locomotives (young pace-setters), and Switched-On (Baby Jane Holzer).

There's fun, spice, intrigue, and fascination: luncheon with Chanel, at her studio atop the famous mirrored stairway at 31 rue Cambon (she criticized the fit of John Fairchild's own suit); a private glimpse into Balenciaga's "monkish" world and the late Christian Dior's opulent one; a long look at the business and finances of French couture, and at one of its major outgrowths, the American line-for-line copy business.

Mr. Fairchild returned to the United States in 1960 to take over the editorship of *Women's Wear Daily,* the fashion business *Variety*; and in the second part of his book, "Over Here," he leads us through a fashion forest he describes as "primeval"—Seventh Avenue (the trade's euphemism for the garment center, in New York the few blocks from 36th to 40th Streets and from Seventh Avenue to Broadway) and its California counterpart. He stalks the "Creators," a list headed by Norman Norell; the "many fine Realists" who manufacture expensive (for instance, $150-$200 for a wool dress), quality ready-to-wear clothes; the "Giants," the General Motors of the industry who make volume-priced clothes ($17.95-$25), and the "Mister In-Betweens, who just make body covers and clothes which sell [at $50-$80] but have no influence." Since 95 per cent of American women are dressed—admittedly well—by the last two categories, it is obvious that there is a great, wide world beyond the savagely fashionable. Perhaps some day it, too, will fall under Mr. Fairchild's intimately observing eye and pen.

It's a dizzying trip from Paris to Seventh Avenue to Los Angeles, from the chemise to the pants-for-everything rage, from the snob Côte Basque Restaurant to the reverse-snob Men's Grill at Schrafft's on 43rd Street and Broadway, where the master Norman Norell holds court at lunch. Most of the great names from both sides of the Atlantic are there: those who design the clothes, those who write about them, those who publicize them, and those who wear them to perfection. Mr. Fairchild is a man of strong opinions, decidedly his own. His style is brisk, at times telegraphic; words are "shot out like machine-gun bullets," a phrase he uses to describe Coco Chanel's conversation.

On the last page he asks, "In the future, will mass-produced, unimaginative, clean, clinical clothes become body cover uniforms and the fashionable savages be forgotten like old toys in the attic trunk?" It seems unlikely, for the "savages" have that "touch of the marvelous," and they are too intriguing.

—*From the book.*

Mrs. JFK on May 8 1962—"Her Elegance."

—*From the book.*

Her Grace, the Duchess of Windsor—"impeccable."

—*Sketches by Block.*

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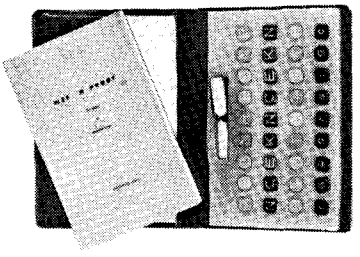

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Editorial

Continued from page 38

we succeeded in translating these plans into tangible hopes for justice, a better life, and better schools for the individual Vietnamese?

The President has said that there has been complete continuity of U.S. foreign policy in South Vietnam through three administrations. But one of the fixed points in the thinking of President Eisenhower and President Kennedy was to avoid a situation in which large numbers of American troops would be pinned down in an Asian land war. Also, both previous Presidents resisted attempts to involve the U.S. in an air bombing of Vietnam, not only because of the danger of uncontrolled escalation but because of probable losses to other vital elements in our total foreign policy, one of which was the need to avoid narrowing the gap between the two major Communist nations.

Has the policy in favor of air bombing had the intended effect? The evidence is that the bombing has succeeded mainly in helping to unify people against the United States, for it has been impossible to carry out precision bombing in that terrain. Even areas that the United States designated as prohibited targets have been hit by mistake. South Vietnam installations have been hit by mistake. Many villages have been hit by mistake. Cambodia has been hit by mistake. Laos has been hit by mistake. To what extent has this changed the role of the U.S. in the minds of many Vietnamese, from that of protector and defender to that of intruder and attacker?

Finally, some questions about the implications and effects of the massive troop buildup. At one time, U.S. military authorities were reluctant to talk about a settlement in South Vietnam because our position was so weak we didn't think we could get favorable terms. Is there reluctance now to talk about a settlement because our position is becoming so strong we can press forward without terms? Will the momentum of the military buildup carry us beyond our original limited goals?

Is it a denial of the national interest to ask questions such as these? We think not. The only policy that can succeed in Vietnam or anywhere else is one in which genuine conviction proceeds out of genuine knowledge. A great society deserves a great debate on great issues. It cannot thrive without the profoundest soul-searching of which its people are capable.

There is no reason why questions should not be asked in the spirit of a loyal opposition. There is no reason why they cannot be answered without imputations of disloyalty or unconcern for the national interest. —N.C.

"I can't stop. The new magic ingredient won't let me."

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Inca Doings

FOREMOST among the many virtues of the Broadway production of *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* is that here is a piece of work that uses the theater as a resonant instrument. Taking a bare, uphill stage with one central column whose face is covered by a huge, round Inca ornament, it ambitiously sets out to stimulate theatergoers to recreate for themselves a strange and incredible historical event with all its complexities.

The first half of the evening, which playwright Peter Shaffer has subtitled "The Hunt," consists mainly of retrospective narration of the conquest of 12,000,000 Peruvian Indians by a Spanish army numbering fewer than 200 men. However, through use of pantomime and movement designed to create the essential nature of the conquest, we sense the hardship of insect-ridden Peruvian forests and numbingly cold Andes summits, which, endured for whatever mysterious reason by the Indians, compels Western man to competitive achievement. We also sense the cruelty and arrogance of 1529 Spain, the lure of gold and adventure for its have-nots. All this is created by brilliantly costumed actors responding to the changing situation. At one moment they, and we, are surrounded by the sound of insects and predatory birds. And at another, when they make their tortuous forced march through the mountains, their clawing hands create forbidding rock, and their bodies twist in the rhythmic agony of cold and unremitting fatigue.

But if this technique, which is called "total theater," uses actors as scenery, it can occasionally turn the scenery into an actor. This happens here when suddenly the face of the ornament erupts to reveal a golden, interior halo in which stands its giant God-emperor, Atahuallpa. Thus in one breathtaking moment we sense the whole dazzling glory of the Incas.

There is, of course, the danger that such things will add up to mere historical splendor. But the play is saved by the narrator, hauntingly portrayed by George Rose as a man consumed with guilt and disillusionment. Through him we are kept aware that this is not a salute either to the heroism of courageous men or to their devotion to Christianity. Then, too, there is the way the playwright and his star, Christopher Plummer, have drawn the Spanish general, Pizarro. We quickly see beneath his rasping voice, his top-heavy limp, and his cruel, thin-lipped mouth a desperate old warrior driven to search for something more satisfying than wealth and fame—perhaps for revenge upon a Spanish society that has rejected him because of his ignominious birth.

At the same time, this is not a case history, a series of acts to be explained away in psychological terms. For every step of the way the playwright strives to recognize the size of this truly enormous clash between two systems of civilization, serving to reveal to its participants and to us the strength and weakness of each.

PIZARRO is quite cynical about the order he finds himself representing. He tells the high-born de Soto, "You inherited your honor—I had to root for mine like the pigs. It's amusing." Mr. Plummer delivers these last two words with such a devastating combination of pain and irony that the total injustice of chivalric Spain is created. And his muttering contempt for his church's cant about taking from the Incas what they don't value (gold) and giving them "the priceless mercy of Heaven," nicely pricks that bubble.

Thus it is that in Act II, subtitled "The Kill," after he has gone through the vicious bloodletting required to capture Atahuallpa, and his until-then happily obedient country of communal farms, with work and rest for all, he can look objectively at the argument between the Spanish priests and the Inca God as the priests attempt to tie capitalism to Christianity. "Look around you," they say. "Happiness has no feel for men here since they are forbidden unhappiness. . . . They are part of the seasons no more; all men are born unequal; this is a divine gift. And want is their birthright. Where you deny this . . ., where tomorrow is abolished, and no man ever thinks 'I can change myself,' there you have the rule of Anti-Christ."

ATAHUALLPA asks Pizarro if he believes in this religion, and in one magnificent speech, which Mr. Plummer speaks most movingly, Pizarro reveals that time and the thought of death seem to make God trivial, and we now discover a wretched human being in need of belief in something. And so begins his attempted conversion to belief in the Sun God. Atahuallpa offers to relieve Pizarro of the guilt of having broken his word by volunteering to let himself be executed, because he maintains that he will be resurrected by the Sun when it rises the next morning. When this does not happen, we are left with the pitiful, crushed figure of Pizarro beside the dead body of a man with whom he had felt more in common than with any of his own people.

Paradoxically, all of this emerges as most modern and provocative in a world faced with the problem of coexistence and with the negative force of meaninglessness. And again director John Dexter, as he did so brilliantly in *Chips with Everything*, has most inventively and fluidly staged the entire proceedings. Michael Annals has superbly designed the scenery and costumes with a few changes from its original National Theatre presentation in Britain. Certainly one has minor reservations about the fact that the piling up the gold is somewhat too mechanically handled and about the failure of the lighting to reinforce the play's penultimate scene. Moreover, here as in London, the presentation doesn't quite succeed in keeping the play's significance from being adumbrated by its spectacle. One also suspects that Mr. Plummer's amazing characterization might be even more eloquent and moving if he were not required to simulate a Spanish accent. David Carradine's visually impressive Atahuallpa could do with a bit more suggestion that this man is as compassionate and aware as the great and creative leader must have been. And judged as a literary work, the play itself might benefit from more of the kind of eloquence and man-against-man drama it achieves mostly near the end. But *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* should be judged as a theater work, and as such it is by far the season's most thrilling, most imaginative, and most beautiful event.

—HENRY HEWES.

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A New View of Strauss's *Capriccio*

FOR THOSE who haven't seen it elsewhere, the most rewarding "new" musical experience in years is likely to be the Strauss-Krauss *Capriccio,* which had its first professional New York performance many years too late at the City Center at the end of October. And even for those who have, the remarkably representative performance put together in uncommonly intelligible English under the musical direction of Ernst Märzendorfer, a newcomer from Vienna, adds interest and illumination to a work that can use all it can get.

The order of values is important, for the plain description of *Capriccio,* on its title page, is "a conversation piece for music," which means that an understanding of what is being said is paramount. As it is now being heard from Maria Pelikan's highly successful English translation, *Capriccio* is revealed as the absorbing thing it is—a product of the composer's seventy-seventh year when he had lost interest in virtually all common subjects for opera, but not in the one subject that still had interest for him: opera itself, and the materials from which one can be created.

It is too bad that Hugo von Hofmannsthal died a dozen years before *Capriccio* came into being in 1941; the subject is one that would have profited from the wit, the invention, and above all the sense of timing that he provided for *Rosenkavalier, Ariadne, Arabella,* and others. It was not until his old friend and musical collaborator Clemens Krauss put his mind to it that the idea originally born of a suggestion by Stefan Zweig assumed a shape Strauss could mold to his own purposes. Perhaps a Hofmannsthal could have persuaded Strauss to modify the idea of "unity," in which the action on the stage is performed over an uninterrupted two-hour span paralleling the time of the events themselves. But, between a Strauss-Krauss *Capriccio* and no *Capriccio* at all, the option is clear. He made it possible for Strauss to exercise all his consummate craftsmanship, knowledge of the human voice, and mastery of orchestral combinations in a way that makes *Capriccio* a summation of all things Straussian.

On the face of it, the subject is not too promising. The time is approximately 1775; the place, a palace on the outskirts of Paris. The lady of the house, being an eighteenth-century countess, is a music lover; being French and a widow, she is also the object of admiration by a composer, Flamand, and a poet, Olivier. Her brother, the Count, is devoted to the theater but despises the thing called "opera"; he is in love with the actress Clairon. All these, and the theatrical producer La Roche, are on hand as the afternoon begins. The composer and the poet, who are rivals for the Countess's affections, are also rivals in esteem for her preference—music or poetry, which is more important? As the action proceeds, she chides the poet for not understanding that his sonnet (a beautiful one borrowed from Ronsard) affects her more deeply when it is sung; she annoys the composer by reminding him that he must use words to convey his expression of love, that music alone is not quite enough.

As evening comes on and she is left alone with a new opera about to be born, the summation comes clear. Each with the aid of the other becomes something greater than it is alone, that together (though this is but an inference) they give birth—in a manner known to nature generally—to a third thing which blends together the best of both.

THE face of it suggests a sketch, a philosophical treatise, perhaps a diverting dissertation, but hardly an "opera." But it is the body of it with which Strauss is dealing and which he made into what Krauss's quite accurate description says it is—a "conversation piece." The real involvement is between Strauss and his art, the problems with which he had been wrestling for nearly fifty years. If it occurred to him, at one time, to weave an episode from his own life into an operatic farce called *Intermezzo,* why could he not utilize the artistic experience of that same life for a quasi-comedy called *Capriccio*?

He could, and he did, against all the problems of collaboration. Even more of a problem was finding a new idiom to take the place of the old, which he had been using so long that it had become a subject of apologies by his admirers and an objeet of derision by his detractors. The remarkable fact about *Capriccio* is not that he found a wholly new idiom, but that he found a way to make the old one fresh and strong again. It is as though his attachments to the problems of art, when he had lost interest in the problems of people, gave him a source of invention he had long been seeking.

As it emerges in *Capriccio,* in the setting of the Ronsard sonnet that becomes the musical heart of the work, its masterful ensembles, entertaining takeoffs of Italian opera, powerful monologue fe the producer La Roche and, of cours the final soliloquy for the Countess, th idiom has a glow of its own, as much i the luminous richness of the writing fo an orchestra mostly of strings and wood winds (the *Ariadne* sound made ove and expanded) as in the carefully dif ferentiated vocal lines. In the celebrate soliloquy of the Countess, in which sh ruminates on the mysterious affinity o music for word, and *vice versa,* some will remember the Marschallin in *De Rosenkavalier* and her monologues. This means, really, that only the man who wrote the one could have written the other. In the end, we realize that not only the word and the tone have become intertwined but also the creators of them with her own existence.

Märzendorfer's command of the musical problem was apparent not only in the blend of sounds he obtained from the instrumentalists and the clearly defined distinction of all the episodes in the "action," but even more in the easy flow of one into the other. The "conversation" was always relaxed and at a civilized pace, meaning that much more of the text could be heard than is commonly true. The carefully thought-out stage direction of Christopher West assisted materially.

Outstanding in the cast was the Dutch basso Guus Hoekman, whose debut identified him as a complete La Roche, even with an English text that he delivered with hardly a burr. Donna Jeffrey can, obviously, not be compared with some of the great interpreters of the Countess (Schwarzkopf, della Cassa, Goltz), for she is as yet shy of the experience to make the most of a basically good voice in so long a part. She is an attractively immature lady of the house, rather than the fully formed character imagined by its creators. By a fortunate change of plan, David Lloyd was called upon for Flamand, which he sang with appealing clarity and acted with the musical insight of a tenor who had originally been a horn player. Others of quality included John Reardon as a fine-looking, well-sounding Olivier, Marija Kova in a particularly sharp study of Clairon, and Robert Trehy as the capable Count. The laughs in the burlesque of Italian opera were firmly nailed down by Ellen Faul and Enzo Citarelli, and the one set by Howard Bay serves well.

Doubtless some will say that *Capriccio* is, after all, not *Pagliacci*—that the audience for it is small. But in its own philosophic, Germanic way it has as much relevance to the art of the stage as *Pagliacci,* in its violent Italian way, has. There are no violent deaths in *Capriccio,* except perhaps to the legend that Strauss was written out in the Twenties and thereafter only repeated himself.

—IRVING KOLODIN

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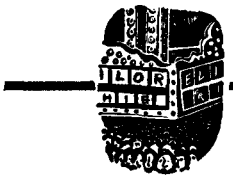

Heating Up the Cold War

THE FILM *The Bedford Incident* might well have been subtitled *The Fail-Safe of the Sea,* so closely does this adaptation of Mark Roscovich's novel parallel the characters and events of that earlier work. Produced and directed by James B. Harris (the producer of Stanley Kubrick's films up to, but not including, *Dr. Strangelove),* it rehearses the now-familiar theme that an ounce of prevention, far from being worth a pound of cure, can actually precipitate holocaust when administered by the wrong hands. In this instance the wrong hands belong to Richard Widmark, a self-styled "old-fashioned patriot" who is captain of a U.S. destroyer on NATO patrol in northern waters. Hard-bitten and hard-driving, he commands a taut ship—so taut, indeed, that when the chips are down several crucial members of his crew snap under the strain. And one, in his panic, touches off the rocket torpedo that, trained on a Russian submarine, brings immediate atomic retaliation and the possibility of total war.

While there is certainly no harm in an occasional dramatic reminder that incessant military escalation in the guise of deterrence presents grave and constant dangers in this age of pushbutton warfare, one cannot help wondering if perhaps this threat might not take other forms than merely the strategically placed psychopath whose unswerving devotion to a political code or to military might plunges the world toward destruction. Are there no dangers inherent in the buildup itself? Can we be sure that only an unbalanced mind could push the button, that the cold logic of power politics might not lead to the same fateful action?

Not that *Incident* is deficient in good, old-fashioned movie excitement. After a somewhat slow and stumbling beginning, bringing on board reporter Sidney Poitier and medical officer Martin Balsam, the pace quickens appreciably as we meet the Bedford's commander, grim-eyed Richard Widmark. Not in years has Widmark had a role so completely suited to his talents, combining cynicism, self-assurance, and refined sadism in a character charged with all the dangerous calm of the eye of a hurricane. He drives himself, his men, and his ship with equal, unrelenting fanaticism, obviously an officer who knows his job and is thoroughly qualified to perform it. But since, in his interpretation, the ultimate purpose of his job is to meet and destroy the enemy, he considers mere deterrence an admission of weakness. Widmark makes this man and his inner conflict totally comprehensible—and often makes the script, with its probing reporter asking all the obvious questions, seem heavy-handed and obtuse. Poitier and Eric Portman, as a former Nazi U-boat commander on board the *Bedford* as NATO observer, are essentially little more than straight men for Widmark, and Harris is still too new at directing to supply the kind of characterizations that might conceal this fact. There are, however, marvelous moments when the Bedford pursues its prey past icebergs and floes, the mounting tension on the bridge as the hour of decision approaches, and the over-all fascination with life aboard what Balsam terms "a floating IBM machine." If only the characters and the thinking were as fascinating as the gadgets!

GADGETRY also dominates Jean-Luc Godard's latest import, *Alphaville,* since that prolific young director has, for the moment, abandoned the contemporary scene for a glimpse into a thoroughly computerized, not-so-distant future. It starts with considerable promise. Lemmy Caution, a reporter for *Figaro-Pravda,* arrives in the scientific city of Alphaville to murder its organizer, the mysterious Dr. Von Braun. He finds a society oriented to the gratification of every physical need (primarily sexual), but with nothing for the soul. Unfortunately, soon after Akim Tamiroff has pointed out this discrepancy he dies, and it grows increasingly apparent that the reporter, for all his protestations to the contrary, can do quite nicely if there is enough whisky, enough girls, and plenty of ammunition for his ever-present revolver. Once that is established, *Alphaville* lurches unsettlingly between mad chases through endless corridors and maddening sit-downs in which Lemmy holds forth sophomorically on the virtues of love. Eddie Constantine, an American expatriate whom the French have adopted as their own Humphrey Bogart, is far too phlegmatic to make the action passages exciting, and much too deadpan to make the conversations interesting. To compensate, Godard keeps his camera whisking through doors, getting on elevators, racing down hallways, and riding the neon-lit streets of the city—which ultimately proves even more wearying than the conversations. Not even the gadgets can compensate in this one. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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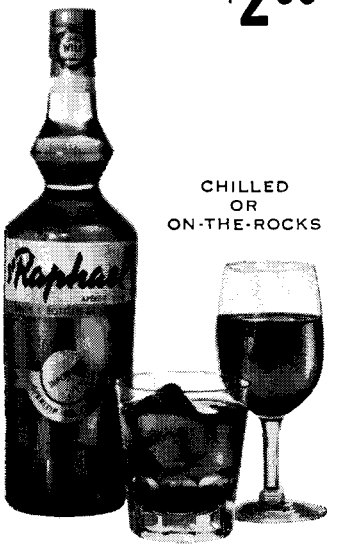

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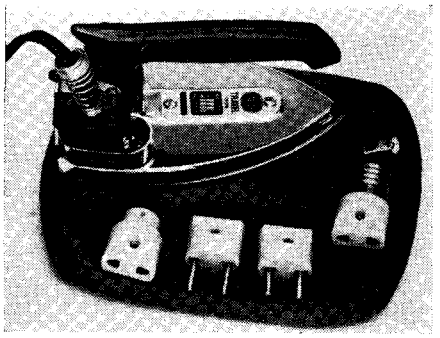
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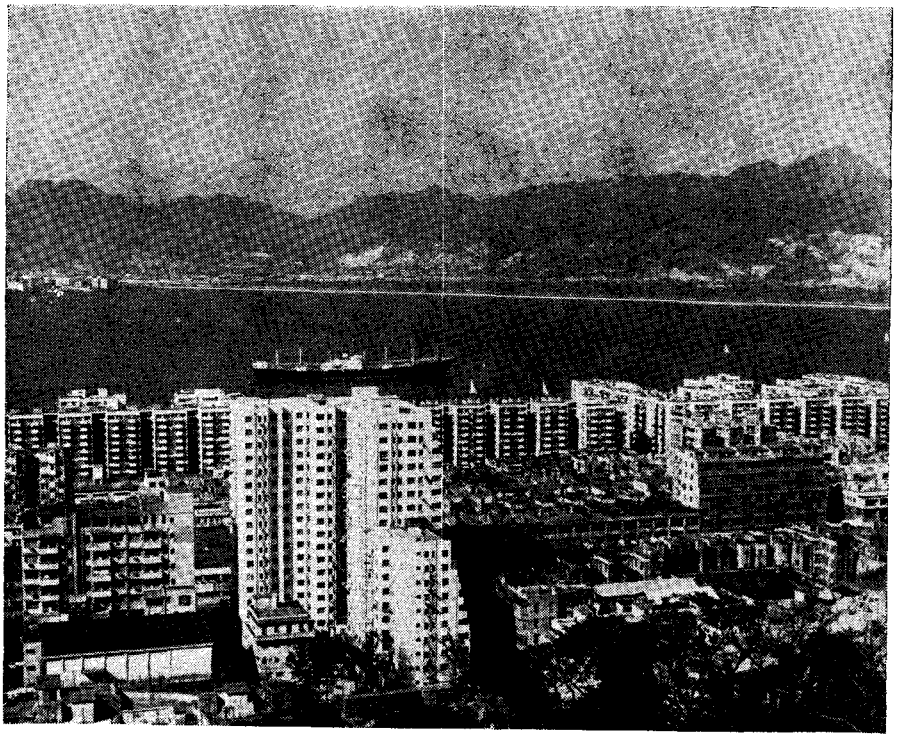
Notes from the East to Paste in Your Hat

WATCHING the stylish frames of Tokyo Olympiad burst in color across the screen of a movie theater the other night, one could sense immediately just how incredibly far toward the west Japan has swung in little more than the last hundred years. It is just 121 years since King Willem II of the Netherlands wrote to the shogun urging the opening of Japan, only to have the letter refused. And it is 111 years, or shortly before the commencement of the Civil War, that Commodore Perry, rushing to follow a visit by the Russian Admiral Putiatin, was able to open the ports of Shimoda and Hakodate. And yet in the early fall of 1964, 110 years later, here were the Japanese splendid host to the athletes of all nations, to the pole vaulting, speed-running, swimming Americans, the beefy Russian weightlifters and shot putters, the Ethiopian marathon runner, the handsome Italians, the Cameroons with their two-man squad, the doughty British. Here they were dressing their officials in trim Western sports clothes, sending their athletes on parade in brilliant red jackets, giving out the medals, running up the flags, providing all the housekeeping details for over 100 participating nations each with different needs and different desires.

I bring all that up now, timorously tiptoing into the edge of an area administered by those twin shoguns of cinema reviews, Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert, because the evening at the movies had me dusting off my own last invasion of the Orient a few weeks ago. Dropping down to Japan from Honolulu is getting to be about the same thing as the day flight from New York to Europe. Even though the trips move in opposite directions and so does the clock, it is now possible to make either odyssey in the course of a working day, thus avoiding any wholesale upending of one's sleeping schedule. Leaving Honolulu on Pan American's lunchtime flight, one lands in Tokyo in the late afternoon. Picking up a cab at Haneda Airport and wheeling into town on the elevated freeway, I landed at the Hilton in plenty of time to call friends, change clothes, descend to the Lipo bar for cocktails and then move into the Grill, which, as I may have indicated before in this space, is one of the best restaurants in the East. That left me ample time for a decent night's sleep, breakfast in the coffee shop in the morning, and the ride along the freeway again back to the airport. I was shortly floating over the white cone of Fujiyama as the hostesses began the ritual of the aperitifs before lunch. In the heat of the early afternoon we slipped across the South China Sea and came floating into the steamy bazaar of Hong Kong.



Modern developments in Hong Kong harbor.

Having just saluted the Hong Kong high life in the course of many pages on Asia (*SR*, Sept. 18), I won't carry on again on the same matters beyond recording a few notes of incidental intelligence which will be useful to you later. For one thing I had never been to Jimmy's Kitchen before, which is perhaps like going frequently to Boston without ever invading Locke Ober's. In company with Mr. Timothy O'Driscoll, who brought his brogue, and Mr. W. D. Patterson of the home company, we demolished a number of platters of oysters that had been fetched clear from Sydney for the very purpose. Jimmy's, a venerable and paneled den, brings meats from New Zealand and from Omaha, and it also serves dishes native to the local habitat. Jimmy is no Occidental, but his kitchen does better with the cuisine of the West. A line of rickshas waits outside at night for the short run down the block to the Mandarin, to the Star Ferry, or to the Hong Kong Hilton.

Once long ago a Hong Kong guide had taken me for a *yum cha* lunch at the Gloucester, but never before had I been to the establishment known, with a certain promise of Continental elegance, as the Café de Chine. A lunch of *yum cha*, as performed in Hong Kong, and for all I know in other parts of China now screened from my gaze, is a parade of girls each carrying a tray of small delicacies. Many are little croquettes wrapped like dumplings in sacks of rice-flour dough. Others may be snippets of pork, and a number are unidentifiable to the unpracticed eye. Café de Chine is on the eighth floor of an office building, the same building, as a matter of fact, that shelters Jimmy's Kitchen. But traveling to Jimmy's, which has its own entrance on a side street, is one thing, and standing in the lobby of an antiquated office building in the middle of Hong Kong waiting for the small elevator that will shudder and rattle its way to the roof could very well put a tourist off. Our dauntless party stayed with it and ate itself into oblivion. After a while we even got used to the round-table that gave every evidence of capsizing any time a diner put his elbows on it.

New York and San Francisco may have some handsomely fitted Chinese restaurants, but I was at a loss to find one in Hong Kong that didn't look as if it had been knocked together by Sunday carpenters that afternoon. I even went back one night with friends to Princess Garden in Kowloon, where I had been taken on my first trip to Hong Kong by James Robinson of NBC. The Peking duck was just as good—crisp on the skin side and fatty within, served with those doughy thousand-layer buns—and, as

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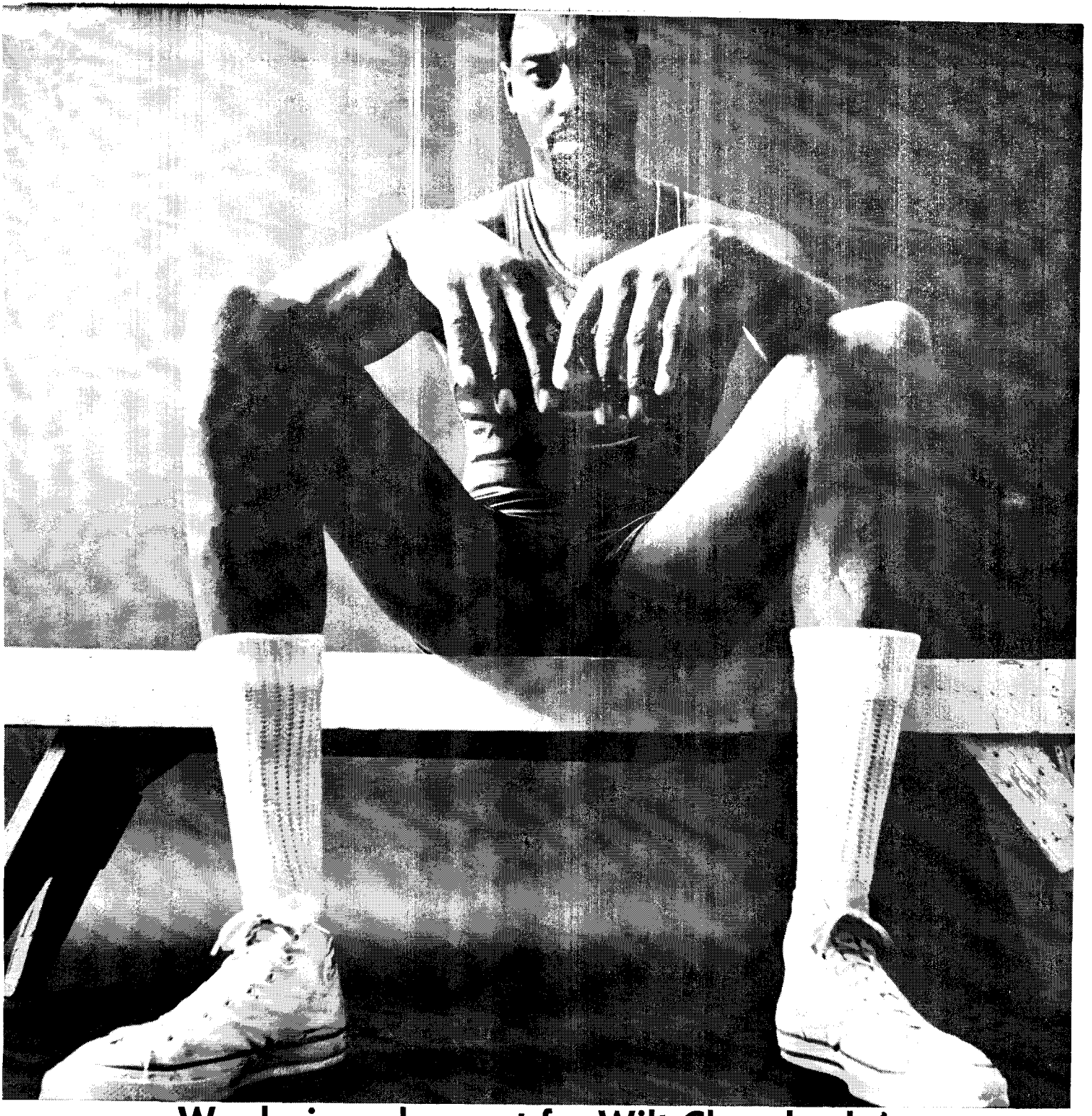

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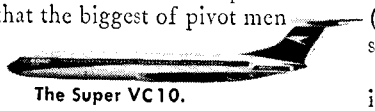

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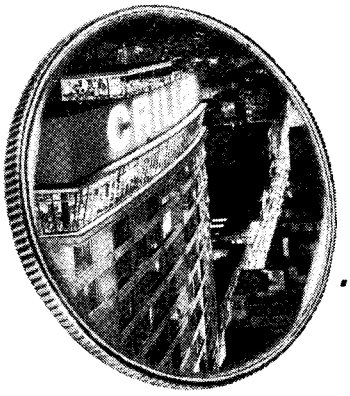

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always, just as immediately available. And so were the toffee apples, which arrive hot and gooey, to be lifted with chopsticks and dropped into cold water, there to become instant candied apples. But one had to be a devoted patron and not too particular to avoid being undone by the noise, the clatter, and the tablecloths polka-dotted with the stains of dishes that had been served to other patrons heaven only knows how recently.

The din in The Den in the basement of the Hilton assailed my soul until I thought the top of my head might blow off like a sewer lid. But up in the rooms, breakfast coffee, brought instantly at a button's push and served in bed or at a table by the picture window hanging over the harbor, was a daily joy. If there should be a near relative reading me, I am prepared to suffer the consequences of saying I miss it at home. I also took to falling into the lower-level sandwich shop of the Hilton, where, although the waitresses are indigenous to the country, the fare runs to open-faced Danish sandwiches served on wooden slabs with a schooner of Tuborg or Carlsberg alongside. On one of the uncounted crossings I made on the Star Ferry during the week I was in Hong Kong, I stopped in for a hard look at the Peninsula's lobby, recently redone along with much of the rest of the hotel, to keep up with the competition that has sprung up on both sides of the harbor. A landmark of the East, it has long been the favored nest of many travelers and was described in great detail in Ernest Gann's 1954 book *Soldier of Fortune*. ("At one end of the lobby is the bar, which is almost always deserted since the patrons of the Peninsula are in no hurry and prefer to have their drinks served to them at the tables which stretch from the bar to the other end of the lobby. There are many tables and many white-coated waiters to attend them. During moments of inactivity the waiters vanish magically into the potted palms....") According to Gann, though I had never heard it said before, there is a dividing line down the center of the

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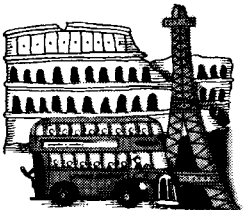

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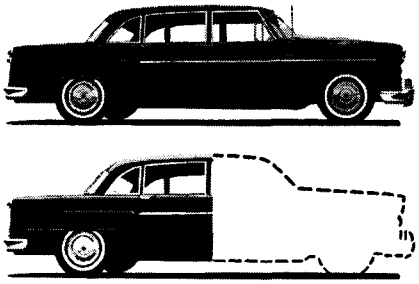

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room, not visible to the eye, yet the British are supposed to sit on one side eating kippers in the morning and reading the *China Mail*, and the Chinese on the other, some of them slipping into place by 10 A.M. and staying there through the business day, under the spinning fans. In Gann's ten-year-old description the American businessmen frequent other haunts.

Gann's description makes no mention of the tourists, and I fear that they have in fact taken over the lobby of the Peninsula, which is now too bright to retain the Oriental mystery that once surrounded it. I regret to say that I neglected to look up to the ceiling to see if the fans were still in place. I also stopped to have a look at the new President Hotel, where, I'm told, Han Suyin maintains a permanent apartment. It is a most unlikely place for her, a massive square structure churning with too many people and precious little taste. It had been used largely as a rest-center headquarters for American troops on leave from Vietnam, but the Chinese Communists objected to the presence of combat troops in town, troops unfriendly to the Chinese cause at that. The British government paid heed and most of our soldiers are now being sent to Taiwan for rest and recreation.

The great spurt of hotel building in Hong Kong has also included a number of small places. I took a look at the Empress, a new and pleasant small hotel where the rates are modest, and the décor, since Hawaiian interests figure heavily in it, is very much in the manner of the Islands, right down to the walls of lava rock in the rooftop perch looking down on the harbor from the Kowloon side.

The new and tighter customs restrictions on Americans may have some bearing on the attractiveness of Hong Kong to our travelers, but frankly I doubt it. The toughest new regulation was the narrowing of the liquor limit from five bottles to one, but that hardly affects Hong Kong. For that matter it hardly affects the dollar flow; a man who drinks Scotch whisky is not going to turn to bourbon because he cannot buy five bottles of duty-free Scotch on an occasional stop at Shannon or Barbados. It may matter to the liquor wholesaler and the liquor store owner, but it hardly matters to the dollar balance whether the Drambuie sipper or the devotee of Mumm's Cordon Rouge buys his bottle at a duty-free port overseas or from his friendly neighborhood spirits merchant.

Despite all the jokes, custom-made suits and shirts continue to be the most sensible purchases here. The trouble was that after the first trip to Hong Kong and the mad dash back and forth across the ferry for fittings, shopping at a frantic pace proved to be a bore. The last time I was here I vowed to let no tailor lay tape measure to my frame, and when I came home I found myself exhibiting a reverse bit of snobbery that has been popular for a time. The opening line of this gambit is, "Well, I went to Hong Kong and I didn't have a *thing* made." The trick, I think, is to find a tailor in your own hotel so that you can arrange fittings on the way in or on the way out. This time I *did* have some things made—a suit, a sports jacket, and

four or five shirts. I changed my tactics because I found Fenwick, a tailor of good reputation, had moved to the Hilton (which now has eleven tailors) and was only an escalator's ride from the lobby. The total price for the bundle of haberdashery came to a little more than $80. Since tailor-made clothing never was allowed to be listed at the wholesale price on American custom's declarations anyway, there will be no difference on duty for made-to-order clothes under the new regulations, which permit returning residents to claim only the retail price when asking for duty exemptions.

For journalists who come to town looking for cronies, the circle of correspondents at the Press Club changes as often as partners in a square dance. Richard Hughes, that marvelous Australian who writes for Fleet Street, was, alas, off in Saigon. Kalb of CBS, so long in Asia, had been transferred to Paris, his terrace-hung home on South Bay Road standing there, meter ticking on the rent, furniture as yet unmoved. The Karnows had left the *Saturday Evening Post* and were at the headquarters of the Washington *Post* in the capital awaiting reassignment (it turned out to be, logically enough, Hong Kong). The Toppings of the *Times* were in town and they invited me to go sailing on their junk at twilight, which is a nice way to spend the end of a day if you happen to be a working journalist in Hong Kong. But there was the shank of the day and it lay ahead. I found Marc Connelly in town and Caskie Stinnett, who hates New York and works for *Holiday*, and, scooping up a large economy-sized Dane named Axel Dessau, we set off for the docks to find the hydrofoil, preferably not the one operated by the Chinese Communists, to thread our way through the Chinese seas to Macao where we would spend the day.

—HORACE SUTTON.

(*Continued next week.*)

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Bossa Up to Date

By ROBERT FARRIS THOMPSON

BOSSA NOVA is a page torn from a chronicle of musicians shaping a *modus vivendi* for us all. It is important music because the richest minds of mid-century Rio de Janeiro continue to invent it. To the extent that we do not measure this expression against Brazilian criteria we damn ourselves and we damn a very special art. This applies to performance as well.

Thus lesser jazzmen think of bossa as a single mood. But in music, as in politics, it is dangerous to remain rigidly convinced. Those who perform under a single principle may someday discover that they are not performing at all. Their pallid happenings are characteristically performed against a broken-down samba beat, which resembles, to my ear, persistent knocking at an anonymous door by a man with an inferiority complex. If such musicians do not impart a hatred of bossa to Americans they at least impart the theory of it.

Somewhat superior to all this, but not too much, is Paul Desmond's recent *Bossa Antigua* LP (Victor LPM-3320). Desmond thinks bossa is sensibility, which of course it is, but he does not infuse his improvisations with the flexible choreographic accents and Mendelssohn-like complexity of modulations that make the inventions of Tom (Antonio Carlos) Jobim a joy forever. Consequently, Desmond's versions, while very pretty jazz, say nothing new. (Even the title of his LP is askew for apparent want of curiosity: *antigua* is a Spanish, not Portuguese, adjective.)

One must not forget that bossa began, as it were, as blue counterpoint to the orange music of the favelas. The favelas are negative diadems of Negro misery, slums set high on the hills above Rio. They seethe with communal, African-influenced dance music. In their dynamic environment there is no privacy. Samba music paraphrases this basic condition: tambourines interrupt whistles, which in turn interrupt friction drums (themselves descendants of an Angola instrument known in Africa as *puita* and in Negro Brazil as *puita* or *cuica*), which overlap verses about the corrupt and the beautiful.

In their apartments below this hill-girt oral tradition, and later at a site called the Beco das Garrafas off Copacabana, the writers of bossa nova found literary release. They wrote with a self-conscious (one might say Western) sense of privacy that was all the more striking because it was founded upon pre-Lenten joyous accents that were always potentially public. Bossa was thus an affectionate answer to the samba notion of communal allusion. It was the voice of men who looked up to the favelas, in both senses of the phrase, but who were not afraid to seek their own departures in jazz phraseology. João Gilberto, for example, styled his voice after the baritone saxophone of Gerry Mulligan. Bossa is not retaliation music, therefore, not a boppish revolt or something akin to the funky break with the cool. On the contrary, bossa without samba is like jazz without the blues. Therefore the continuing allusions to the favelas in, principally, the works of Jobim, the most gifted bossa composer, are highly symbolic of this fundamental fact.

ONE can well imagine, in this context, why a gradual heating up of the bossa in the USA during the past few months can be interpreted as good news. The sort of sensitive speculations (I am still thinking of the work of Tom Jobim) which lesser men coarsen into cliché-introspection are being chanted back into a rich and healthy festival confusion. The more Brazilians on hand the faster and more significant the process becomes.

This does not mean that a given combo has to be made up entirely of Brazilians. With Stan Getz as honorary carioca, Astrud Gilberto manages in *The Telephone Song* (Verve 8600) to manipulate syllables and breath with high favela-like aplomb until they become weapons in a war on corny lyrics. Nor does the playing of straight modern jazz spoil the ratio, provided the jazz is of the highest quality. A case in point is the vibraphone of Gary Burton (again, Verve 8600). Burton has not only mastered the nitty-gritty (musical grits and collard greens) but even answers, as it were, the Negroidal essentials of swing and soul with a gentle internal rhyming, a counterbreathing full of delicacy and nuance.

I have followed the career of Astrud Gilberto in 1965 with great interest. Two of her LPs are current. The first, *The Astrud Gilberto Album* (Verve V6-8608), is excellent; the second is nothing more than aural perfume. With the latter selection the producer evidently required Astrud to mark esthetic time, to mouth commercial nothings, to "balance" the perhaps not so lucrative good taste of the first release.

One discovers a gem of a song on the Astrud Gilberto Album: "Photograph." This unpretentious work consists of two rapid, no-breath total recapitulations of scenes in a love affair. Astrud sings these fragments with the urgency of a conversation on the telephone at two o'clock in the morning. It is a mark of her ingenuity that the *delivery* emerges as the message, a right here and now substance, set in esthetic opposition to the actual import of the lyrics, which talk of preterite happenings at a café beside the beach. She sings, in the accent of today, of verbal snapshots of yesterday.

THERE is another minor masterpiece, *O Morro*. This is essentially a salute to the men of the favelas and their fundamental role in Brazilian music and dance. The text is extremely simple. Astrud adds the imprint of her own style with a most laudable sincerity and restraint. Listen to what she does with the word "tambourine," to the way she keeps the swinging portion of her song in character (by releasing a handful of samba accents precisely at the moment she sings *toda a cidade vai cantar* (The Entire City Will Sing). All of this sounds very rudimentary out of context and described in English. But the transitions of the melody—from gloom to mist to joy to gloom to joy all over again—and the subtle collaboration of Astrud's voice are extremely moving. Tom Jobim wrote this composition. He alone, apparently, knows how to write miniature sambas within bossas.

When Capitol published this year an album entitled, after the name of the performing group, *Brasil '65* I listened to the second track, Jobim's "Favela," and became immediately interested. Here was Sérgio Mendes, a young pianist-leader of a new, entirely Brazilian ensemble, and he was playing piano samba with a technical excellence that perfectly complemented this exceptional item of the Jobim repertory. The third track was even more interesting, culturally speaking. It is called "Berimbau," after the Afro-Brazilian musical bow that is composed of a single string (struck with a wand) and a calabash resonator. (Charlie Byrd told me that he heard a player of this instrument in Brazil during 1961 "get a sound out of that thing that was *human*, the most human-struck sound that I have ever heard.") The music of the berimbau, in the company of a gourd percussion instrument and a box-shaped drum, traditionally underscore the combat of *capoeira* opponents. *Capoeira* is an athletic contest brought to Bahia by slaves from Angola and somewhat resembling

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jiu-jitsu in the sense that skill and balance are prized above brute force.

What do the members of Brasil '65 make of these materials? In the first place, guitarist Rosinha de Valença, who has the innocent fresh face of a truant from a convent school, mutes a characteristic berimbau riff in translation. She respects traditional melody but cools the effect down and makes it liquid. This is all very appropriate to the main aims of early bossa. Wanda da Sah, the blonde vocalist of the group, her head nodding forcefully in response to the ethnic pulses of the song, sings in a robust mood. Close inspection of what she has to say reveals that the Portuguese text seems to talk topical politics behind a mask of folklore. (The liner notes, of course, offer no hint of what is happening.)

Actually, she sings:

Quem é homem de bem
Não trai o amor que lhe quer
Seu bem quem diz muito que vai
Não vai assim como não vai
Não vem, quem de dentro de si
Não sai, vai morrer sem amar
ninguem.
O dinheiro de quem
Não dar o trabalho,
De quem não tem capoeira, que é
bom
Não cai. Se um dia êle cai,
Cai bem.

Here is an English version with no pretensions to a capture of the flavor of the original but with faint rhymes to preserve something of the poetry:

He who is a man of means
Does not betray the one whom it
seems
He loves, who says she will leave,
Though she does not, does not
leave.
Because he is never outside
Of himself he is going to die
Not loving anyone, it seems.
The man of means who does not
Grant jobs nor play capoeira a lot
Does not fall. If one day he falls
He'll fall hard.

The gist is: well-heeled governments cannot afford to betray the people no matter how docile the latter may seem. If government does not deal with unemployment or "play capoeira" (*i.e.*, enter into the special problems of the little man) it will, regardless of its present security, someday fall. Thousands of Americans have enjoyed Wanda da Sah's percussive delivery of "Berimbau" without realizing that the text of the song deeply involves them in Brazilian politics.

"Berimbau" is but a single facet of a complicated LP. There are some very

— *Atlantic Records.*

Sergio Mendes (at extreme right) and members of "Brasil '65" —left to right, Jose Soares, Anna-Maria, Joao Palma, Marcos Valle, and Sebastiao Neto . . . "Absent is idolatory of the cool. . . ."

meaningful lyrical moments. "She's a Carioca" is one of these interludes. Listen, in addition, to the guitar of Rosinha de Valença ("Consolaçao" and "Tristeza Em Mim"). Hers is a wholly pleasing vehicle. The odd thing about this album, the strange concealment of the inventive powers of Sérgio Mendes, was probably a function of the normal reticence of the stranger in the market place. Here Sérgio kept his voice low while he got his bearings.

EXPOSURE to a knowing and sympathetic crowd at El Matador in San Francisco has worked wonders on this ensemble. I happened to observe them at work in San Francisco last May. A portrait of Manolete looked down upon their improvisations. Their voices crackled with growing confidence. There were ingratiating spaces of unison vocal answering amid the tinkle of carnival bells and strikers. Clearly, they were beginning to assert themselves. At this writing they are doing considerably more than that at the Village Vanguard in Manhattan.

The first fruits of Brasil '65's work in San Francisco have just been released (*In Person at El Matador*—Atlantic 8112). I recommend this disc unreservedly. Not only does it bring Sérgio Mendes to the center of bossa happenings, where he deserves to be, but also it furnishes a fresh challenge to the precious melancholy which the world has abstracted from the work of Jobim and Gilberto.

In other words, Brazilian vital drive and melo-percussive idiom are once again flowing into the American consciousness. Absent is idolatry of the cool. Samba transitions intersect with jazz lines drenched with earthy piano blues. Older bossa fusions paled exquisitely in imitation of the timbre of the baritone saxophone of Gerry Mulligan.

FOR example, the first few notes of Sérgio Mendes's "Noa Noa"—where he speaks for the first time wholly in his own voice—are sparingly shaded with something like South Chicago "soul." Consider the opening measure wherein Sergio blues the notes that would have been normally accented in a Brazilian phrase, leaving untouched by jazz coloration those notes not traditionally marked for special emphasis. This enhances the native quality of the line without drawing too much attention to a new source of power. Brazilian rhythmic equilibrium has not been disturbed. In the next measure Sérgio repeats the funky accents in a more frankly blues-based context, relaxes with two measures of straight modern jazz, then tightens up with a return to the traditional. The composition as a whole sustains the strength of its affecting introduction.

Elsewhere on this record Sérgio transforms the predominant eighth notes of samba phrasing into feathers and talons; that is, into passages that in turn flutter and strike. He does this on piano especially during the playing of a piece called "Reza." In other numbers the voice of Wanda da Sah adds smoky blues and grays to the bright mosaic of the whole. Rosinha de Valença, on the other hand, plays a guitar that is sympathetic but faintly out of touch with the revolution going on around her. Perhaps this is the charm of her contribution. With Brasil '65 on hand to balance the soft samba with extroversion, the prospects for bossa nova in America today look very good indeed.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Kenny Burrell: *Guitar Forms.* Burrell, guitar, with quartet and 13-piece band; Gil Evans, arranger and conductor. Verve 8612, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	This, at last, is a set that does justice to the many-faceted talent of Kenny Burrell, who plays both the amplified and the classic Spanish instrument here. The material covers a lot of ground, beginning with an Elvin Jones blues that is reminiscent of Big Bill Broonzy's. There is an excerpt, played as a solo, from Burrell's transcription of Gershwin's "Prelude #2 for Piano," a skilful interpretation of Joe Benjamin's "Terrace Theme," and well-devised performances with the big band of "Greensleeves," Alec Wilder's "Moon and Sand," and Cyril Scott's "Lotus Land," the locale of the last being shifted to Spain. The kind of brooding backgrounds Gil Evans wrote for Miles Davis are even more appropriate and moving behind Burrell, to whom beauty of tone is obviously of prime importance. Thanks to doubling on the part of the reeds, Evans achieves a great deal with a relatively small number of musicians.
John Dankworth: *Zodiac Variations.* Dankworth, alto saxophone, clarinet, arranger and conductor, with 15-piece band and guests: Clark Terry, trumpet; Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Lucky Thompson, Zoot Sims, Ronnie Scott, Danny Moss, tenor saxophones; Ronnie Ross, baritone saxophone; Chuck Israel, bass; Osie Johnson, drums. Fontana 27543, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	By all odds, this Anglo-American collaboration is the most imaginative and fascinating big-band album of the year. "Just as the signs [of the Zodiac] are influenced by the inexorable progression of planets and stars," Dankworth writes, "my variations are governed by the cycle of keys and modes." Moreover, each soloist is born under the sign of the variation featuring him. Some of the variations are brief, but all have shape and form, and they rejoice in exquisite textures and dynamic contrasts. In terms of compositional and arranging ability, Dankworth shows himself here to be second only to Ellington and Strayhorn, whom he obviously admires and has studied. The Americans add color and personality, but the English soloists compare very favorably, especially Danny Moss, Ronnie Ross, and Dankworth himself.
Grant Green: *His Majesty King Funk.* Green, guitar; Harold Vick, tenor saxophone; Larry Young, organ; Ben Dixon, drums; Candido Camero, conga. Verve 8627, $4.98, stereo, $5,98. *Talkin' About.* Green, guitar; Larry Young, organ; Elvin Jones, drums. Blue Note 4183, $4.79; stereo, $5.79.	Green, Young, and Dixon work together regularly as a unit, a fact that gives the Verve album, on which they are heard together, a rhythmic strength and definition not always present on Blue Note. The influence of the saxophonists he admires is frequently to be heard in Green's single-note lines, where the feeling of spontaneity is more consistent than his inspiration. During long, leisurely solos, as on both records, the listener sometimes needs patience, but it is usually repaid. And when reflection is deserted in favor of dancers' needs—"Daddy Grapes" (Verve)—he, Young, and Dixon work into a very exciting groove.
Al Grey: *Shades of Grey.* Grey, Grover Mitchell, Bill Hughes, trombones; Harry Edison, trumpet; Elvira Redd, alto saxophone; Lockjaw Davis, tenor saxophone; Kirk Stuart, piano and organ; Wyatt Ruther, bass; Sonny Payne, Rufus Jones, drums. Tangerine 1504, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	More care and preparation obviously went to the making of this rewarding album than is usually the case today with those by small bands. The arrangements by Roger Spotts are neat, well played, and well recorded, the level of musicianship being generally high. The use of three trombones and organ on some tracks gives the ensemble a rich, full-bodied sound, which complements the best solos in years by Lockjaw Davis and Harry Edison. Grey is an increasingly individual and convincing soloist with the plunger mute. ("A New Blues" and "Put It on Mellow"), and his open work often surprises with the scope of its reference, as when the solo on "Jilly's Honey" begins swiftly in a manner worthy of Benny Morton. Vi Redd, the most accomplished lady saxophonist on the scene, and all members of the rhythm section likewise acquit themselves admirably.
Art Hodes: *Plain Old Blues.* Hodes, piano; Truck Parham, bass. Emarcy 26005, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Old they may be, but Hodes, who knows and loves them, shows how many colors, grades, and variations there are in the blues. Playing the blues is what he does best, and he is at pains to do it faithfully in both form and content. Age has enhanced rather than impaired his ability, so that those familiar with the records he made more than twenty years ago may be surprised by the agility of his right hand. There are blues here by Pinetop Smith, Leroy Carr, James P. Johnson, and King Oliver, but the Hodes originals come off well, too, particularly "By A. and T."
Illinois Jacquet: *Spectrum.* Jacquet, tenor saxophone, with nonet and quintet. Argo 754, mono and stereo, $4.98.	On the first side, Jacquet labors in a dreary rhythm-and-blues setting with five drearier tunes, three of them from the movies. The second side is relatively livelier, Patti Bown has several solos, and in the performance of his own number, "Big Music," Jacquet does more than hint at the jazzman he really is.
Billy Larkin: *Blue Lights.* Larkin, organ; Clifford Scott, alto and tenor saxophones, and flute; Hank Swarn, guitar; Mel Brown, drums. Aura 3003, $3.79; stereo, $4.79. Howard Roberts: *Goodies.* Roberts, guitar, with trio, quartet, quintet and septet. Capitol T 2400, $3:79; stereo, $4.79.	A promising organ trio from Oregon, the Delegates made their record debut on an earlier Aura album (3002). They are joined here by a talented alumnus of the Bill Doggett band, Clifford Scott, whose striking alto saxophone on "Killer Joe" indicates his familiarity with pre-Parker styles. A well-chosen program allows for adequate mood contrasts, and the tempos are more satisfying than is customary. The titles of Howard Roberts's three previous albums (*Color Him Funky, Something's Cookin', and H. R. Is a Dirty Guitar Player*) were variously misleading or inaccurate. Although he is accompanied by three organists, the proceedings on this one are similarly bland and innocuous. Disappointment probably stems from the fact that H. R. is *not* a dirty guitar player, but an overly hygienic one.
Otis Spann: *The Blues Never Die!* Spann, piano and vocal; James Cotton, harmonica and vocal; James Madison, Dusty Rivers, guitars; Milton Rector, bass; S. P. Leary, drums. Prestige 7391, mono and stereo, $4.79. Various Artists: *Bluebird Blues.* Blind Willie McTell, Tampa Red, Poor Joe Williams, Sonny Boy Williamson, Tommy McClennan, Sleepy John Estes, Arthur Crudup, Lonnie Johnson, blues singers. RCA Victor LPV 518, mono only, $4.98.	Spann heads the regularly Muddy Waters combination here, with Waters heavily disguised as "Dirty Rivers" on guitar. The singing is done by Spann and Cotton, the tempos are excellent, and the music justifies the album title, for this is how the blues continue to be sung and swung under honorable conditions. The integrity of the group is remarkable, and there are very few in jazz who can swing like it. The Victor collection, mostly culled from the old Bluebird catalogue and wisely annotated by this magazine's Lawrence Cohn, is designed to give a perspective on the 'Thirties and early 'Forties. Masterly singers like McClennan, Estes, Williams, and Williamson, as well as the great guitarist Lonnie Johnson, are contrasted with the folky McTells and the once-popular Crudup and Tampa Red.
Stanley Turrentine: *Joyride.* Turrentine, tenor saxophone, with 15-piece band; Oliver Nelson, arranger and conductor. Blue Note 4201, $4.79; stereo, $5.79.	Turrentine plays well in this big-band context, building excitement on "River's Invitation," waxing warmly romantic against Nelson's sonorous backgrounds on a Buddy Johnson ballad, and evoking a mood of lonely melancholy on Jimmy Smith's "Bayou." The record nevertheless exemplifies a distressing contemporary tendency to stretch individual talents to thinness, if not to the breaking point. The first-class accompanying band includes men like Snooky Young, Clark Terry, Henry Coker, Budd Johnson and Kenny Burrell, but every solo is by Turrentine except for one by pianist Herbie Hancock. —STANLEY DANCE.

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Voices of Yesterday

HISTORY once was the province of the printed page alone, which, with contemporary art work, gave us all we had for remembrance of things past. Without art and the printed word there was no history—until cameras and films and tapes and recordings came along. Now we have not only the words handed down from one generation to another but the actual voices and sounds of the originals. And sometimes these new instruments of recorded history give us fresh views or ideas of what a man or a woman or an event was like. But, on the whole, if the present rash of historical recordings are good examples, we will still need the printed word; the voices and recapturings of sound will be but cosmetics, frosting, condiments on top of what we already have in writing.

Capitol Records is releasing the actual recorded voices of half a hundred outstanding celebrities from two centuries mixed into a sort of historical narration spoken by Fredric March. Here in the original are the voices of Thomas Edison, Lillian Russell, Teddy Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Woodrow Wilson, General Pershing, Gandhi and Einstein, Lindbergh and W. C. Fields, Cal Coolidge and Jimmy Walker, George Bernard Shaw and Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Where Edison's voice is clear, intelligent, and exciting, William Jennings Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech recreated makes it immediately apparent why Bryan was the most persuasive political declaimer of his time—strongly oratorical but not flowery, absolutely clear to the last row and the last syllable (and with no public address system to help him). On the other hand, Lillian Russell's soft sweet nothing of a voice seems to prove that she must have been beautiful beyond description. And, alas, Teddy Roosevelt sounds like a take-off on Fiorello La Guardia; his high, squeaky voice chatters away a mile a minute in tense nervousness not always pleasant to the ear. Admiral Peary's voice, on the other hand, is tough and sure. You would trust him with any assignment. William Howard Taft sounds exactly like his son, the late Senator; the vocal resemblance is positively startling. President Wilson's great voice, a well-modulated baritone, makes it possible for us to understand why he was the most sought-after public speaker of his time. Pershing comes off well, while Foch is emotional and very French. Then Henry Cabot Lodge, Sr., talking like the America Firster that he was, precedes a sad and almost inaudible deathbed defense of the League of Nations by the stricken Wilson. Gertrude Stein reads her jolly "Valentine" poem, Lindbergh makes some jokes that come off, Coolidge's flat, nasal assurance contrasts sharply with Jimmy Walker's patent baloney, and Gandhi is there saying with precision: "I regard myself as a soldier, though a soldier of peace."

How successful can a motley like this be? It depends on what you expect. Having been disappointed before, I did not expect, perhaps, as much as others will and I was not, therefore, disappointed. Taking these precious bits for what they are—incredible echoes of history going back to the very voice of Florence Nightingale herself, to the bugle that was blown at Waterloo and actually called the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, one can feel only gratitude. Here are the original Florodora Sextette singing "Tell Me Pretty Maiden," George M. Cohan delivering his unforgettable curtain call "My father thanks you, my mother thanks you. . . ." Some of them you can't hear very well at all, understandably. Mr. March's brightly done narration is, however, a treat and treasure, as always, and no history buff (or teacher) dare be without a pressing as unbelievable as the two slim sides of "Hark! The Years!," truly a collector's item in sound.

Comparing ancient voices in the original to MGM's recording of the words of Pope Paul VI on his New York visit last October 4 is patently unfair but, since these discs are issued at approximately the same time, comparisons are inevitable. In the case of Pope Paul's visit, most of us saw and heard so much on television (some of it in color) that his words alone make awfully hard listening. For one thing, not everything he says in English can be understood, since English is not one of his strong languages. I suppose anyone with a feeling for his historic visit will wish to add the actual sound of his voice to the record library, but to be candid about it this is not a very arresting item.

The Adlai Stevenson portrait-through-speeches is, of course, much more readily discernible and, as always, beautifully said by one of the great public speakers of all time. We hear the late Ambassador accepting Presidential nominations, conceding Presidential defeats, damning Communist aggression in the U.N., and eulogizing Sir Winston Churchill in words that could well have applied to himself. If you loved Stevenson this is your pigeon, and if you own a collection of memorable voices you cannot do without either the Stevenson or Pope Paul issues.

STILL another kind of history-in-the-recording comes this fall from Enrichment Records and Random House. Based on World Landmark Books, two pressings for particular use by young people in school dramatize the life of Julius Caesar, the story of Albert Schweitzer, and the years of Winston Churchill. Naturally, the Caesar story contains no "original" sound, but is simply a dramatization with actors and a script of the life and times of the most ambitious European before Napoleon. The Schweitzer dramatization, possibly because there may be little recorded in English by him, also is entirely recreated by actors' voices. On the whole, the Caesar side of this recording comes off better than the Schweitzer dramatization. There's something faintly ludicrous to me in an actor's portrayal of a famous man speaking ersatz small talk to his wife in a slight German accent and highly dramatic, stilted language and timbre. I suppose one must give Dr. Schweitzer a German accent to prove his origins to the school child, but the results are often unintentionally funny.

The Churchill recording, on the other hand, includes not only a stirring dramatization of the great man's life and times, but also one side devoted to excerpts from famous speeches by Churchill as recorded at the time of delivery. No matter how many times one hears the rolling cadences and lovely dependent clauses—precision language of a truly great master, spoken impeccably by the master himself—one never ceases to marvel at the luck of having been for even a few years Winston Churchill's contemporary. One thing is sure: in this whole batch of history-on-record there are no better voices or more persuasive vocal personalities than Churchill, Wilson, Roosevelt, and Stevenson, unless it is the silver-voiced orator, William Jennings Bryan. —RICHARD L. TOBIN.

Hark! The Years! Capitol T 2334, $3.79.

An Historic Occasion: Pope Paul VI Visits New York City October 4, 1965. MGM E 4337-D, $3.79.

Adlai E. Stevenson—Produced by Audio Stage, Inc., for The Macmillan Company—AS-101 61447, $5.79, Radio Press International.

Winston Churchill (EWR 304). *Julius Caesar,* and *The Story of Albert Schweitzer* (EWR 302). Dramatized recordings adapted from World Landmark Books (Random House), Enrichment Records, $5.95 each.

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Opera at the Goosemarket

KEISER: *Overture; "Croesus herrsche"; "Prangt die allerschönste Blume"; Peasant Scene; "Ich sä' auf wilde Wellen"; "Ihr stummen Fische seid dem gleich"; "Götter, übt Barmherzigkeit" (from "Croesus")* [*Hermann Prey (Croesus), Lisa Otto (Elmira), Manfred Schmidt (Orsanes), Theo Adam (Eliates), Karl-Ernst Mercker (Elcius) and Ursula Schirrmacher (Peasant Girl)*]. MATTHESON: *"Hochbeglückte Zeiten"; "Empor! Empor!"; "Vorrei scordarmi"; "Schau Boris uns in Gnaden an" (from "Boris Goudenow")* [*Theo Adam (Boris), Manfred Schmidt (Iwan) and Marlies Siemeling (Irina)*]. TELEMANN: *"Was aber denkt ihr . . . Mein herz erfreut sich" (from "Pimpinone")* [*Shige Yano (Vespetta) and Herbert Bauer (Pimpinone)*]. HANDEL: *Ballet Music (from "Almira"). Berlin Philharmonic, Wilhelm Brückner-Rüggeberg conducting.* Angel 36273, $4.79; stereo S 36273, $5.79.

In 1677, an opera company was formed in and for the city of Hamburg, and by the next year it was situated in its own house by the banks of the Alster River on Gänsemarktstrasse, Goosemarket Street. For nearly six decades it flourished as "an opera theater such as at that time existed in no palace, no court, and no city in Germany." Until times and tastes changed, and until Italian opera became the vogue of the day, the Goosemarket was a showcase for many leading German composers.

The first work produced at the Goosemarket was Theile's *Adam and Eve; or Man Created, Fallen and Restored to Grace.* This opera was typical of the biblical themes that dominated the repertoire in the theater's early years. Gradually, however, librettos were drawn from history, classical mythology, and local subjects. The essentially popular nature of the Hamburg company was evident by the frequent use of the dialect of the region and by the appearance of market women and "dames of questionable reputation," as Bukofzer puts it, in place of castrati. Eventually the earthy but lavish (for their day) productions at the Goosemarket, with their comic intermezzos, aroused the ire of the city's Lutheran conservatives and a heated conflict raged pro and con.

Before the company failed in 1738, it had produced nearly 250 works, most of them in German. Its golden age was during the reigns of Richard Keiser as director, 1695-1706 and 1709-1717. Keiser wrote some 120 operas, and his music was lavishly praised by Handel, whose admiration must have been genuine, for he incorporated sections of Keiser's *Octavia* into operas of his own.

The excerpts from *Croesus* on this new Angel LP vividly demonstrate that Keiser wrote with a definite flair.

The opening Sinfonia and the chorus "Croesus herrsche" are broad, grand statements, elaborately orchestrated. The arias "Prangt die allerschönste Blume," for Croesus, and "Ihr stummen Fische," for Elmira, are, in contrast, set in the popular style of the German *Singspiel.* The five-part Peasant Scene (Ritornello-Dance Song-Recitativo-Air with Children's Chorus-Peasant Ballet) is music of enormous charm, and doubtless gave rise to a pastoral scene so dear to Goosemarket audiences and so repulsive to the Pietists.

Side 2 is devoted to three other composers prominent in the history of the Hamburg theater: Mattheson, Telemann, and Handel. Mattheson is represented by four excerpts from his "dramma per musica," for which he supplied his own text, *Boris Goudenow; or the Throne Gained through Cunning.* This work, written in 1710, was recorded in its entirety several years ago but is no longer in the catalogue. Mattheson, a lawyer and diplomat, as well as a composer and singer, met the encroachment of Italian opera head on: he interpolated Italian arias into his German libretto.

The opening chorus is a brilliant, joyous piece of music, but of more interest is the final chorus of old men and children which corresponds, but only dramatically, with the opening chorus in Moussorgsky's *Boris,* where the people beg Boris to accept the throne. The brief duet from Telemann's *Pimpinone,* a comic opera that anticipates Pergolesi's *La serva padrona* by eight years, is the least engaging item on the record.

The ballet music (Courante-Bourée-Menuet-Rigaudon-Rondeau-Chaconne-Saraband) from Handel's *A Change in Fortunes Gained through a Crown; or Almira, Queen of Castile* concludes the disc. Written in 1706 when Handel was twenty-one, *Almira* was so successful at the Goosemarket that it threatened Keiser's supremacy as reigning composer of the theater. He answered the challenge by writing an *Almira* of his own. Handel's music for the ballet sequence, with the notable exception of the stately, beautiful concluding Sarabande (which later became "Lascia, ch'io pianga" in his opera *Rinaldo*), is not particularly distinguished, however.

The performances range from only acceptable (in the case of the two artists in the Telemann duet) to superb (Hermann Prey in the *Croesus* arias). The orchestra's playing throughout is excellent, and much of the enjoyment of the record comes from the flowing tempos of Brückner-Rüggeberg.—JOHN ARDOIN.

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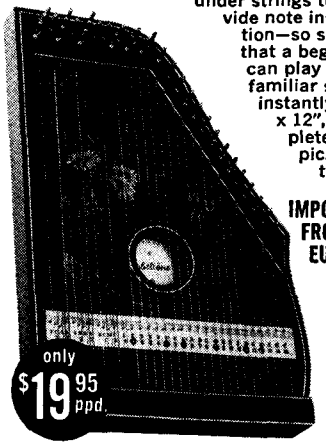

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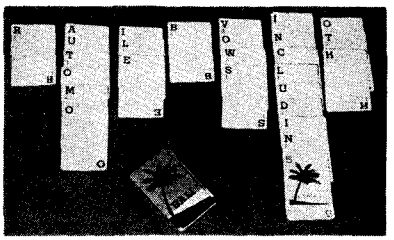

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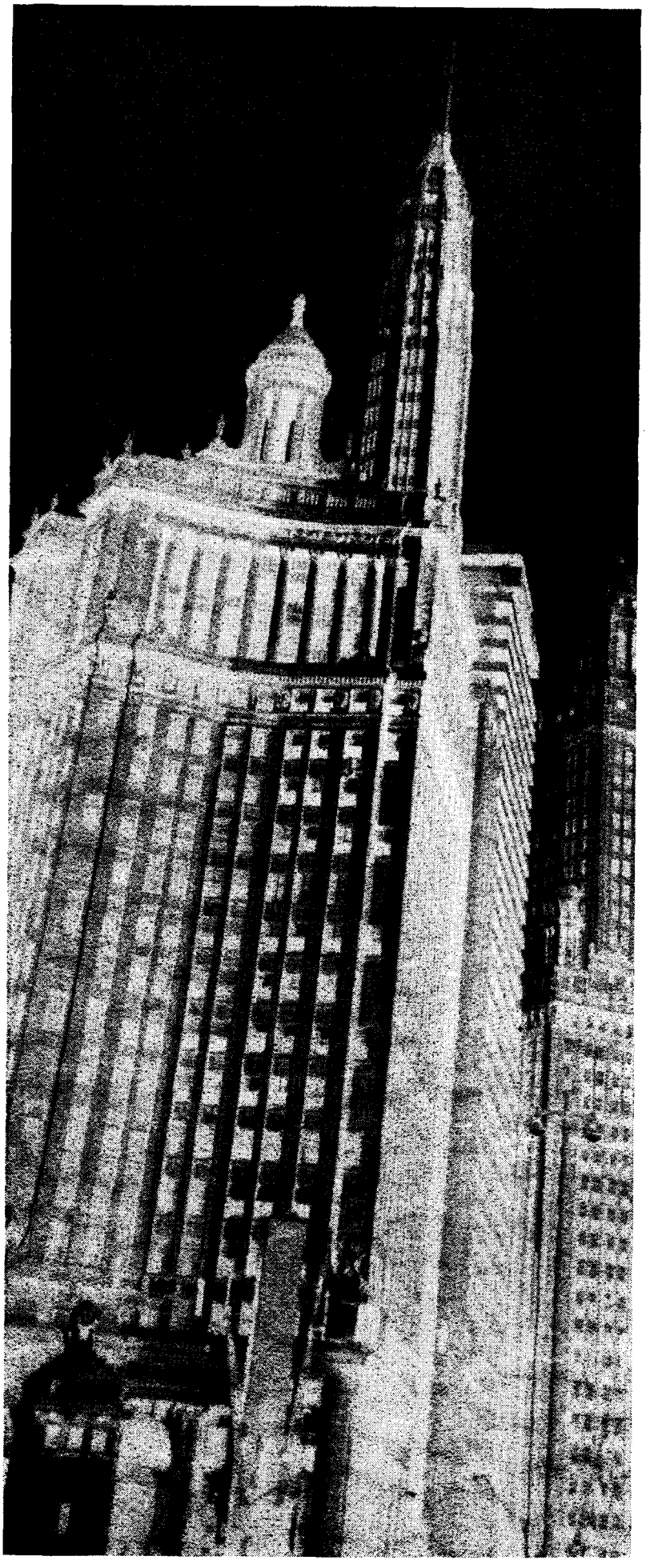

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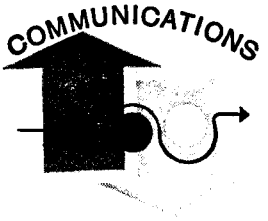

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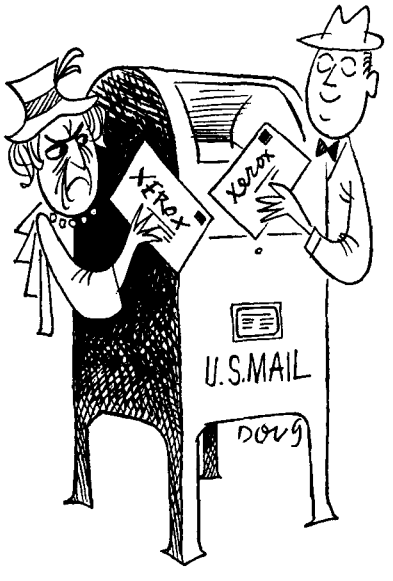

Xerox Proves a Point

IN MAY 1964 we reported to our readers the difficulties Xerox Corporation was getting into following an announcement that it would produce and sponsor a series of television specials on the United Nations. It all began quietly enough a couple of years ago when Xerox decided to underwrite a series of hour-and-a-half filmed fiction shows designed to acquaint the American people more fully with the United Nations, its potential, its myriad activities, and its amazing accomplishments for a world organization so young. Xerox put more than $4,000,000 behind the series because, as C. Joseph Wilson, president of Xerox, put it: "How ridiculous it would be for us to build a showroom in New York without simultaneously trying to build a peaceful world." Mr. Wilson called Xerox's move "an innovative business proposition," adding: "As you look at the kind of long-range public relations values which we are seeking, these programs will prove, in five years or ten, to have been very, very good investments indeed."

Recently Elmo Roper and Associates has published in its privately distributed marketing and public opinion letter, "The Public Pulse," an extremely interesting report on how Xerox has made out with its expensive U.N. film drama experiment. The Roper article tries to answer such questions as: How much harm does a corporation suffer when it puts on a TV series that becomes the center of political controversy? How destructive to a company is a letter-writing and publicity campaign organized by a group that opposes the whole premise of the program? How representative of public opinion at large are the letters of protest?

Here is what the Roper follow-through found out: After a quiet start, in which Xerox made an initial decision that it would have only opening and closing institutional credit in each ninety-minute TV film, a tidal wave of letters suddenly struck the corporation one hundred to one against the forthcoming TV series. This sudden flood of protest mail was, of course, no chance item but stemmed directly from a bulletin of the John Birch Society which called its members' attention to Xerox's plans, commenting: "We hate to see a corporation of this country promote the U.N. when we know that it is an instrument of the Soviet Communist conspiracy." The John Birch bulletin suggested that "an avalanche of mail ought to convince [Xerox] of the unwisdom of their proposed action from a strictly business point of view." The Birch bulletin did suggest, however, that its readers refrain from threatening a boycott of Xerox products, an illegal and punishable act.

Now, a $300,000,000-a-year-business must react in some way to 61,000 letters written to its top executives in the course of a few months, particularly when every one of these 61,000 letters threatens to destroy the company and all its works. It would be absurd to say that the Xerox management was not affected in some manner by the organized opposition to its proposed U.N. programs. Yet an analysis of the mail quickly showed that the 61,000 letters were written by about 16,000 people and that many of the letters were practically identical. When these funny coincidences were added up, Xerox's decision to stand by its original plans became a lot easier,

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though there had never been a moment's hesitation in any case.

Meanwhile, pro-U.N. organizations, following Newton's law, reacted in support of Xerox, the world assembly, its accomplishments, and its potential. Altogether, 14,500 letters of approval came in to Xerox written by approximately 14,500 distinct individuals, and the first two shows—*Carol for Another Christmas* and *Who Has Seen the Wind?*—went on the air as scheduled. A Roper poll disclosed that in the two weeks after the second show more than one out of four American adults had seen, read of, or heard about one or both Xerox-U.N. productions and one in five had actually watched one or both shows. Most people liked the shows—three out of four called them "good" or "outstanding." But most important of all to the company, 31 per cent of those aware of either or both shows identified Xerox as the sponsor.

As to corporate public relations, the shows have, it seems, generated more than enough good will for Xerox to offset any damage inflicted by the John Birch hate campaign. Indeed, 54 per cent of those who were aware of the series responded in Roper's survey that it was "an extremely important and worthwhile series to have on TV" while another 25 per cent said that, with reservations, the series was "probably a good idea." Only 5 per cent found it "not a particularly good idea" and only 1 per cent expressed themselves as "strongly opposed to having such a series on TV." The third show in the U.N. series, *Once Upon a Tractor*, was successfully televised this fall and a fourth, *Poppies Are Also Flowers*, is scheduled for early winter (the subject: world narcotics traffic and what the U.N. does to control and prevent it).

Far from being a corporate menace, the Birch letter-writing campaign ended in oceans of editorial comment from every corner of the land. Xerox's decision not to waver and to stick to its idealistic guns drew literally hundreds of newspaper editorials in hallowed space usually out of bounds to product identification. And the answer to the question of how much debit a corporation might suffer when it puts on a courageous TV series that becomes the center of a political controversy was, in Xerox's case at least, far less than the long-term corporate credit. In short, Xerox has proved a point: that a firm decision based on idealism and principle makes good corporate common sense and that the timorous hedging and fearful compromise of other big companies in similar situations is not only unnecessary but in the long run probably poor business procedure.

—R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Moved and Seconded

The board of directors of the National Newspaper Promotion Association, meeting in Sacramento, California, on October 6, 1965, voted to endorse Richard L. Tobin's proposal [*SR*, Oct. 9] that a category for community service be added to the annual Pulitzer newspaper awards.

President E. T. McClanahan, promotion director of the Denver *Post*, brought a copy of the editorial to our meeting and discussed its contents. First Vice President L. L. Cavanaugh, promotion director of the Minneapolis *Star & Tribune*, moved that the Board of Directors officially endorse the proposal and that this endorsement be communicated to the Pulitzer Award Committee. Past President Earl R. Truax, Jr., promotion director of the Miami *Herald*, seconded the motion and it was adopted unanimously.

We are also writing Robert U. Brown, publisher and editor of *Editor & Publisher* magazine, asking him to support the plan in one of his early issues. This would get the matter before large numbers of publishers and editors who read his magazine.

Our directors were enthusiastic in their endorsement of your proposal. If there is any way in which the National Newspaper Promotion Association can be of help in furthering this plan to broaden the awards, please keep us advised.

Clifford A. Shaw,
Secretary-Treasurer,
National Newspaper
Promotion Association.

Providence, R.I.

Printing Paternity

"Printing's Do-It-Yourselfers" by my good friend J. Ben Lieberman [*SR*, Oct. 9], is an excellent outline of what the private presses are doing today. But each of us pastime printers is inordinately fond of his own "children," and in the article one of mine was kidnaped—inadvertently, or in a makeup mixup, I'm sure. The first illustration, the ABC page for *Bye Baby Blessing*, was not a creation of Lieberman's Herity Press but of my Best-Cellar Press. I'll be grateful to you for publishing this re-establishment of its paternity.

Donald M. Brown.

New Rochelle, N. Y.

Investor Relations

As a long-time fan of *Saturday Review*, it was a special pleasure for me to read in this week's issue the piece by Lou Golden on public relations, "Educating the Investor." Having followed both the magazine and Lou Golden's department, it was no surprise to find that the description of the New York Stock Exchange's educational programs was both amazingly perceptive and comprehensive—even though it was condensed to a single page. It is, perhaps, the best short piece on the subject that I have read.

On behalf of the Stock Exchange and its staff, may I express our admiration and appreciation. Incidentally, you may be interested to know that we are sending copies to our Board of Governors—some of whom are already subscribers and, I know, think highly of your magazine—in case they missed the article in their regular copies.

I think the department on communications, and particularly the section on public relations, is making a valuable contribution, not only to those who have special interest in this subject, but to your intelligent readership as a whole.

Ruddick C. Lawrence,
Vice President,
New York Stock Exchange.

New York, N. Y.

Pre-Screened Commercials

Richard D. Jones's broadcast engineer friend [*SR*, Sept. 18] seems to have pulled the wool over his eyes, ears, and a good deal to boot. If Mr. Jones will arm himself with FCC Circular 65-618, "Statement of Policy Concerning Loud Commercials," he will see that every broadcast station is required to screen a substantial part of its new recorded commercials for objectionable loudness, and other qualities as well, two days before first putting them on the air. He may write the FCC at Washington, D.C. 20554.

A second point is not made in the FCC circular: Many radio and TV stations have been so put together that the simplest way to double-check a doubtful commercial is to broadcast it just once. The necessary equipment was installed at station owners' demand long before the FCC issued its policy statement. The degree of objectionable loudness that the listener hears is determined in part by the amount of audio compression added between a station's master control console and its transmitter. Extra audio compression means extra objectionable loudness. Many stations have been laid out—as a result of hard-won experience—so that monitor speakers are fed by a signal picked up "off the air" inside the transmitter cabinet. Operators on duty thereby learn instantly of a transmitter failure or other defects. . . .

A third point: Any device which will cut off Mr. Jones's TV sound at the advent of an overloud commercial can be adapted to turn on a klaxon in a station's control room.

The writer has been a non-TV-watching broadcast executive since 1953.

Mike Fern,
Editor, *The Garden Island*,
News Director, KTOH.

Lihue, Kauai, Hawaii

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PRESERVING THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT

By JOHN ROTHMAN, *editor of the New York Times Index.*

WHEN PEOPLE REFER to the *New York Times* as "the newspaper of record," what they usually have in mind is either the almost limitless scope of its news coverage or its conscientious publication of the full texts of many important documents—treaties, speeches, legislation, judicial decisions, even the transcripts of Presidential press conferences and of Congressional hearings.

The *Times*, however, is a newspaper of record also in quite another sense. While reporting today's events, it is recording them for the future; the news set down today for tomorrow's readers is preserved and compiled for future generations, for all time. "The record" in this sense is the vast store of information, of incalculable value, that is created when today's newspaper is added to those of yesterday and all the preceding yesterdays to form a continuous, detailed, all-encompassing day-by-day history of mankind.

The compilation of "the record" is a function altogether separate from the gathering of the news and the publication of the daily paper, one that requires a separate, substantial effort. Few readers are aware that the *Times* is intensely concerned with this function, and fewer still are aware that the *Times* goes to extraordinary lengths to sustain it even when, as in the recent strike, the daily paper cannot be published.

To preserve this vast store of information, it must be put into a permanent form that can be housed conveniently; and to facilitate its use for search and retrieval, a convenient means of access must be offered. To accomplish this, the *Times* produces a microfilm edition and the *New York Times Index*. (In addition, of course, it maintains its own huge clipping morgue, but this is not accessible to the public.)

The microfilm is prepared from the final Late City Edition, the last to roll off the presses early each morning and therefore the one carrying the latest and the most nearly complete news. Each issue is photographed page by page on 35mm. film; a full page is reduced to a frame just under two inches long by three quarters of an inch wide. A reel contains an average of eight complete issues and could easily be put into one's pocket; all the reels that contain an entire year of the *Times* fit into an ordinary desk drawer. The film is viewed on a microfilm reader, a projector-magnifier that throws a legible image onto a built-in screen.

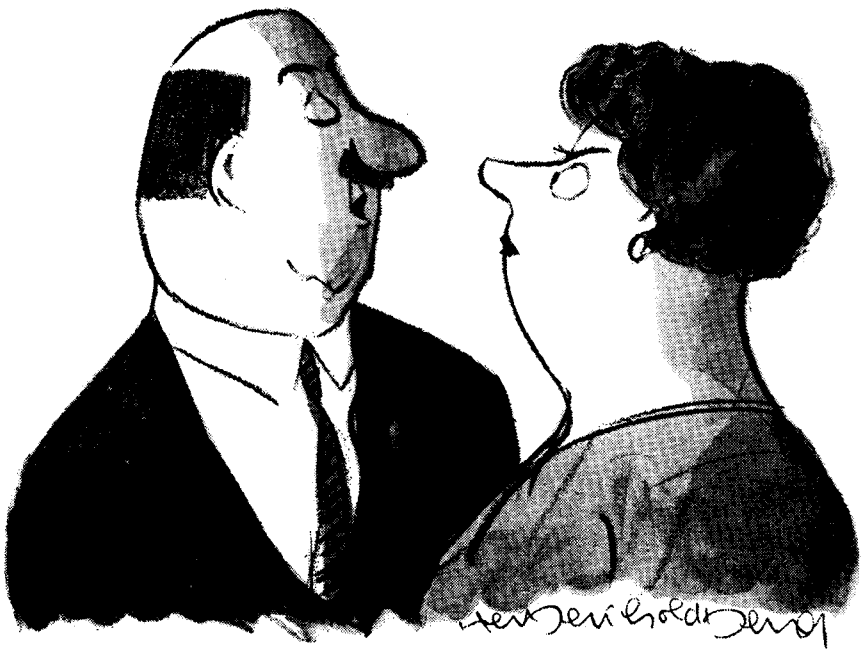
Microfilm came into use of necessity shortly after the Second World War. It replaced the bound files of the newspaper, which had become too heavy to handle, too expensive to produce, and too wasteful of storage space. (The number of subscribers still getting the bound files has dwindled to a mere handful.) The entire file of the *Times*, back to the first issue of September 18, 1851, is available on microfilm.

The *Index* is somewhat more difficult to describe, in part perhaps because its title is a misnomer. Far from being a mere conventional word list, like the usual indexes found in the back of books, it is really a combination index and abstract service, a classified digest of the *Times*. It is produced by nearly thirty indexer-abstract writers, copy editors, and file clerks, and issued twice a month as magazine-size booklets that cover the material published in the final Late City Edition from the first to the fifteenth or from the sixteenth to the last day of each month. The contents of the twenty-four booklets issued during a given year are cumulated, re-edited, and published in a single annual volume, running close to 1,200 pages, that constitutes the final "Book of Record."

The indexers analyze the content of articles published in the daily paper, assign relevant subject headings to each article, write full and informative but concise abstracts of each article to be entered under these headings, and identify by date, page, and column at the end of each abstract the article from which it is derived. The file clerks arrange the headings in alphabetical order and the abstracts under each in chronological order by date. The editors edit all the copy to assure that, under each subject heading, it tells a coherent, lucid, informative, consistent story. The *Index* may thus be used either as an independent reference work or in conjunction with the newspaper file.

Indexing is a giant guessing game. Indexers must assess in advance what information a user is likely to seek, where he is likely to look for it, and how much detail the abstract (or "entry") should include to possibly spare him a trip to the original item in the newspaper. They must devise ways of guiding the user to additional information that he may not be seeking but that would also be relevant to his quest. They must keep in mind that they are serving not only the users of today but also those of fu-

(*Continued on page* 102)



"Can I help it if I have charisma?"

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THE NEW NEGRO'S NEWEST MAGAZINE

It's Tuesday on Sundays

By WILSON SULLIVAN

OF THE 21,000,000 Negroes in the United States, at least 4,000,000 are already reading a two-month-old newspaper supplement called *Tuesday Magazine*. Aware of new urban markets, *Tuesday* is pitched frankly to Negroes. Joan Murray (CBS) and Bill Cosby have graced its first covers. Its central interests are Negro. Its leadership is Negro. Its primary reception is clearly Negro.

But *Tuesday* is tucked once every month into nine major U.S. newspapers addressed primarily to whites: the New York *Journal-American*, the Boston *Sunday Advertiser*, the Chicago *Sun-Times*, the Philadelphia *Sunday Bulletin*, the Detroit *News*, the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, the Milwaukee *Journal-Sentinel*, and the Rochester (New York) *Times-Union*. Total press run is 1,500,000.

Tuesday, as an essentially Negro supplement published in predominantly "white" newspapers, is unprecedented. Negro supplements have, of course, been published in Negro newspapers, at least two of them somewhat comparable to *Tuesday*. Their appeal, their approach, and their editorial judgment, however, were consciously limited. And both of them died aborning. For many Negroes feel that the very publications that purport to honor and serve them only further sustain their segregation with glossy solemnity. Not even mimetic old *Ebony* (750,000) has cast much of a shadow on people who demand assimilation. Like other Negro publications, it has persuaded its special community, but has never really convinced it. Like other Negro publications, it underwrites the very sense of apartness its content decries.

—*James Belfon.*

Editor and Publisher Leonard Evans: "To buy is to vote."

Not so for *Tuesday*. It is not only the first nationally distributed Negro supplement published in big "white" newspapers. It is also the first Negro magazine addressed, consciously, to the world. Its primary objective, of course, is to mirror and serve its own people. But, by intent, it is meant for everyone.

"*Look* and *Life*," says *Tuesday*'s editor and publisher Leonard Evans, "are basically published for whites but also read by Negroes. *Tuesday* is basically published for Negroes and read by whites, too. We want you to know who we are, what we're doing, what we're thinking, planning, and hoping for. Call it the first honest dialogue with the white community, if you want to. Call it good business, if you like. But we think *Tuesday* is necessary and that there isn't anything like it. We will report. We will reflect. And we will educate."

A stylistic synthesis of *This Week* and the *Herald Tribune*'s *New York* magazine, *Tuesday* is intrinsically interesting, catholic, well written, and well turned out. It ranges, departmentally, from the inevitable photoquiz ("Who is Ralph Bunche?") to "Tuesday's Teen." It is systematically concerned with how Negroes are faring: relative percentiles in the armed forces, college degrees, Broadway shows, income with or without a B.A., white-collar and blue-collar status. It notes, for example, that the Negro increase in white-collar employment in the last three years topped the white increase, 16.2 per cent to 9 per cent.

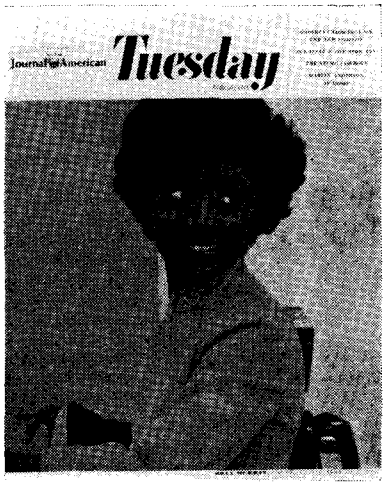
Unabashed, *Tuesday* hails "Negro cowboys" from long, long ago (one Negro teen-ager wrote in: "You're kidding!"). It salutes the "new news girls," with entirely acceptable emphasis on lovely Joan Murray. It features first-rate articles by Gene Grove and Godfrey Cambridge; laments the continuing Gaullist mystique among Negro Africans who should know better; celebrates Cannonball Adderley, Art Blakey, Odetta. It visits "Marian Anderson at Home" in an eight-color-shot center spread. Reflecting what publisher Evans calls a growing sense of community among Negroes and Spanish-Americans, it reports with high color José Torres's return home. Its "Memo from Washington" cogently underscores progress in civil rights, fair employment, reapportionment.

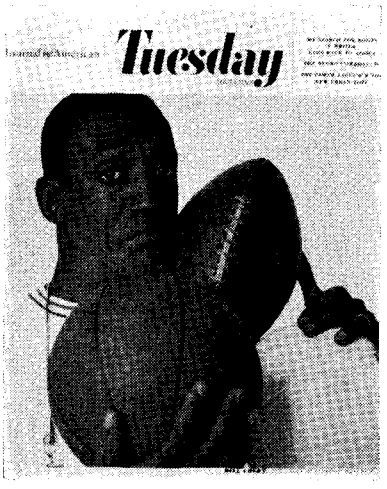
Tuesday's book-review section, bland but always friendly, limits itself to unsigned quickie reviews of books exclusively about Negroes. "This emphasis is wrong," publisher Evans agrees. "And it will change." But so far, the book-review record for this first slick Negro supplement doesn't go much further than to call Claude Brown's excellent *Manchild in the Promised Land* "startling."

Who's backing *Tuesday*? How did it start? Where does it hope to go?

In its first issue, *Tuesday* carried ads by Sinclair Oil, Old Rarity Scotch, Cut-Rite, Ballantine Beer, Prudential, Dew Touch, and Adolph's Salt Substitute. Its ad ratio, however, is a perilous 10 per cent. "They're watching to see how we do," says Leonard Evans. "We expect a big ad boost in November."

Publisher Evans speaks with assur-





The September and October covers of *Tuesday*—"Tuesday's child is full of grace."

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ance of advertising. "In my senior year at college," he recalls, "I did a term paper on the American national weekly magazine, in terms of its advertising potential. I conceived the idea then that there might be a solid, unified Negro national market. I went to all the Negro publishers I knew to sell them the idea, but they wouldn't buy it. In addition, the Negro market that existed was highly fragmented and local."

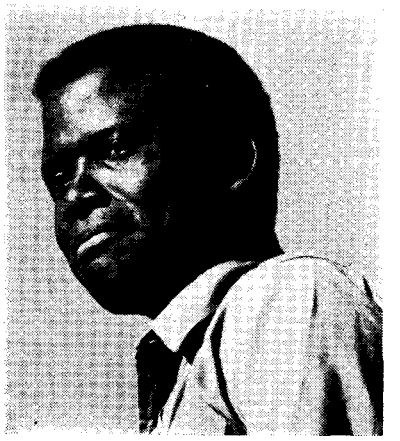
Evans himself went into marketing, working for himself and for Arthur Meyerhoff Associates in Chicago as an account supervisor. "By the late 1950s," he says, "I realized that there was a great, new national potential for a big Negro market. And I saw, too, that this was not an ethnic market, not a class market. I knew that the Negro bought, and buys, from a defensive posture. He chooses the national brand with consistency. If he goes into a store he wants the best: Del Monte, Maxwell House, Cadillac. When he gets the best brand, he feels more secure, unlike your white who is less impressed by brand names the higher he rises on the economic ladder. Given this uniform Negro insistence on brand names, it was obvious that a Negro supplement supported by brand-name ads could make a go of it, particularly if this supplement is published in large urban areas to which, of course, Negroes have moved en masse in the postwar era."

Encouraged by such associates and friends as Norman F. Strouse, Chairman of the Board of J. Walter Thompson, Patrick H. Gorman of Schlitz, and Arthur H. Meyerhoff, Evans formed his *Tuesday* corporation in 1961, moved into Third Avenue's chic Burroughs Building in February 1965, and came out on the stands with a forty-page first edition in September.

—*Wide World.*

Godfrey Cambridge: "congratulates Negroes: 'They are getting closer to [their] own truth.'"

—*Bettmann Archive.*



—*Dennis Cameron (Pix).*

From "Uncle Tom" to Sidney Poitier.

Who writes for *Tuesday*? Just Negroes? "No," Evans says. "Anyone who meets our standards of journalism and can do the job." (*Tuesday*'s staff is, in fact, 60 per cent white.) "Our articles," Evans says, "must first of all reflect a positive aspect of our democracy. There's plenty wrong with our democracy, to be sure. But we want to stress what's right with it, its potential for good. Our articles must be about people and things of real interest, subjects that elevate and educate. We have no special Negro slant. We want, very simply, to provide knowledge to both Negroes and whites about Negroes and associated whites in all fields of life."

WHAT does *Tuesday* think of other specifically Negro magazines? "They sustain segregation," Evans replied. "The big Negro magazines have never made a serious attempt to establish a dialogue with whites. They are, also, patronizing to Negroes as Negroes, with their equation of quality with what we might call a super-whitism. They've established monopolies among their friends. They are separatist. We are not that. We offer *Tuesday* as *Time* offers *Time*: for everyone."

Leonard Evans sat back in the chairman's chair at *Tuesday's* long teak conference table. "You must remember," he said, "that the American Negro is no longer ashamed of being African. Africa is rising, organizing, buying. As Africa rises and gains new pride, so does he. Adam Smith put it well: 'To buy is to vote.' The Negro is buying. He is voting. He is aware of his own uniqueness. He no longer denies his color. He sees it, accepts it, works with it, and is learning that it is no less—and no more—than any other."

Two entries in *Tuesday*'s slick first and second editions support the publisher's point. In *Tuesday*'s first fashion column, Negro designer Avia (accent on the *i*) reshapes the shift into "something of a fashion classic . . . adapting that African feeling." Comedian Godfrey Cambridge, noting the passage from Stepin Fetchit to Sidney Poitier, congratulates Negroes: They are, he writes, getting "closer to [their] own truth," no longer willing to accept, even in fun, the "derisive stereotype" of the "ninny-grinning," banjo-strumming Old Black Joe, congenitally "lazy and shiftless, addicted to crap games and watermelons." Cambridge applauds the passage from Uncle Tom to Dick Gregory. "We are," he writes, "saying things that everyone thought about but never said." Negroes, he adds, "are evolving toward an honest and accurate expression of [their] experience as Negroes in this kaleidoscope of America."

Tuesday's publisher is ordinarily reserved and terse. But he spoke warmly of a New Negro. And he hoped *Tuesday* might help lift the Negro to eminence not just in sports or entertainment, but in the highest places. He spoke of "a black Henry Ford, a black Dean Acheson, a black Roger Blough." He leafed through a pile of congratulatory letters that said *Tuesday* was politically wonderful. I asked for a letter from a Negro youth—boy or girl—in response to the first *Tuesday*.

The Michigan girl's letter was brief: "Usually," she wrote, "one reads about White people. . . . It was really a gratifying feeling to know that *we* have a place in the world. . . . It gives me courage to look to the future to know that one day we will be completely accepted. . . . A great change is occurring; a Negro revolution, or to phrase it more accurately, a Negro renaissance in which we are awakening to the fact that we, too, are people. . . . Thanks so much."

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JOURNALISM EDUCATION: MYTH AND REALITY

By JOHN TEBBEL

TWO years ago the Ford Foundation, concerned with the state of journalism education and how it might be helped, assigned the late David Boroff, professor of English at New York University and a talented magazine writer, to make a tour of the schools and departments.

Boroff visited more than twenty-five schools, a cross-section of the nearly 300 programs of various dimensions, examining them from the vantage point of his academic background and his professional skill as a reporter, particularly of the university scene. The report he submitted to the foundation, coupled with further investigation and discussion, became the basis for the Ford grants of last spring to the School of Journalism at Columbia, and to the Nieman Fellows at Harvard. Ford contemplates a few other highly selective grants.

Even as the grants were being announced, Boroff was busy following up his investigation with letters to the schools he had visited, asking them to bring him up to date on what they had been doing, for purposes of a magazine article he was writing. The article, "What Ails the Journalism Schools?" (one of the last he wrote before his sudden and untimely death in May), was published last month. With the earlier report, it constitutes an indictment of journalism education's present condition. It indicates that the journalism schools, like newspapers themselves, are in need of reappraisal and new direction.

The schools themselves are not unaware of it. At the annual meeting of the Association for Education in Journalism in August, coordinating committees of the American Newspaper Publishers Association and the AEJ met in joint session for the first time. This may reflect a reaction among some journalism educators to the growing antiprofessionalism in the schools that has produced so much recent criticism and controversy. Aside from this forward step, however, the AEJ's business session passed a ritual resolution criticizing the Johnson administration for "news management," and another praising the news media for their coverage of the Dominican crisis, certainly one of the worst-reported international events of recent times.

In any critical appraisal of J-school performance, as the Boroff report makes clear, the traditional complaints of the schools' critics must be whittled down to their proper pygmy size. These complaints can be summarized as follows:

1) Journalism schools are "trade schools." This is a peculiar piece of academic snobbery, originating in the traditionalist's inability to understand that journalism is as much a profession as law, medicine, or engineering. It is a charge without merit.

2) Newspapers don't want journalism-school graduates. As every school and department head knows, he could place twice as many graduates, if he had them—and on specific requests from publishers. Aside from the few old-guard holdouts remaining, most newspapers not only welcome but prefer journalism graduates, and the publishers themselves have been devising recruiting programs to get more bright students into high school and college journalism courses.

3) Journalism can be learned just as well on the job as in school. So it can, if there is someone to teach, and if the learner is satisfied to acquire no more than the knowledge of his teacher. Journalism education saves the employer's time, and if it is good education the student will be learning how to turn in a performance better than the level of mediocrity which prevails on most papers. The sloppy writing and editing so prevalent today cries for better-trained personnel, who take real pride in their craftsmanship. Unfortunately, many schools and departments are not equipped to supply it.

With these familiar strictures dismissed, however, there remains plenty of room for criticism, which the Boroff report supplies. Perhaps the worst problem the schools present is the quality of their faculty members. Whether that quality is any worse than in schools of education, say, is beside the point; journalism has its own peculiar dilemma.

If professional education is the objective, then the teachers ought to be

"Yes, I have a question. . . . If you're not going to eat your cherry cobbler, could I have it?"

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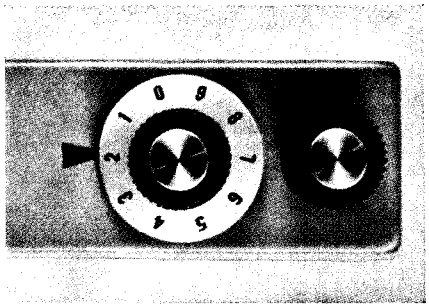
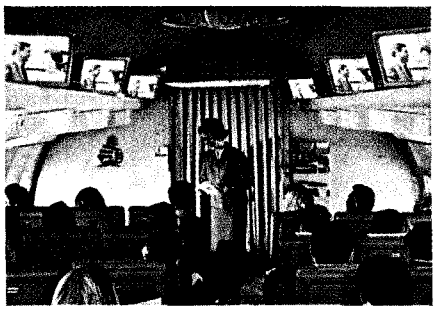
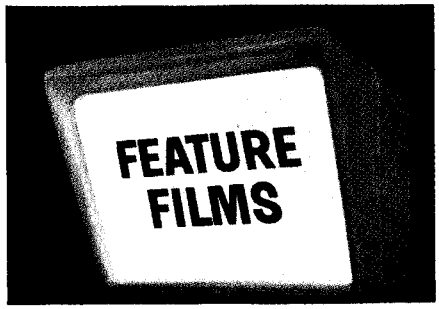
Theatre-in-the-Air to Europe. It's a movie and much, much more.

PAN AM



Here's our new switch on high-flying entertainment. Turn it—and tune in anything from a great movie to nine programs designed for private listening.





① **Movies.** First-run and feature films with your favorite stars.

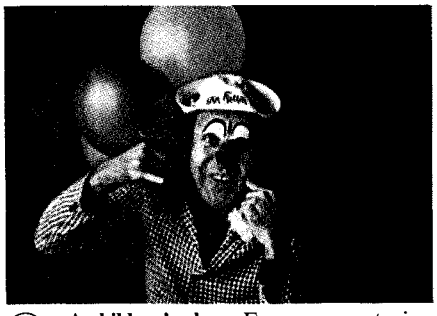
② **Show tunes.** The best from Broadway and other famous boulevards.

③ **Classical music.** Bach, Beethoven, other famous composers, in stereo.

④ **Mood music.** Smooth contemporary sounds, always very stereo.

⑤ **Pop singers and bands.** Renditions of old and new favorites.

⑥ **Tunes for teens.** The big beat at 30,000 feet. For young hipsters.



⑦ **A children's show.** Funny man, stories, songs, riddles and games.

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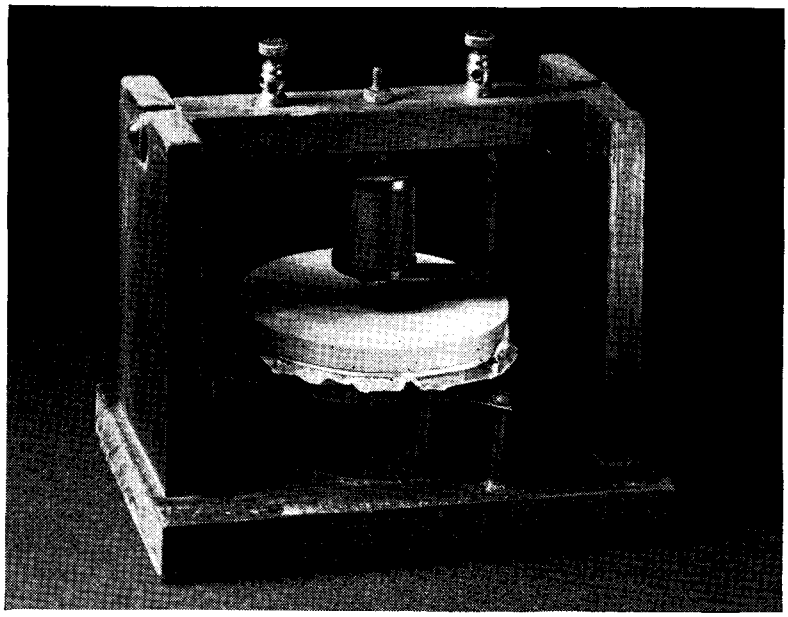
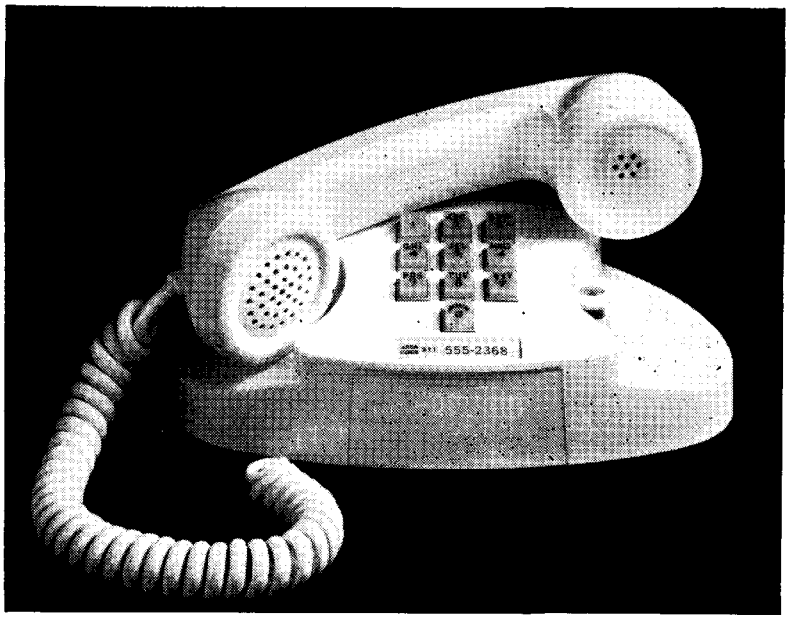


On June 3, 1875, Alexander Graham Bell first transmitted recognizable voice sounds on this ingenious instrument. It employed a tightly stretched membrane, called "goldbeater's skin," which was sensitive to sound waves.

90 years of telephone progress toward better, faster service!



This year, 1965, the area-by-area introduction of fast, convenient Touch-Tone® phoning is well under way. Modern push buttons speed calling and open up many new uses for your phone. For example: you may be able to shop by phone just by touching buttons to identify the merchandise you want—or pay bills through your bank the same way.

The 90 years between these two models have seen literally thousands of telephone designs developed. And behind them all has been a relentless search for new methods and materials that would carry the human voice farther, faster, more clearly—and as free from trouble as humanly possible. That's why your telephone and your telephone service will always keep changing—for the better.

Bell System
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skilled practitioners of the craft. But too often the schools draw city-room people who didn't quite make it, or writers from other media who are less than mediocre, or academicians with only a smattering of experience. It seems axiomatic that teachers who are going to teach writing and editing and presumably improve the standards of the profession ought to be good writers and editors themselves. Too few are.

If academic education is the objective, as it has been increasingly in the field of journalism, then the Ph.D. blight sets in. As Boroff points out, the Ph.D. is becoming mandatory for journalism professors in the best schools. The equation of this terminal degree with teaching has already done substantial damage to American education in general, and threatens to do more, but in the case of journalism education it has been profoundly destructive. The holder of a Ph.D. can be presumed to have had no professional journalism experience; the exceptions are a rarity. He is therefore unqualified to teach anything but mass communications research, which employs the disciplines of sociology and psychology and is unrelated to journalism except that it purports to apply statistical measurements to the media. The rising dominance of such research in the larger schools has meant their increasing and inevitable divorcement from professional training.

But even if the dean or department head is free to recruit from the profession, without the academic strictures usually placed on him by unsympathetic administrations, he is confronted with the difficulty of making teaching financially attractive to men who have done well in the media. Newspaper salaries are much better than they used to be, while academic salary scales have improved more slowly. As one department head lamented the other day, "I've got to fill a job in a hurry, and I'd like to get someone good, but where can I find anyone who's really good for $7,500 a year?"

Another sensitive area of criticism is the curriculum. The Boroff report enumerates some telling examples of nonsense being taught in journalism schools, and the list could be extended indefinitely. This justified complaint, however, should not blind any nonacademic observer to the fact that there is probably no more humbug in journalism curricula than there is in other disciplines, or in everyday American life for that matter. Indeed, the reality quotient in journalism courses is probably considerably higher than it is, for example, in the dream world of sociology, and journalism education is certainly far less unyieldingly doctrinaire than many other disciplines.

There is, nevertheless, a need for much higher professional standards, and a general re-evaluation of just what it is the schools intend to teach. The current tug-of-war between the academic and the professional can only be ultimately unsatisfactory to both sides, and present compromises are unhappy, makeshift solutions that make little sense.

The Boroff report remarks on the lack of connection between schools of journalism and campus newspapers, but it does not explore fully the reasons for it. One is fraternity control of most of the larger campus papers and the unwillingness of the brothers to share their cozy racket with anything that smacks of the Establishment. Another is the equal unwillingness of journalism faculty members to become administration front-men. No matter what pious explanations are offered, administrations in general think of campus publications as public relations arms of the universities, and vitally involved with the business of fund-raising as they are, administrators are quite naturally concerned with the public image of the university, which school papers may damage in the place where it hurts most—potential donors.

It is a fact of life, however, that students, and especially student editors, could not care less about this Establishment problem. They are filled with radical ideas about freedom of the press, and they resist, with varying degrees of success, the controls that every administration attempts to exert. These controls vary widely, from virtually none to absolute, but in every case the editors fight them when they prove restrictive. Many administrations attempt to employ journalism faculty members as buffer states between these opposing forces. Most refuse to be drawn into the buzzsaw.

In any case, the best student newspapers are produced without the aid of a journalism department or school, desirable though a connection between them may be in theory. It is also true, however, that few editors from these papers go into journalism; the schools continue to be the chief source of supply for the media.

In another place, the Boroff report deplores the timidity of journalism educators in criticizing the mass media, except for such outspoken publications as Columbia's *Journalism Review*, which appears quite willing to take abuse from the traditionally thin-skinned press. This deficiency is particularly deplorable because it leaves criticism of the media, for the most part, in the hands of egocentric litterateurs who have little knowledge and even less understanding of them.

Obviously, journalism education needs to have its face lifted. It needs better teachers, recruited from the best practitioners in the profession, with salary scales sufficient to attract them. This has been the case in other academic fields; why should journalism be the exception? It needs to make its present faculty members better qualified by insisting that they maintain continuing professional experience of some kind. It needs more training programs in specialized fields now relatively neglected, like education, the behavioral sciences, criticism, science, and international news reporting. It needs to bring the campus closer to the media through fellowships, seminars, institutes, and by other means.

It needs these and other things, but perhaps most of all right now it needs to make an honest reappraisal of itself, decide what broad course it ought to pursue, and shape itself toward the requirements of the future. A revolution is impending in the communications business that is going to change it perhaps beyond recognition. Journalism education ought to be in the front ranks of that revolution. At the moment it is somewhere near the rear guard.

The Esthete Contemplates Nature And Finds It Derivative

By Ted Olson

THE orchestras of August are rehearsing
something stridulous—late Bartok, perhaps?
The dissonances could be his, but that obsessive
stupefying iteration is surely Orff.

I rather like that hill—mass cunningly
counterpoised by unequal mass, plane
cleaving lesser plane. Wright had that trick—
Was it Taliesin East or West?

Those aspens are a little too self-consciously
posed against a Vlaminck sky.
They learned that shiver from Calder.

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DRAMA IN TWO DIMENSIONS

By MARGARET R. WEISS

IN THE image-conscious worlds of entertainment and communications, the still camera plays a wide repertory of supporting roles. Currently cast as narrator for an exhibit commemorating *Hallmark Hall of Fame's Fifteen Years of Television Drama*, it turns out to be the real star of the show.

An avowedly institutional "retrospective" like this one was not intended as a showcase for either photography or the photojournalist's art. Yet it is essentially a photo essay that unfolds on the stark black walls of the sponsor's Fifth Avenue gallery. With sibling rivalry between visual media temporarily suspended, what set out as a toast to the TV camera's achievements has settled in as a tribute to the still photography that records the on-camera and behind-the-camera story of video theater.

The tribute, however, is a silent one. Though production credits are plentiful, credit lines for photographers are nowhere in evidence except for a single small caption on a rear-wall panel. Even the gallery's huge billboard listing the job classifications of the 350 people involved in every *Hall of Fame* program makes no mention of "still photographer"—the man whose camera not only documents each production but provides the press with the publicity pictures that are intended as graphic magnets for attracting audiences to the home screen.

Superficially appraised, such a photographic assignment would appear no more demanding than any other indoor shooting in which the subjects are moving around within a circumscribed area of space. Picturing lively-art performers, however, does present specific challenges of its own. Stills designed to be audience-catchers have to "speak" as loudly as the dramatic action being portrayed. For such images as these, the photographer must not only know his way around proscenium arch or studio set but also how to translate the theatrical idiom into lens language. He has to recognize and be ready for the little moments that have large meaning, the telling sequences that telescope into a picture story, facial expressions that appear and fade in a fraction of a second, compositions that form and dissolve with constant fluidity.

Taking our cue from that above-mentioned single-lined photo credit, we sought out Robert Fuhring. His is the camera responsible for "translating" many *Hall of Fame* production highlights into prints that have made the pages of such publications as *Life*, *Theater Arts*, and the *New York Times Magazine*, and now make up an imposing section of the documentary exhibit. As our conversation spiraled inward from generalities to particulars, his comments revealed a working philosophy, an incisiveness and intensity of purpose few might associate with the often lightly dismissed publicity shot or press handout.

It is with "practice and forethought" that photographer-publicist Fuhring approaches his assignments in this specialized form of communications. For him, as for other practitioners serving the performing arts, life, clock, and calendar capitulate to the rehearsal schedule. Attending repeated rehearsals and dry-runs allows planning for the exact moments and angles that will yield the best pictures. "This is the only chance the photographer has to rehearse *himself* for significant action, expression, or gesture, and to be ready for the changing relationships of the actors to each other and to the scenery."

TO the photographer's advantage, the predictable action of the theater—whether television, stage, or screen—is better organized and controlled than that found ready-made in real life. The story goes somewhere, heads toward a neat resolution; conflict is out in the open, with strong emotions externalized and subtle expressions unmasked by playwright, director, and actors.

But herein may also be cause for some artistic reservations on the part of a creative image-maker. "Suddenly you're struck by the thought that you're dealing with someone else's images, not your own. The story belongs to the playwright; the scenes have been contrived for you by the actors; the style and finish have been supplied by the director. Costumes and settings are the product of other people's talents, and someone else has even placed the lights. You are merely recording what they have arranged."

What's more, there is the disillusioning fact that the still camera is not even recording the *final* results of all this creation—the polished play put on with full feeling for live telecast or videotape. Dress rehearsal is literally this camera's opening and closing night.

"It is difficult to be satisfied, at best, with photographing an image of an image of a make-believe," Fuhring admits. But reality often waits in the wings to intrude upon the rehearsal stage. Perhaps the director steps into the picture to try out an added bit of stage business, or an actor's inspired improvisation may cause a ripple of delight in his small circle of colleagues. Such unpredictables provide the photographer with primary images for which no amount of planning could prepare.

IN yet another way, reality bids the camera to "break out of the script" and record action not blueprinted by writer or director. For instance, a shot of a member of the cast seen against a bank of floodlights overhead reveals him as an actor at work and not as the character he is playing. Or it may be a view of camera and sound equipment in a massive cluster around an intimate scene—a visual trick that breaks the bubble of make-believe and stamps the image Life instead of The Play.

Sometimes, too, the photographer enjoys a little game called "Beat the Director." "You look for better angles than his, and try to win a picture even when he contrives against you. In television and film-making he has two or more cameras to work with in a moving medium; you have only one camera and usually have to say something in one picture. Typically, a director can bring two separated actors together by cutting from one to another of his cameras. If one of the two players is out of range, you are out of luck. But, more often than not, a different angle and lens will catch the scene you want for the printed page, even though the audience will never see it on screen quite your way."

These, then, are some of the considerations of the cameraman creating dramatic stills destined to lead an active life of their own in the pages of newspapers and magazines.

When the show's sponsor commended the contributions of "actors, writers, artists, and technicians of the communications industry," he spoke of "a rare devotion to excellence, a pursuit of the unusual and outstanding, when it might have been easier to settle for less." His words apply to the man behind the still camera, too.

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Still camera telescopes into a single view whole sequence of action which TV cameras can pick up as a series of reaction shots between characters. (From *Eagle in a Cage*, October 1965)

Effective stills "freeze" mood as well as action—even when camera is working against odds of time and temperamental dry-ice pyrotechnics. (From *Macbeth*, November 1960)

Implied action speaks louder than flat statement of the completed act. Here, a "telegraphed" slap tells more by anticipation than does instant of actual impact. (From *The Fantasticks*, October 1964)

Scenes like this have many rehearsals, but photographer has only one chance to record the "right" version as it happens. (From *Eagle in a Cage*, October 1965)

Captured in closeup, peak moment of rapidly shifting expressions capsules a crucial scene. (From *Macbeth*, November 1960)

—Photographs by Robert Fuhring (Courtesy Hallmark Gallery)

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A STARTLED LOOK AT BRITISH TELEVISION

By JAMES F. FIXX

LONDON.

IT COULD hardly have been without at least a small flicker of trepidation that the British Broadcasting Corporation, on a recent Saturday night, offered television viewers the first instalment of a new satirical show, *BBC-3*. For the program included, among its satire of politics, personalities, and places, a daringly executed parody of nudist films under the title *Naked as Nature Expected*.

And naked it was. As even an outsider could see, the show represented something of a departure for the BBC, the traditional town crier of such things as culture and coronations, and more than one staid British eyebrow was raised even before the show went on the air. But if there were any lingering doubts that the BBC did indeed mean to go through with its plan, they were quickly dispelled when the program was broadcast. Chief among the film's incidents was a nudist wedding, purportedly taking place at something called the Happy Valley Health Club but actually filmed at, of all places, Woburn Abbey, the Duke of Bedford's ancestral home. In it, a bride appeared nude, save for a large bouquet, while her groom was bedecked only by a topper. Meanwhile, in the background, voices were heard to sing "All Things Bright and Beautiful."

It was, as the BBC producer responsible for the program said later, "all a great big giggle." But giggle or not, even the participants had their moments of misgiving. "I couldn't believe it when I was asked to appear in the nude, by the BBC of all people," said one veteran actor. "I decided to accept in the end but, let's face it, it was a bit strange." And a twenty-two-year-old actress who played the part of a bridesmaid said afterward, "I'm one of those running around completely starkers from the back view. . . . There was one leapfrogging scene with couples that we all thought positively daring, if not obscene."

As soon as the show had been broadcast, the BBC braced itself for the repercussions.

Interestingly enough, they never came.

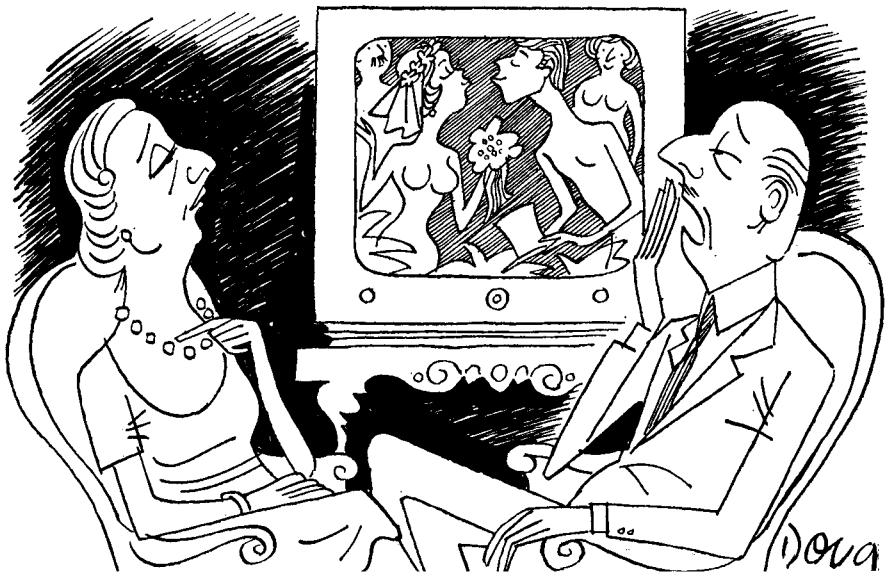
Next morning the *Daily Telegraph's* knowledgeable television critic, Peter Knight, called the program "not an inspiring start" and noted in passing that only a few viewers had bothered to phone the BBC with complaints. The same day I spoke with a BBC official, Peter Saynor, who remarked, "No, the nudist film doesn't seem to have the country up in arms. I suppose the British public just took it for what it was, a simple parody of the nudist films that flood the London market."

And thus the issue—if issue it ever was—apparently died, having created a few headlines but scarcely a ripple of indignation. But an American, accustomed to the presumably more tender sensibilities of listeners on his own side of the Atlantic, couldn't help speculating about what the reaction would have been if the same program had been broadcast one fine evening by a U.S. network. The cries of outrage would no doubt still be echoing.

The unblinking acceptance of BBC's nudist film underscores a crucial difference between British and American television and their audiences. One need spend only a few hours in front of a television set here in London to realize that many American taboos are totally irrelevant to the English viewer's sense of what's fitting. British television producers can, for example, be considerably more outspoken where sex or religion is concerned. At the BBC, Mr. Saynor recalled that a program last year on birth control had, as he put it, "caused a lot of trouble," but he went on to indicate that the feeling now is that the show broke fresh ground and made possible, in subsequent programs, a greater freedom and candor. And Peter Knight told me, in discussing *Naked as Nature Expected*, "Three or four years ago the complaints would have blown the roof off Broadcasting House. But there's little said about such things now."

The new freedom in British television has been brewing for almost precisely a decade. It was just ten years ago that Independent Television, fiercely competitive and commercially sponsored, moved in with Parliament's blessing on the television monopoly that had been enjoyed since 1936 by the BBC, Britain's noncommercial, tax-supported broadcasting organization. The addition of a second outlet introduced a new element of competition, and while the struggling newcomer tried to fight its way from rags to riches BBC could hardly avoid watching its scrappy young rival and being profoundly influenced by what it saw. For what it saw, in precise mathematical terms, was a climb that swiftly wooed so much of the audience away from the BBC that ITV had a whopping 65 per cent by late last year. While neither the BBC nor ITV will admit publicly that it is in direct competition with the other, or even cares very much what its rival is doing, one insider told me, "Sure, they say they go their own way, but actually there's a tremendous rivalry."

The tools of the rivalry, on BBC's side, are two channels (the second started broadcasting only last year) that are able to reach an estimated 99 per cent of Great Britain's population. ITV claims to cover only 97 per cent of the population, but its viewers spend twice



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Why do more and more people who travel say:

"San Francisco and Minneapolis are the two best cities in the United States."

Minneapolis Star photo of Bach Society rehearsal by Don Black

Is it the Music?

THE MINNEAPOLIS STAR / Minneapolis Tribune

285,000 Evening — 225,000 Morning, 670,000 Sunday

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as much time watching it as they do watching BBC programs. One big reason may have been suggested the other day when I asked a cab driver here whether he preferred ITV or the BBC. "I watch ITV most of the time," he said. "On the BBC half of the time you can't tell what's going on. It's too much talk, talk, talk."

But British television's disarming candor and its simmering rivalry are not the only landmarks a foreign visitor is apt to observe. In time he is also bound to notice that something is notably missing from the programs he sees on screens here: good old American-style violence. "You Americans get away with far more than we do," one broadcasting executive told me. "Our viewers just don't go for extreme violence." The Independent Television Code, in fact, specifically outlaws all manner of violence—including "violence for its own sake"—and the BBC observes similar restrictions. Moreover, citizens are constantly on the alert for signs of violence and moral decay on television and are quick to let the broadcasters hear about it. Only the other day, for example, it was announced that several hundred British mothers had banded together to keep an eye out for programs that "offend against good taste." The mothers, according to one newspaper's account of their meeting with Lord Hill, chairman of ITV, "were particularly concerned with the loosening of moral standards and the effect television was having on them."

It must have been a trying day for Lord Hill, charged as he is with the task of holding that 65 per cent of the audience in order to keep his company in business. After all, the poor man can't very well go on record as being against motherhood.

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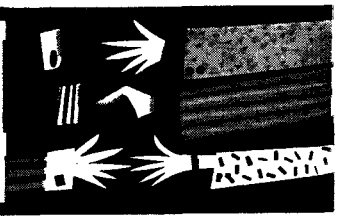

Corporations and Education

CORPORATE AID to education is on a plateau that has farsighted business leaders deeply concerned. After a steady annual increase of nearly 15 per cent for each of the past ten years there is a leveling off in contributions that will soon become the worry of college presidents as well.

The figures as they stand are still impressive: corporate gifts are running at an annual rate of $250,000,000, or 16 per cent of all gifts to institutions of higher education. But there are a number of reasons why those who are intimately connected with corporation gift-giving would like to see a spurt in contributions. The basic one, of course, is that enlightened management fully realizes that business has a heavy stake in an educated nation. No large business can function without educated personnel. In addition, corporations have a responsibility in this area that cannot be turned over to governments, philanthropic organizations, and individuals. And what is more, the privately directed colleges and universities, which give essential diversity to education, badly need the help of corporations.

What is keeping some corporations from following the leaders? Two reasons are given by many knowledgeable people: the flurry of complaints at some annual stockholder meetings, and the huge increases in government support to education.

What are the facts? First, as to stockholder complaints: There have been financial-page reports of stockholders at some annual meetings complaining bitterly because of the contributions. How deep are these complaints? Are the complainers only "little old ladies in tennis shoes" and the kooks who like to make a display of themselves on such occasions?

To find out, this department recently consulted a number of leaders in corporate gifts to education. Twenty-six companies were chosen for the study, each one an accepted leader in this field not only because of the size of their contributions but also because of the creative programs they have set up, or because they are leaders in a particular type of industry. Here is the list of those questioned: Aluminum Company of America, American Cyanamid, Bankers Trust, Chase Manhattan Bank, Corning Glass Works, Crown Zellerbach, Dow Chemical, Eastman Kodak, E. I. du Pont de Nemours, Equitable Life, Ford Motor Company, General Electric, General Foods, General Motors, International Business Machines, International Paper, Pittsburgh Plate Glass, Procter & Gamble, Sears, Roebuck, Shell Oil, Smith Kline & French, Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), Standard Oil Company of California, Union Carbide, U. S. Steel, and Westinghouse.

At only two companies were the complaints of stockholders serious enough to be worth bothering about. And in neither case did the corporation change its policy as a result. The conclusion must be that the business-page stories of annual meetings have mirrored a totally unrepresentative group of stockholders. Indeed, there are far more letters from stockholders to corporations

Bird Sanctuary, Los Angeles

By Eric Barker

HALFWAY up the road to the observatory
We saw the sign and turned in under the trees,
Thinking of birds. Walking and stopping,
Looking up, listening, our ears filled
With the sound of their absence. Not one.
Not even a falling sparrow. Only the trees
That we knew, live oaks, sycamores, maples,
Empty leaves rustling,—
Reminding us of another sadness last year
In the hills above Taxco, a shrine
We came upon in a place once bright
With the faith of many flowers, dying slowly
Of neglect and loneliness, of loneliness
Most of all, and in a different place,
Voiceless, unvisited. Dispossessed.

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asking for contributions to an increased number of colleges than there are letters of complaint. And for many of the largest companies, years have gone by without a single stockholder objection.

There is, of course, no question of the right of corporations to give unrestricted gifts to education. That was made clear in the Smith Manufacturing case decision in 1953, which was a milestone in this field and which, incidentally, gave hunting licenses to college presidents and deans to go after corporations for help in filling their bottomless needs.

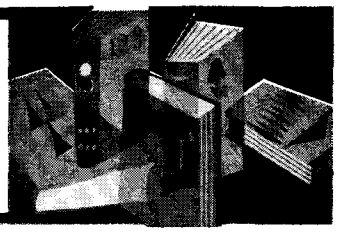
As to the other possible cause of the leveling off of contributions, many businessmen are uncertain of the role corporations should play now that the massive aid-to-education legislation has been passed at Washington.

But the view of leaders in corporate beneficence is that there is a greater need rather than a lesser one; that what corporations do is complementary to government programs and, if creatively handled, immensely valuable. That this problem is a real concern of businessmen was highlighted by the appearance of Neil McElroy, chairman of Procter & Gamble and president of the board of overseers of Harvard University, at the last annual meeting of the National Industrial Conference Board. Mr. McElroy, who is also chairman of the Council for Financial Aid to Education, the unofficial arm of business in the stimulation of corporate gifts, met the issue head-on in these words:

> I believe that increases in business support of higher education are needed now more than ever. I would add that along with major increases in corporate financial support must go a renewed business concern for higher education. It is apparent that even with vastly increased support from government sources, total needs of higher education are increasing faster than they are being met. Moreover, the impact of government support is quite uneven: many institutions receive far less than others while facing problems proportionately as great; and the conditions of the use of government funds are often too restrictive to offer help for the basic financial problem of a particular situation.

One-fourth of today's corporate giving to education comes from only eighty companies and thirty of these contribute almost 80 per cent of the one-fourth. Since there is no doubt that corporations ought to increase their aid to education, what is the answer? How will the new surge of corporate gifts come? It will come as soon as the chief executive officers of corporations that are not now involved, that have been taking a free ride, begin to accept their responsibilities by joining those now carrying the heaviest part of the load. —L. L. L. GOLDEN.

Books in Communications

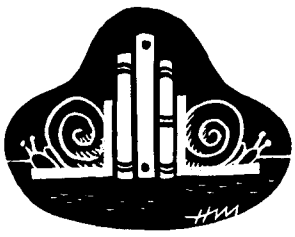


Total Recall

MY DEMISE as a sculptor and my introduction to Ivory Soap occurred at precisely the same moment, back in 1938 or thereabouts. I was at the time in the first grade, under the tutelage of a certain Miss Keenan, and one day we were summarily instructed to bring to school the following morning a bar of Ivory, large size, from which we were to liberate the objets d'art within. I still remember the satisfying feel of the soap as I carved away, watching snowy-white wonders emerge, but I remember, too, the sudden slips that lopped off a rabbit's ear, a chimney, a small effigy's head. Nancy Hoffenpeck, who sat at the desk next to mine, could do it; I, because of some maddeningly consistent ineptitude, could not. I no doubt went ahead with the soap project for as long as Miss Keenan required, but I secretly knew I was washed up as a sculptor. And that dark knowledge did not rest lightly on the shoulders of a six-year-old.

All this came back to me with a shudder the other day when I finally tracked down the culprit, the man who put into Miss Keenan's lovely head the evil notion of having us bring those bars of Ivory Soap to school. His name is Edward L. Bernays, and he confesses all —and much, much more—in a book called *Biography of an Idea* (Simon and Schuster, $12.95), the recollections of his life as a public relations man. The soap-sculpture idea came to him one day in the 1920s when he was casting about for ways to stimulate sales of Ivory Soap, one of his clients. He hit on the idea of establishing the National Soap Sculpture Competition in White Soap ("Children, the enemies of soap, would be conditioned to enjoy using Ivory"), it was approved enthusiastically by Procter & Gamble, and for thousands of children like me the jig was suddenly up.

Mr. Bernays relates that he is the man who, some forty years ago, invented the profession of public relations counselor (before his time the breed was called simply "press agents" or some such undistinguished title). Apparently the invention paid off handsomely, because over the years he was retained by a list of clients that fills four full pages in an appendix to his book and that ranges from rope manufacturers to magazines, from banks to theaters, from the 1939 New York World's Fair to individuals (Samuel Goldwyn and Clare Boothe Luce among them). Not unexpectedly, therefore, *Biography of an Idea* is filled with people and anecdotes, and a few of them will perhaps interest devoted students of public relations. But it also needs to be noted that the book runs well beyond a reasonable length (849 pages, including appendix, index, credits, and photos of Bernays, both alone and with assorted celebrities), that much of the material is utterly pointless (a 1905 Latin test is, for example, reprinted in full), and that it not infrequently tends to read like a Horatio Alger story ("I had no feeling of regret that I had missed an opportunity. Life always has new opportunities").



But in one respect, at least, few readers are likely to disagree with Mr. Bernays. "I believe," he writes, "memoirs are often overloaded with trivia that seem fascinating to the author but are usually boring to the reader."

Fresh Wind in Foggy Bottom: The subtle and baffling complexities of the press as it covers Washington politics are brilliantly and lucidly examined in *The Opinionmakers*, by William L. Rivers (Beacon Press, $4.95), by far the best book of its kind in years. Rivers, an old Washington hand who currently teaches at Stanford University, has produced a work that is magnificently readable and explains, as it has never before been explained, who the real makers of opinion are, how great their influence is, and what the tricks of their trade are. It is both philosophical and factual in its examination of Walter Lippmann, James Reston, David Brinkley, *Time*, Drew Pearson, and the whole apparatus of the Washington press corps, and it pulls not a single punch in labeling heroes and villains. Few books on Washington are so well calculated to make an outsider feel like the most inside of insiders. —JAMES F. FIXX.

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Times Index

Continued from page 89

ture generations (who, to complicate things still further, are bound to have a different perspective and only too likely to have a different vocabulary).

Experience and intuition dictate the choice of headings and the fullness of abstracts. A simple story—for instance, a report that the price of sugar has been increased—gets a brief and simple entry, usually under one heading only ("SUGAR. Major NYC retailers raise price 1¢ a lb." and then the report's date, page, and column references). Even this requires judgment: Is the size of the increase worth mentioning? Should the actual price be stated? Should the companies involved be identified?

Complex stories may be given far longer entries and may be covered under many headings. For a Presidential press conference, for example, two dozen entries are normal and thirty-five to forty not at all unusual. And the main entry for a major news story, such as a space-vehicle launching, may well run to eighty or a hundred words, giving such details as the name and mission of the project, the names of the astronauts and the flight director, the type of launching rocket, the intended length of the flight, the vehicle's instrumentation, speed, orbit time, and maximum and minimum altitudes, the astronauts' physical condition and contacts with tracking stations, and more.

Like the *Times* itself, the *Index* goes back to September 18, 1851. In the beginning, it was a brief and sketchy affair, entered painstakingly in longhand into a leather-covered ledger volume, and it was intended for staff use only. An index of this kind, with minor changes in format, was maintained for more than sixty years except for two periods of suspension (September 1858 through 1862 and July 1905 through 1912). Then, in January 1913, publication of the *Index* in book form was begun, first as a quarterly, then as a monthly with a cumulative annual, and since 1948, when its users demanded speedier publication, as semimonthly issues that finally make up a cumulative Annual.

Both the microfilm edition and the *Index* are obtainable by subscription. They are offered as a public service and priced to cover production costs. Subscribers include college, high school, and general reference libraries, government agencies, newspapers, magazines, radio and television stations, industrial corporations, museums, research institutes of all types, civic groups, labor unions, accounting and law firms, advertising agencies, financial houses—in short, any organizations (and many individuals) that regularly use the newspaper files in their work. The number of users has never been estimated, but it surely totals thousands a day. Nor has there ever been a survey of what the *Index* is being used for, but we know of searches for material ranging from a single death notice to all the reports dealing with the origin and development of cortisone.

The compilation of "the record," the preparation of the microfilm and the *Index*, keeps pace as closely as possible with the publication of the daily papers. What happens, though, when there is a strike, and the *Times* is not published, and there is no final Late City Edition to be microfilmed and indexed?

While strikes have halted the publication of the newspaper in New York, the *Times* has maintained certain other operations: its news syndicate, the New York Times News Service, its radio station, WQXR; and its satellite editions, the International Edition in Paris and (during its brief existence in the early Sixties) the Western Edition in Los Angeles.

It was the Western Edition that was microfilmed and indexed during the 114-day strike of 1962-63. The Western Edition carried most of the international and national news that would have appeared in the New York edition, but it had far fewer feature articles and reviews of books and cultural events, far less background material and commentary, and virtually no news of the New York metropolitan area. Although there was a heroic attempt, after the strike ended, to "catch up" with this material through summaries, chronologies, and capsule reviews, much of it, regrettably, was irretrievable.

The International Edition, while it carries most of the front-page news and much of the other foreign (especially European) news normally published in the *Times*, is in all the other categories even skimpier than the Western Edition was. When a strike loomed in March of this year, we decided that "the record" could not be adequately maintained with the International Edition alone, and that, besides the International Edition, dispatches transmitted by the News Service, bulletins broadcast over WQXR, and articles submitted to the "cultural news" desk but not published would be microfilmed and indexed. These plans were carried out when the Newspaper Guild struck the *Times* on September 16, with the result that, as one of the news editors put it, "we are preserving, for the record, *New York Times* news that has never been seen as news by *New York Times* readers."

An intricate procedure was followed to accomplish this. Material from all

"No matter what you saw on television, General Custer, Daniel Boone and Abe Lincoln were not all in love with the same Indian girl!"

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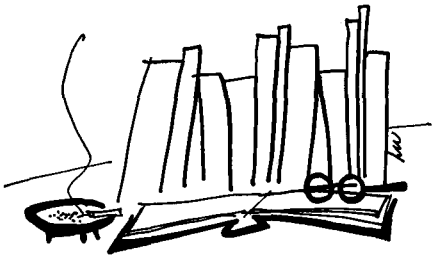
three supplementary sources was collected every morning and screened against that morning's International Edition, and all items that had appeared in it either *in toto* or in substance were eliminated. Those that survived the screening were edited, captioned, arranged in sequence, and retyped on sheets suitable for microfilming. Each sheet was dated and numbered for subsequent identification in the *Index* and was labeled "Supplementary Material from the New York Times News Service and from WQXR." Copies were made of each sheet—one for the indexers, one for the *Index* file, and a third for the clipping morgue—and the sheets were then sent out for microfilming, all those bearing a given date to be inserted after the International Edition of the same date.

No one who was engaged in this project was under the illusion that it would provide an adequate substitute for the *Times* that was not published because of the strike. But all believed that it



would help to bridge the gap, that they had salvaged parts of the paper that, in the aggregate, would have immense value. Their belief reflects the *Times*'s conviction that for many people today's newspaper will not be dead tomorrow but will be then and perhaps forever a vital source of information.

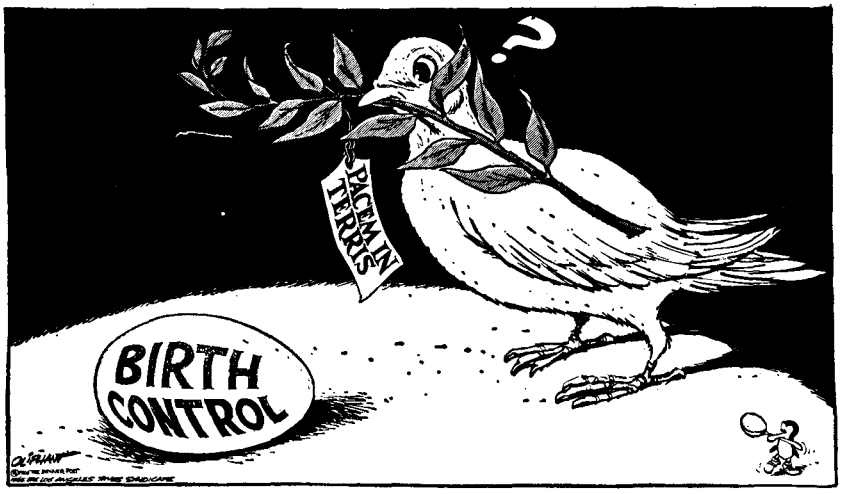
It must have been this same conviction that prompted Henry Jarvis Raymond to start an index for the infant *New York Times* back in 1851, and that has prompted his successors to maintain this service, to improve and expand it, and to offer it to the public.

And it is the same conviction that underlies the *Times*'s plan to make the entire series of indexes, back to the first handwritten one, available to the public. In collaboration with the R. R. Bowker Company, the *Times* is reissuing volumes now out of print, is publishing all those never before published, and is even preparing indexes for the two periods (1858-62 and 1905-12) during which the service was suspended. When this is accomplished—it is hoped within the next two or three years—"the record" will be complete for almost one and a quarter centuries.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 6, 1, 10, 2, 8, 15, 9, 12, 4, 11, 13, 3, 5, 14, 7.

WHICH COMES FIRST—THE DOVE OR THE EGG?



'Banquet of Life' Or Starvation Diet?

ON THE serene and glorious occasion of Pope Paul's visit to New York, there was one jarring note that cannot be ignored. The Pope, in his address to the U.N. General Assembly, seemed to reaffirm his church's old, inflexible policy on birth control.

Speaking of the heavy responsibilities of the United Nations, the Pope said (in one translation): ". . . you deal here above all with human life, and the life of man is sacred; no one may dare offend it. Respect for life, even with regards to the great problem of birth, must find here in your assembly its highest affirmation and its most reasoned defense. You must strive to multiply bread so that it suffices for the tables of mankind, and not rather favor an artificial control of birth, which would be irrational, in order to diminish the number of guests at the banquet of life." Another translator substituted the word "encourage" for "favor."

We regret that these words were spoken, for we fear they may mean the issue of birth control is indefinitely closed again within the Roman Catholic Church.

At the Vatican, where the Ecumenical Council has been studying the question, observers said the Pope's words do not finally settle the issue. The Pope, these observers said, meant only to discourage an organized, worldwide campaign for contraception—a campaign that would be "irrational" unless efforts first were made to produce more food and distribute it more evenly.

Other Vatican sources said the Pope simply restated his church's traditional view on artificial contraception—a view that remains the official position unless it is modified.

Within the church, there have been indications that some prelates favor a change. We hope the Pope has not discouraged these churchmen. For a great mass of evidence indicates the "banquet of life" will become a starvation diet unless world population trends change.

More human beings are born, and they are living longer. A current issue of U.S. News & World Report says the world's greatest problem is feeding its people. World population is expected almost to double by the year 2000. Some nations, like the United States, have food surpluses, but most of Latin America, Asia and Africa are already underfed. And these are the three continents expected to have the greatest population growth.

ON TUESDAY—the day after the Pope's visit — another warning came from a special assistant to President Johnson. Richard W. Reuter, director of Food for Peace, said there is danger of widespread starvation unless the world's food supply can be sharply increased in the next 10 years.

Author Philip Appleman describes vividly in "The Silent Explosion" conditions in overcrowded Calcutta, where children compete with dogs for refuse and hundreds of thousands of homeless people live in the streets. The author wonders whether this is the typical city of the future.

No one can answer that question yet. Unquestionably part of the solution is greater food production and better distribution. We think a sensible program of birth control is necessary, too. The position of the Vatican in this campaign is of vast importance.

Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher

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Fiction

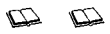
Continued from page 65

reader may well balk at being tied so irrevocably into Montero's shoes.

Montero, a young history teacher, is hired through the want ads to put the aged widow's late husband's memoirs into publishable form. But strange things begin to happen from the moment he first sets foot in the old, darkened, musty rooms in which the old woman lives with her mysteriously dependent niece and a curious garden of herbs. Certain odd contradictions, Señora Llorente's secret rites performed before a shrine in her room, the haunting Aura's literal identification with the old lady's every movement and gesture arouse Montero's suspicions. Then, references in the dead husband's papers to his wife's obsession with recapturing her youth, and an old daguerreotype of a girl who is apparently Aura, give evidence of a final victory of mind over the corrosive power of the years. But Montero has discovered too much. He also now forms part of the miracle.

There is another technical problem here—that of length. The story is too brief for Montero's desire for Aura to be credibly drawn. On the other hand, the abundant expertly observed realistic detail, dealing with Montero and the Señora's gloomy residence, is somehow so good that it fails to submit to the irreality of the ending. One tends to feel, in the last analysis, that the best thing in *Aura* is its realistic description. And this, of course, is something that Fuentes has already shown that he can handle very well indeed.

—Donald A. Yates.

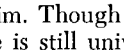


Hole in the Affluent Society: Out of the experiences of many white-collar workers who suddenly, in their forties, find themselves unemployed and unwanted—because they are too expensive, because of their age, because they are too specialized, etc.—Allen R. Dodd has created a composite man and followed him through his "lost year" of job hunting. The result is *The Job Hunter* (McGraw-Hill, $4.95), and it is fascinating.

The man who believes himself securely employed for life won't want to face the fact that "there's a hole in the bottom of the affluent society." But if you have ever been unemployed you will know that this is a true account of Everyman 1965 with the rug pulled out from under him. Though the hero is in advertising he is still universally recognizable. As Dodd says in his introduction: "It should be unnecessary to add that the unemployed executive may differ from the unemployed factory worker only in the length of time it takes his savings to run out. Once they do run out, he faces exactly the same problems."

Mr. Dodd has done a thorough job in this first-person fictional documentary. We share his job hunter's every emotion, from the knowledge that the headwaiter at the old luncheon spot knows who's working and who isn't, to the sinking feeling on leaving the morning commuter train with nowhere to go but the station telephone booth. The job hunter faces every type of interview from the suggested luncheon to look over the wife to the personnel office questionnaires that must be laboriously filled out before the applicant is told that there is no job. Only when Mr. Dodd allows his unemployed Everyman to become one specific man (*i.e.*, an incident of vandalism that the job hunter's older son becomes involved in) does this nonfiction novel lose its punch. But such lapses are few, and for almost all of its 195 pages *The Job Hunter* is both engrossing and enlightening.

—Haskel Frankel.



Foredoomed Failures: Gina Berriault's *The Mistress and Other Stories* (Dutton, $4.50) is so good a book that it ought to be better. Reading several of the stories at a time is to be avoided, like looking too long at splendid scenery; one marvels while stifling a yawn. Gina Berriault is a formidably intelligent, observant, and analytical person, but indispensable though these qualities are, they are not enough to give her prose what the landscape lacks—the ordinary breath of life.

For all that, these fifteen stories are worth anyone's while. Miss Berriault takes a thoroughly pessimistic view of human nature, using as a prefatory quotation José Ortega y Gasset's opinion that "Every life is more or less a ruin among whose debris we have to discover what the person ought to have been." No one behaves as he should, and even supposing anyone did, it is quite clear, as the title of one story puts it, that "All Attempts Will End in Failure." Everyone fails, from the mistress of the title story, who is appalled to discover, years after the passing of her great love affair, that "the person in her memory who affected her the most was not the one she loved the most but the one she had understood the least."

In "The Diary of KW" an old woman loses her job as a school cafeteria helper because "it occurred to me that food was abominable and that . . . if they went on eating their hot lunches every day they would only be preparing them-

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selves to suffer, they would only grow up to suffer." The parents obtusely fail the child in "The Stone Boy," and the child inevitably fails the parent in "The Bystander." Most frequently of all, men and women fail each other, like the white woman and Negro man, former lovers, of "Lonesome Road." When he accidentally meets her in the park with her children he is unable to wave casually at them in parting "because his pity for her, the pity that he had failed to experience in the time of his love, forbade him small and amiable signals."

There are plenty of other kinds of failure here, as many as there are stories. Since no one particularly cares to think of his life and all other lives as foredoomed fiascoes, the temptation is to say that Miss Berriault has overdone it, that she is being academic about life. But if her book is, in any sense, a failure, it is better than many successes.

—Dorrie Pagones.

Fitting the Crime: Imagined crime and irrelevant punishment are the cruelly paradoxical themes of F. M. Esfandiary's *The Beggar* (Obolensky, $3.95), an allegorical novel that tries to embrace a world of meaning while keeping its characters at arm's length. Chief among them is a crippled beggar in an Arab village who finds himself the occasional lover of an impoverished widow. The story, an ominous trek through the human psyche, gathers force and foreboding until, at the end, the beggar is accused of causing, or at least allowing, her death by fire, and the villagers demand—and a judge ratifies—a hideous punishment: the beggar's hands must be cut off. "But if we cut off his hands," asks one of the villagers, "won't that make him even more helpless?" The judge replies. "No it won't. It will teach him never again to be lazy. It will show him that he must never again remain idle and helpless, especially like last night when there was an emergency." But by that time it hardly matters whether the crime was committed or the punishment is just; vengeance has long since routed all trace of reason.

The Beggar unquestionably makes a point, but I am far from certain it is the point the author intended. In a curiously redundant prefatory note the publisher tells us the book is a "parable of justice," concerned with what the author calls "the absurdity of punishment—all punishment particularly in view of man's essential tragedies." But what if the beggar had been guilty as charged—and the punishment less patently incongruous than it is? Few readers will be inclined to argue that some punishments, the beggar's among them, do indeed fail to fit the crime. Nevertheless, does that fact alone make all punishment absurd?

—James F. Fixx.

King

Continued from page 35

they can be convinced there is a more effective method and a more moral one —nonviolent direct action.

This method has never been utilized on a large or protracted scale in the North. But in the South it will mobilize Negroes for action more effectively than appeals to violence. Ultimately rioting has the serious defect that it can be terminated by greater force. The number available for violence is relatively small and can be countered. Conversely, nonviolence can mobilize numbers so huge there is no counterforce. Its power is such that it can be sustained by the will of its supporters not merely for days but even for extended periods.

If 100,000 Negroes march in a major city to a strategic location, they will make municipal operations difficult to conduct; they will exceed the capacity of even the most reckless mayor to use force against them; and they will repeat this action daily, if necessary. Without harming persons or property they can draw as much attention to their grievances as the outbreak at Watts, and they will have asserted their unwavering determination while retaining their dignity and discipline.

The critical task will be to convince Negroes driven to cynicism that nonviolence can win. Many municipal government leaders will have no more imagination than to scorn it and ridicule it. Nonetheless, though they will be serving the trend to violence, they will not influence the bulk of Negroes who, I am confident, will embrace nonviolence. In the South we are taunted, mocked, and abused beyond belief. A hundred political commentators interred nonviolence into a premature grave.

YET in 1965 there is a new South, still far from democratic consistency or harmony, but equally distant from the plantation-overseer South. The Northern Negro knows this because he helped to bring it into being. He has yet to use nonviolent direct action; he has not even examined its special tactical application in his different community. He may even be reluctant in his urban sophistication to embrace its moral simplicities. But his wisdom is not less than his Southern brothers' and a power that could break the savagery of Southern segregation commands respect and induces emulation. The rushing history of change has been late to reach the North but it is now on a fixed northerly course. The urban slums need not be destroyed by flames; earnest people of good will can decree their end nonviolently—as atrocious relics of a persisting unjust past.

"If you don't mind, I'd like to stay up a while."

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Schwartz

Continued from page 37

Watts into the political life of the larger community. It is the political sphere that determines the law.

That there may be a large turnout in a particular general election is not sufficient. What are needed are political institutions and mechanisms through which needs, attitudes, and demands can be articulated and made a part of the political bargaining process. Although related to the need to affect the social and economic capabilities of the community, it is a sufficiently different question of emphasis to require separate consideration.

Two possible answers to the problems must be rejected out of hand. The first is retention of the status quo in Watts. It is no longer possible to believe that the normal, gradual evolvement of indigenous political institutions can take hold there in time to prevent further major catastrophes.

The second is the solution proffered by the Black Muslims—the creation of a separate Negro state, isolation of the Negro community from the outside white community, so that it will be self-governing. After this community is established, it might then negotiate with the world outside for an agreed-upon legal system. Paradoxically, perhaps, the Civil War settled that controversy. If the white South could not secede, neither can the Negro North.

Some progress will, of course, take place as a result of a new philosophy of assistance—assistance in not merely surviving but in affecting the capacities and aspirations of our poor. Positive programs of job training, special educational efforts, and the like are essential for the effort. Ultimately, if they are effective, the essential political institutions should develop. But we need a dual effort, and that must include assisting in the development of political leadership and institutions. This will require sacrifice of power and control; it will require ingenuity; it may result in changes in the law that we would not otherwise adopt.

Clearly, we run a risk if we proceed down this path. The new generation of leaders may not be like those with whom we have been familiar in the past. They may not develop middle-class aspirations and attitudes. We must be prepared for possible frustration on our part and the success of new political leaders who do not aspire to gain status and recognition from the dominant outside community.

A generation of demagogues may be our lot. But surely it is better to risk this than to continue making believe that we are truly one big family whose poorer members deserve our charity as long as they do not become too demanding.

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 107)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1649

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Vehicle for carrying stove and provisions for cooking, as on a ranch or in lumber camps (2 wds.)	87 176 148 188 16 186 203 53 32 123
B. Artificial in enunciation or manner.	163 73 112 106 137 36 62 94
C. Specifying the body of a party or nation, as distinct from its leaders (comp.)	149 194 206 165 67 130 44 78 100 82 40
D. Great British financier of 19th cent. who endowed many scholarships at Oxford for British Empire, U.S., Germany.	91 26 160 132 191 48
E. Fully apprehended; settled upon by agreement.	174 145 111 202 35 107 115 10 17 86
F. A certain spinning machine which makes a singing noise.	19 37 161 193 204 162 61 187
G. Followed by *Montezuma*, place where Marines have fought "our country's battles" (2 wds.)	54 103 164 197 39 141 8
H. Diagnostic character of a disease.	76 178 201 23 159 109 146 46
I. The sort of sphere our planet is.	205 13 142 92 117 3
J. Specifying the internal organs.	33 144 70 150 38 114 189 110
K. The intellectual.	126 6 180 2 21 29 143
L. Trouble or vexation caused by some living agency.	80 135 139 101 125 129 185 72
M. Organ teacher of J. S. Bach (1637-1707).	60 49 156 171 170 108 128 157 42
N. The most primitive natural group.	97 25 66 85 151 195
O. Disparaging adjective, comparable with *popish*.	127 90 190 168 79 96
P. Imperfectly understood; perfectly understood to be evil (comp.)	52 27 154 121 15 113 43 200
Q. Nicks.	30 147 95 140 99 34 181
R. Dodecades.	104 196 68 155 136 63
S. Call on for aid or protection.	64 183 169 75 102 81
T. Northern Semitic goddess of war, complete with helmet, shield, spear, battle-ax.	166 93 14 124 118
U. Essential for the artist's studio.	50 77 24 192 4 83 182 175 20 12
V. Pertaining to the vital organs.	47 153 89 71 22 120 172 65 122 56
W. Sole.	58 179 119 133 5 105
X. The smallest of monkeys.	199 45 57 152 158 11 138 167
Y. Piece of birch bark rolled into a horn, used by hunters to attract certain game.	59 88 173 31 131 98 84 51 177
Z. Bring about a special result, in the face of obstacles.	69 18 41 198 184 55
Z¹ Contemporary man, important in American Labor.	9 7 134 1 116 28 74

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

	1 Z¹	2 K	3 I		4 U	5 W	6 K	7 Z¹		8 G	9 Z¹	10 E	11 X	12 U	13 I	14 T	15 P
16 A		17 E	18 Z		19 F	20 U	21 K		22 V	23 H	24 U	25 N	26 D		27 P	28 Z¹	29 K
30 Q	31 Y		32 A	33 J	34 Q	35 E		36 B	37 F	38 J	39 G	40 C		41 Z	42 M	43 P	
44 C	45 X	46 H	47 V		48 D	49 M	50 U	51 Y	52 P	53 A	54 G	55 Z		56 V	57 X	58 W	59 Y
60 M	61 F	62 B	63 R		64 S	65 V		66 N	67 C	68 R	69 Z		70 J	71 V	72 L	73 B	74 Z¹
75 S	76 H		77 U	78 C		79 O	80 L	81 S	82 C	83 U		84 Y	85 N	86 E		87 A	88 Y
89 V	90 O	91 D		92 I	93 T	94 B		95 Q	96 O	97 N		98 Y	99 Q	100 C	101 L	102 S	103 G
104 R	105 W	106 B	107 E		108 M	109 H	110 J	111 E		112 B	113 P	114 J	115 E	116 Z¹		117 I	118 T
119 W	120 V	121 P		122 V	123 A		124 T	125 L	126 K		127 O	128 M	129 L	130 C	131 Y	132 D	
133 W	134 Z¹	135 L	136 R	137 B	138 X		139 L	140 Q	141 G	142 I	143 K	144 J	145 E	146 H		147 Q	148 A
149 C		150 J	151 N	152 X	153 V	154 P	155 R	156 M		157 M	158 X	159 H	160 D	161 F		162 F	163 B
164 G	165 C	166 T	167 X	168 O	169 S	170 M		171 M	172 V	173 Y	174 E	175 U	176 A		177 Y	178 H	179 W
180 K		181 Q	182 U	183 S	184 Z	185 L		186 A	187 F		188 A	189 J	190 O	191 D		192 U	193 F
	194 C		195 N	196 R	197 G	198 Z	199 X	200 P		201 H	202 E	203 A	204 F	205 I	206 C		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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Introducing the tuned car. 1966 Buick.

What makes a car a car is styling, performance, ride and handling. Only when they're all tuned together is the car a Buick. Like this '66 Skylark Gran Sport.

You know how well your car's engine runs after a tuneup? Buick tuning has the same effect on the whole car. Not just the engine. The whole Buick. Everything blends with everything else. Styling. Performance. Ride. Handling. All tuned to work together in harmony. That's what the tuned car is. A Buick.

Everything on every Buick is tuned and balanced—and then tuned and balanced to everything else. The result is a taut, finely honed piece of road machinery. The suspension is soft enough to make you wonder how come you can barely feel the bumps you can so plainly see. But firm enough to keep you from feeling you're driving a feather bed. The steering is sensitive enough for easy handling, but not to the point of twitchiness.

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